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URDAY EVENING POST MARCH 7 · 1964 20c

CAN NIXON WIN?

Exclusive

THE SECRET LIFE OF SGT. DUNLAP:

Washington playboy and Soviet spy

IS AS NOBODY
SAW IT BEFORE
vid Douglas Duncan

They swing at the Lido

tulism-the deadliest poison / Fiction by Graham Greene / Will we lose the Panama Canal?

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Children played here, until...

This was a playground for children—until a disaster silenced their laughter and delight.

Following all disasters—earthquakes, floods, tornadoes—medicines must be had, quickly and in vast quantities.

Drugs to ease pain. Vaccines to stave off epidemics. Medicines to relieve dysentery. Antibiotics to treat infections. These are but a few of the vital medicines that must be rushed to victims of major disasters.

Parke-Davis, through its world-wide distribution facilities, can act on short notice whenever and wherever disasters occur. And Parke-Davis representatives are often flown to the scene to assist local physicians, nurses, and health officials.

Helping people everywhere meet sudden onslaughts of disease and suffering is a challenge to which the people of Parke-Davis around the world have always responded with extra effort—knowing that their extra effort saves lives and protects health. Copyright 1964—Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit 32, Michigan

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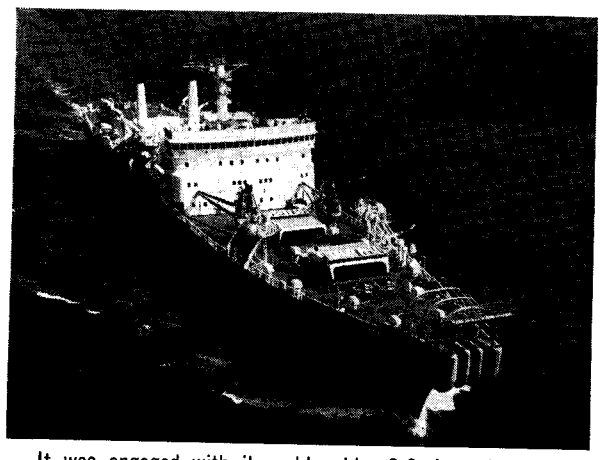
Where was the Bell System on

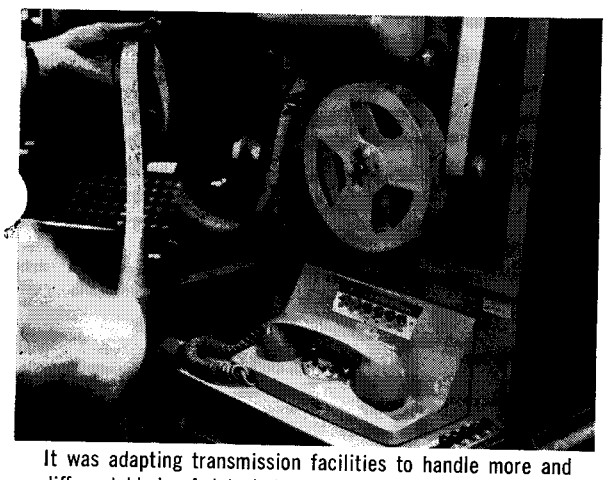
Feb. 28, 1964?



It was engaged with its cable ship, C.S. Long Lines, in laying a new undersea telephone cable from Hawaii to Japan.

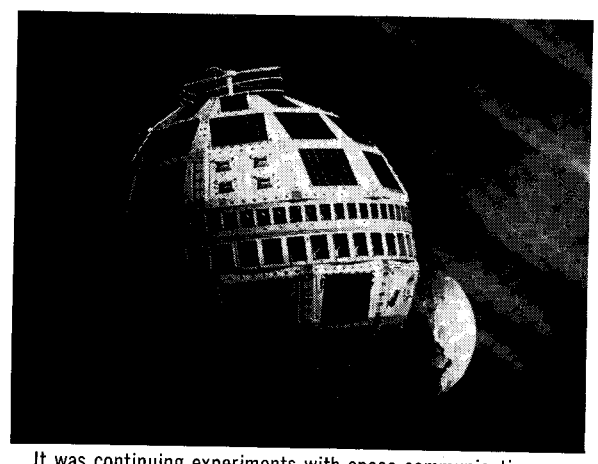
It was adding to its line of home services to give customers an ever-growing choice of phone styles, colors and uses.

It was bringing out new equipment to help its Communications Consultants tailor more efficient services for business.

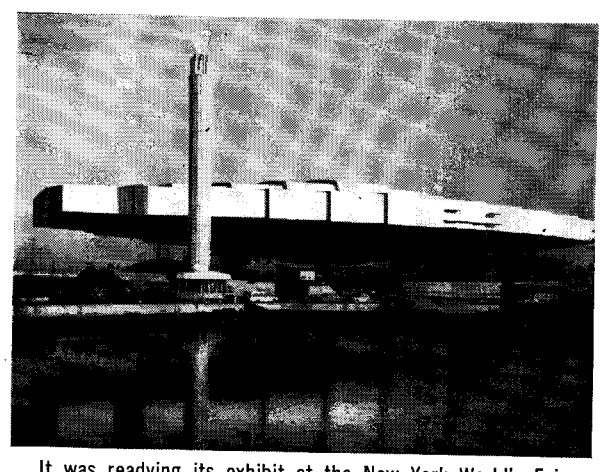


It was adapting transmission facilities to handle more and different kinds of data between distant business machines.

It was "hardening" its communications for defense by burying cables, bypassing major cities, training for emergencies.



It was continuing experiments with space communications—the new art in which its Telstar® satellites were pioneers.



It was readying its exhibit at the New York World's Fair for an expected 30,000,000 visitors during 1964 and 1965.

It was extending microwave routes for TV, telephone and data, and designing new facilities for future growth.

It was conducting research in many fields including studies of certain light waves and their communications potential.

As on every day, the Bell Telephone System was busy in many ways improving present services, bringing out new ones, and providing America with the world's finest communications system.

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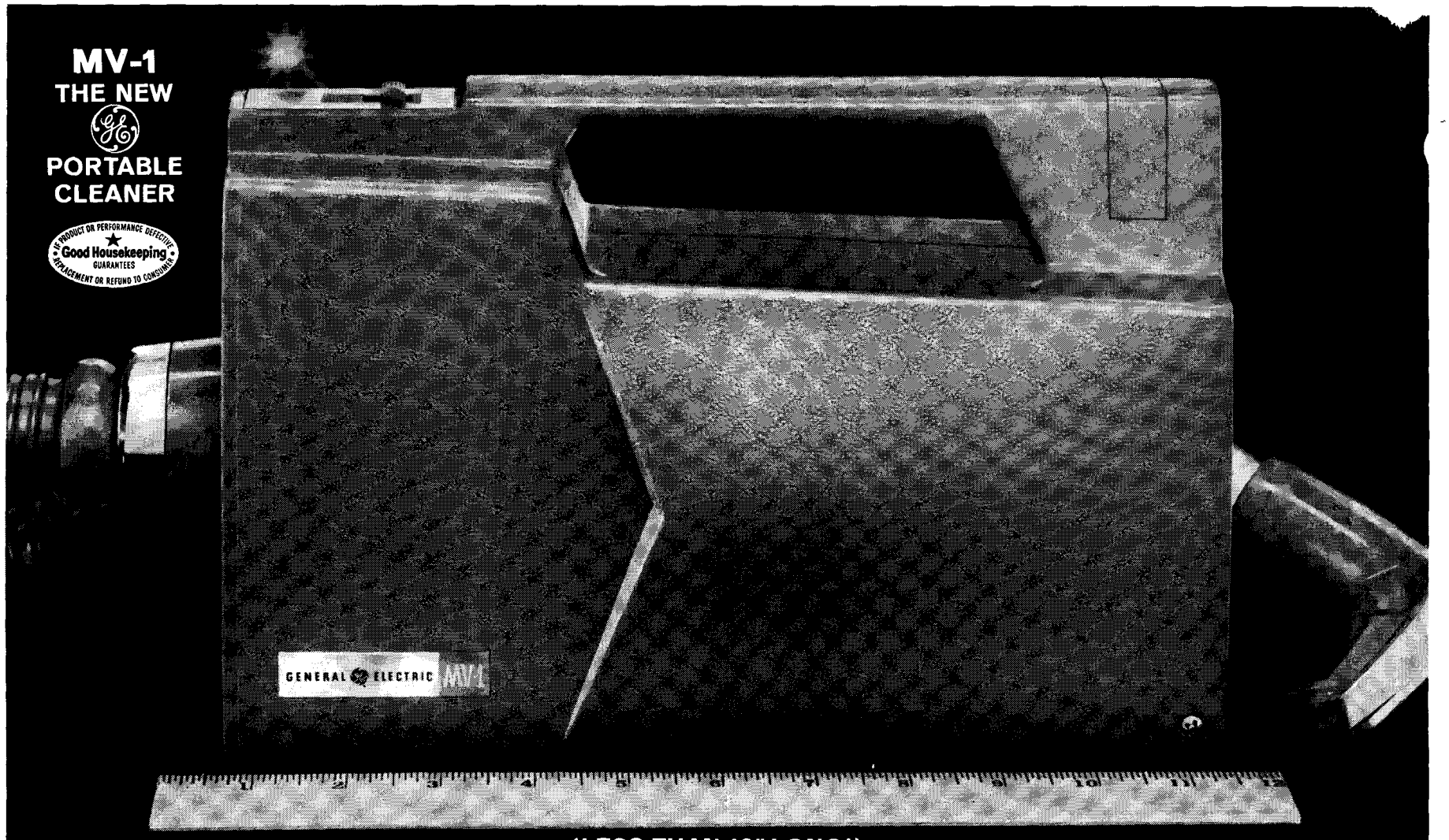

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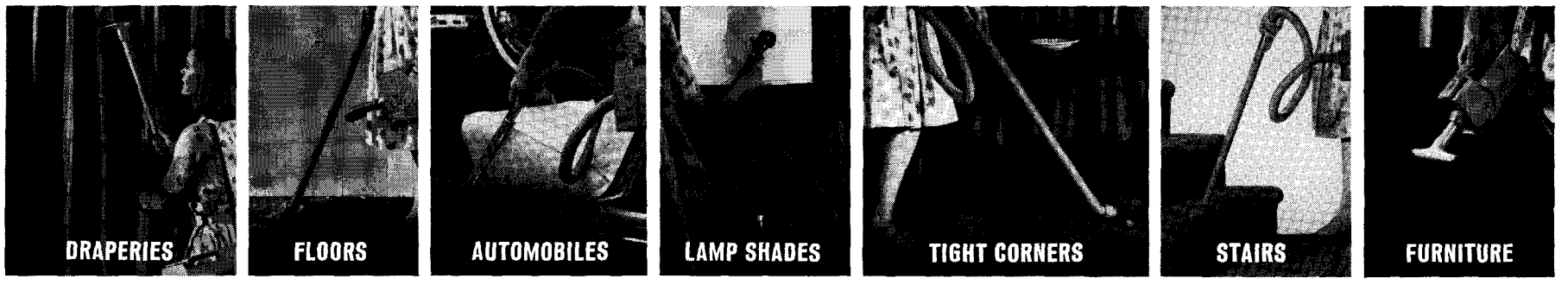
THAT CAN DO ALL THESE THINGS



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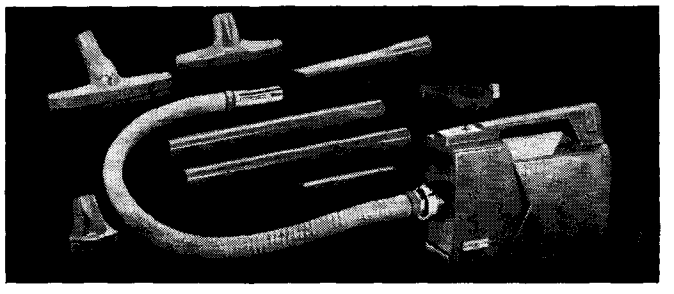

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POST

MARCH 7, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 9

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Nixon: Will he or won't he? . . . . . *by John Bird* **21**

The political buglers have been blowing the sad strains of *Taps* for years over the public life of Richard M. Nixon. But his political career refuses to collapse. In fact, many G. O. P. leaders now say, Nixon may be badly needed by his party next November. Contributing writer John Bird, who interviewed the former Vice President and other top Republicans at length, discloses the conditions which could pull Nixon out of his comfortable private life and corporate-law practice into another tough race for the Presidency. And he relates some of the "noncandidate's" views on the current Administration and how *not* to campaign against it.

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The authors. **David Douglas Duncan,** photographer-author of the best-selling *Picasso's Picassos,* spent five weeks producing this revolutionary interpretation of Paris. . . . Vermont-based humorist **John Skow** says that he became interested in calendars about the same time he realized there was a difference between boys and girls, and has retained a lively interest in girls and calendars ever since. . . . In piecing together the first full story of military spy Jack E. Dunlap, contributing writer **Don Oberdorfer** talked with Dunlap's relatives, friends, fellow workers—and the many government officials who are still trying to discover the extent of his treason. . . . **Paul Duke,** a veteran observer of the career of Rep. Wright Patman, is an NBC correspondent in Washington. . . . Senior editor **Charles N. Barnard** recalls his breathless ride in Monaco with U.S. rally driver Scott Harvey this winter: "I wanted to know what it was like driving with a champion at insane speeds on impossible mountain roads. Now that I know, I think I'll stick to parkways." . . . After an interview with a Chicago fish packer, **Theodore Berland,** a free-lance writer and author of *The Scientific Life,* was threatened by the company's huge watchdog. "Quiet, boy," bade its owner. "Not now. Maybe when he comes back—after the article is out." . . . In the past year contributing writer **Trevor Armbrister** has covered such Latin-American trouble spots as Venezuela, Argentina, Brazil and Haiti.

The cover. The glamorous and impressionistic photograph of a chorus girl at Paris' Lido was made by David Douglas Duncan with a unique camera rig he calls "The Bazooka." This device permits the instantaneous photographing of a variety of views of the same subject with a single click of the shutter.

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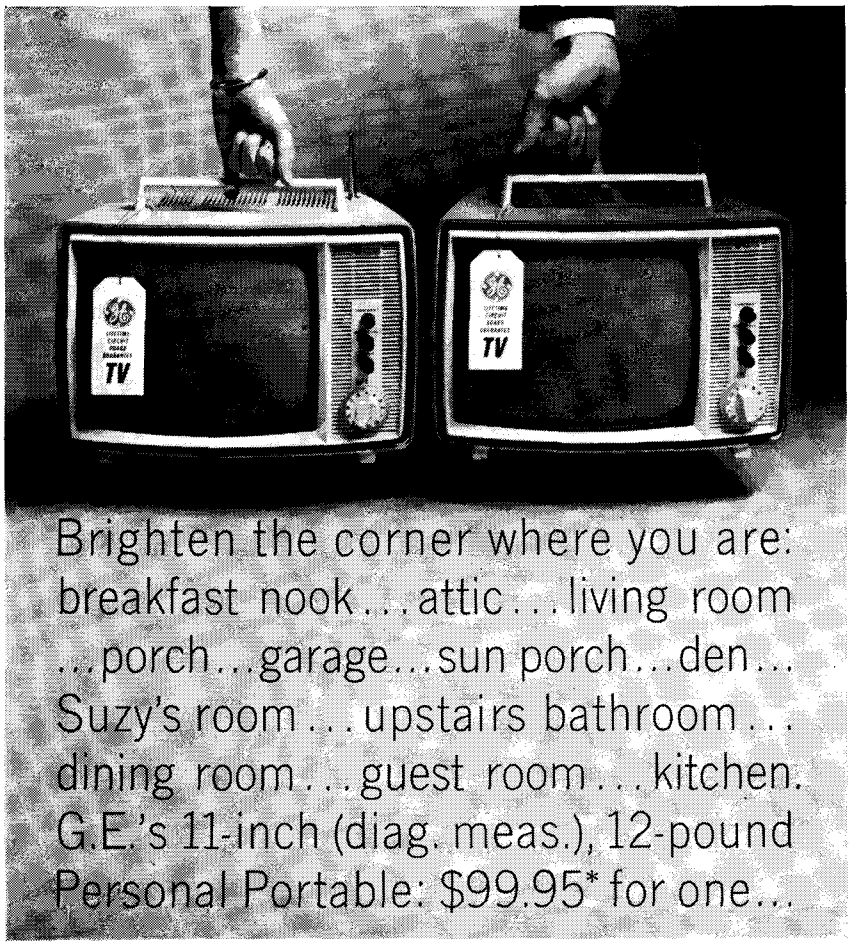

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

COMING SOON... in The Post

New Hampshire primary:
THREE-RING CIRCUS
IN THE SNOW

Soviet scientist who
came back from the dead

ASSEMBLY-LINE SUNSHINE
IN THE CARIBBEAN

What ever happened to burlesque?

OGDEN NASH defends smoking:
"THE KINSEY REPORT
DIDN'T UPSET ME EITHER"

LETTERS

Berlin

I hope his readers and listeners will heed the excellent advice of Sen. Claiborne Pell [BERLIN: LET'S STOP COURTING DISASTER, Feb. 8] and begin acting instead of just *re*acting.

GUNHILD E. BODLE
Glendale, Calif.

• As a lifelong student of European history, I wish to say that this piece just muddies the waters. Pell says seven times that Europe doesn't want German reunification, then outlines a Berlin policy he maintains will lead "to the eventual reunification of Germany." Please! Why not publish the views of a European expert on the subject—M. de Gaulle, for instance?

J. MYRON MAGNUSON
Seattle, Wash.

• I agree that our Berlin policy is preposterous. If we could just learn to leave the diplomatic doors open ever so slightly, we could so much more gracefully and privately do what everyone who lives with other people must occasionally do: eat our words.

ALICE MARY HILTON
New York, N.Y.

• Senator Pell cannot—or will not—see that the basic reason for our trouble with the Communists everywhere in the world stems from the simple fact that they are striving to conquer the world, while we are struggling for peace. We must stop accommodating the Communists now.

B. P. SMITH
Mission, Kans.

• It seems to me Senator Pell is deliberately antagonizing the German people. Never in the history of Western civilization has such a sinister crime been committed as stealing almost one third of a country—the annexed land east of the Oder River. How would Mr. Pell like it if a foreign country would annex a great part of the U.S.A.?

WILLY SANDHOFF
New York, N.Y.

Lady Bird

I enjoyed Nan Robertson's OUR NEW FIRST LADY [Feb. 8] and must say that if the opportunity should arise at some future date, I'd have no qualms about giving my presidential vote to a woman of Lady Bird Johnson's business and diplomatic capabilities.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

• Thank you for your piece on Mrs. Claudia Alta Taylor Johnson, whose face expresses so much intelligence and warmth. It can't be an easy task to succeed Jacqueline Kennedy, who was so cruelly tested and who stood up so well under every burden.

HERBERTINE MORGHEN
Minden, Nev.

• Tell Nan Robertson she has overdone it a bit on Lady Bird's generosity. She really couldn't be "pressing copies of Harper Lee's novels on her friends," as Harper Lee has written just one book—*To Kill A Mockingbird.*

IRENE TORI
New York, N.Y.

• Nan Robertson's excellent article reminded me of an anecdote Mrs. Johnson once recounted to me. On the last day of her husband's race for the Senate in 1948 (he won by only 87 votes), she was en route to San Antonio for a statewide radio broadcast. The car in which she was riding overturned twice. Bruised, she climbed out, hailed another car, arranged hospitalization for her companion who was hurt in the mishap, changed clothes, and shook hands with 200 women at a reception. Then she drove on to San Antonio for the broadcast. Not until after the election did she tell her husband of the accident. "All I could think of as we were turning over," she said, "was that I sure wished I'd voted absentee."

MARTHA ROUNTREE
Washington, D.C.

TV tastes

After reading TELEVISION RATINGS ON TRIAL [by Bard Lindeman and Alan Patureau, Feb. 8], I feel compelled to write to tell you we sold our television set last summer. There was just, progressively, too much trash coming into our home.

MRS. LAVONNE VISSER
Holland, Mich.

• No wonder my children don't turn on TV these days. They prefer games, sports, reading or a knock-down-drag-out among themselves.

MRS. GLEN M. EVEN
San Diego, Calif.

• What the "rating experts" don't know is that tastes can change. People would grow to like the better programs and music if they were allowed to hear and see them.

ELLEN WICKHAM
Lakewood, N.Y.

• It infuriates me to learn that this ratings game determines what I'll see when I turn on my TV set. I hope the American people will become so saturated with mediocrity that they'll join me in rediscovering motion pictures.

MRS. LUCILLE WEISSROCK
Rapid City, S. Dak.

• It's too bad that outstanding men in the TV industry can't trust their own judgment instead of relying on the ratings.

MRS. DIAN T. HERRIOTT
Seymour, Conn.

• I'm perfectly appalled by the networks' apparent dependence on the Nielsen reports. If our industrial tycoons intend providing free entertainment to people who obviously can't afford anything better, very well. If, however, they are trying to reach possible consumers, they should aim their sights at the five- to ten-thousand-dollar-a-year range. Solvency should be of some interest to a seller.

MRS. DANIEL CAMERON
Braintree, Mass.

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After the Fall

The Post has rendered a magnificent service to the American people by printing Arthur Miller's AFTER THE FALL [Feb. 1]. That a "popular" magazine should print this play in full compliments the American people regarding their depth and seriousness of thought.

As a minister I feel the theological relevance of AFTER THE FALL regarding the predicament of modern man. It is not so much Marilyn Monroe that one must find as he appreciates and understands the play as it is man himself. Mr. Miller totally envelops his characters and his readers in the problem of man finding meaning in himself and *himself alone.*

Quentin never really denies Louise's accusation that he tends "to make relatives out of people." Quentin feels that the city is full of people—lovers—rushing to meet one another. He speaks here in terms of love that involves one's total being.

REV. THOMAS W. HICKS, PASTOR
Sunnyhills Methodist Church
Milpitas, Calif.

Supercarriers

I have read your Feb. 8 editorial THE FOLLY OF BUILDING AN OBSOLESCENT SUPERCARRIER, and what I don't understand is why we need a supercarrier at all. A carrier shouldn't be any larger than necessary to launch a jet. It seems like putting too many eggs in one basket.

ALAN STANDISH DANA
Ansonia, Conn.

Chess champ

Your article on champion Bobby Fischer [HAVE PAWN, WILL TRAVEL, Lewis H. Lapham, Feb. 8] was the best I've read on the subject, but I must take issue with one incidental item. While Russia may have most of the world's strongest players now—thanks to zealous nurture—it was not always thus. There were few outstanding Russian contenders prior to 1927 when Alexander Alekhine became the first Russian to win the world title.

JOSEPH GANCHER
Albany, N.Y.

• Please, please someone save this young man (Bobby Fischer) before it is too late. He needs to finish his education, find a nice girl, settle down and raise a family. He can't spend the rest of his life just playing chess and expect to be happy.

LANA JACOBS
Moline, Ill.

Belli

Why should anybody try to prove Jack Ruby innocent [A FLASHY LAWYER FOR OSWALD'S KILLER, by Richard Warren Lewis, Feb. 8]? He got mad at a man and shot and killed him and everybody saw him do it. Why waste government money?

ROTH CLINE
Culver, Ind.

• Melvin Belli may be flamboyant and controversial, as Mr. Lewis states, but it did my heart good in this day of conformity, dullness and the mad striving to be like everyone else to read of a real Individual.

MRS. KENNETH KOENIG
Ontario, Calif.

• With reference to your Belli story, very few people realize the great compassion and concern that Mr. Belli shows for the care and education of needy boys. One of our buildings is named the Belli Manse to honor this great heart.

FRED W. DEMARA, SUPERINTENDENT
Calvary Ranch-School for Boys
North Fork, Calif.

Lodge

I was delighted to see Stanley Karnow's THE QUANDARY OF HENRY CABOT LODGE [Feb. 8]. Let's convince Ambassador Lodge that he should come home to seek the Republican nomination.

MRS. ELINOR M. ATKINSON
Skaneateles, N.Y.

Reuben, Reuben

Please give us more stories like REUBEN, REUBEN [by Peter De Vries, Jan. 18]. It is good to be amused by the truth.

F. S. WINSLOW
Sicamous, Canada

• Thoroughly refreshing and satisfying. Not only does it have a very subtle humor, but also what you might call a semi-moral.

R. J. NORRIS
Salt Lake City, Utah

• Please thank Mr. De Vries on my be½. I loved every thought and every word of his story.

M. L. WEBSTER
Fresno, Calif.

• It's wonderful to be entertained, and at the same time have a little common sense tucked in.

ANNE N. MCKERNAN
Phoenix, Ariz.

• The characters, the philosophy, the humor and unpredictable chain of events gave me an afternoon of complete reading pleasure.

CLARA L. F. BOECK
Waukesha, Wis.

• Captivating!

MRS. PEARLE A. COLE
Akron, Ohio

• A *most* interesting story, read so enjoyably to "THE END," leaving me wishing for more.

MRS. OLA FOSTER ALDRIDGE
Fort Myers, Fla.

• How could Peter De Vries do that to me? There he was streaming along in his humorous, entertaining style, and I was eating it up. But he came to the climax of his story and quit cold.

JAMES L. FISHER, M. D.
Youngstown, Ohio

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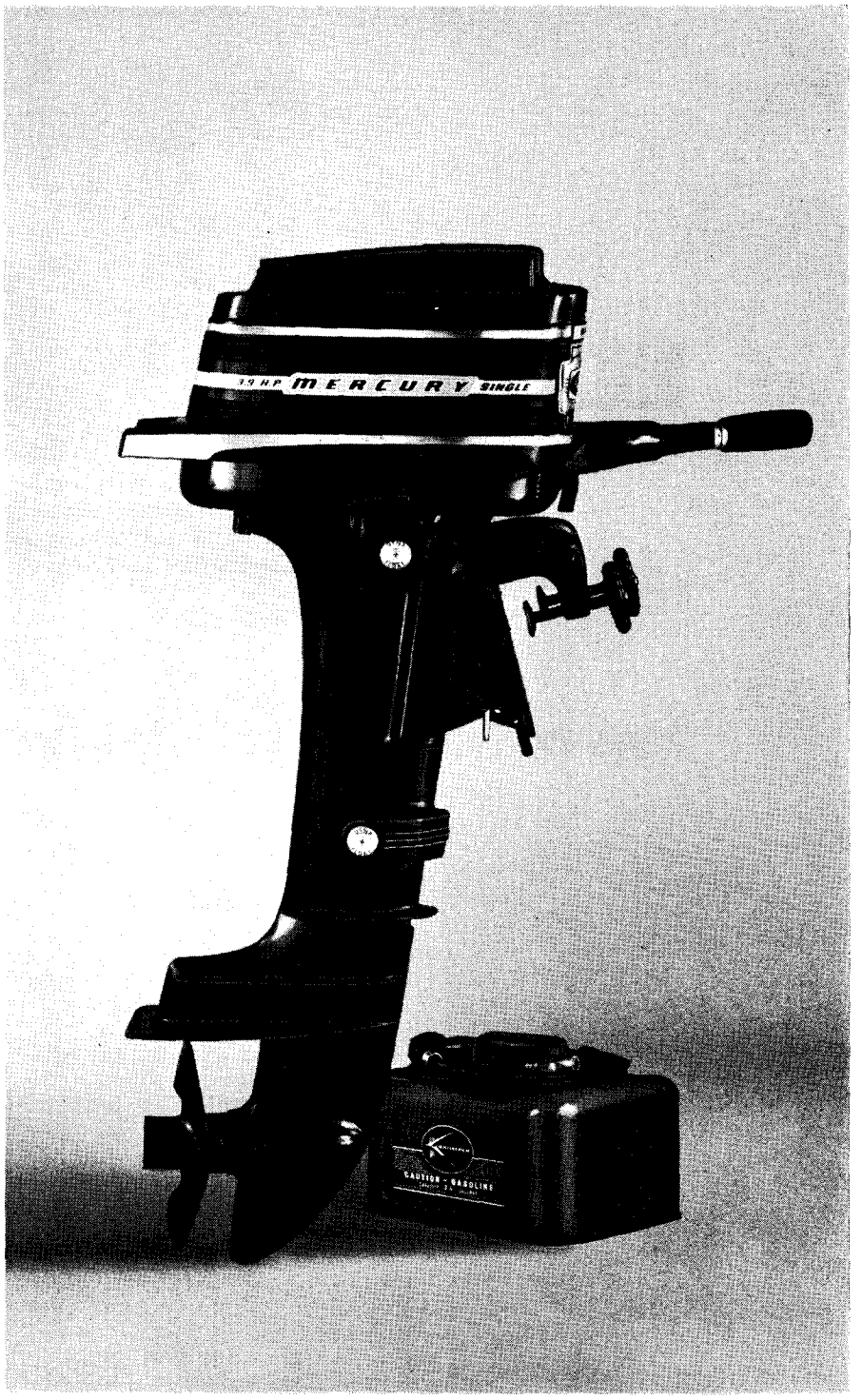


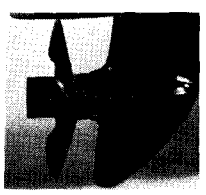
How come fishermen are paying more to get this 3.9 hp Merc?

Merc 39 costs a little more than other outboard motors in its power class because it has features which other small motors don't have.

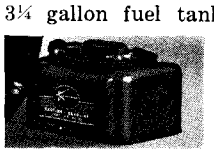
This 3.9 hp Merc has a twist-grip throttle on the steering handle to give you one-hand control of steering and speed. It has full gearshift (forward, neutral and reverse)... just like all the more powerful Mercs.

Instead of a single clamp bracket, Merc 39 has dual brackets for additional strength and added safety. Jet-Prop exhaust, through the hub of the propeller, buries the sound deep underwater, reduces drag and gives smooth trolling.

Merc 39 has no shear pins to fail at critical moments. Its multiple-splined propeller hub has a live-rubber safety clutch that absorbs impact. The sturdy one-piece gearcase gives permanent, positive alignment of shafts, bearings and gears. There's no protruding nose to hook logs and rocks or gather weeds.



Merc 39 has a remote 3¼ gallon fuel tank



included in the price ... instead of the integral tank found on most small outboards.

These are just a few of the reasons why the 3.9 hp Merc is worth more than other small motors. Besides these, you get the durability, lightweight, and remarkable fuel economy that is built into all the 1964 Mercurys ... 100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, 6 and 3.9 hp outboards and MerCruiser Stern Drives... 110 to 310 hp gasoline and 60 and 100 hp diesel.

MERCURY

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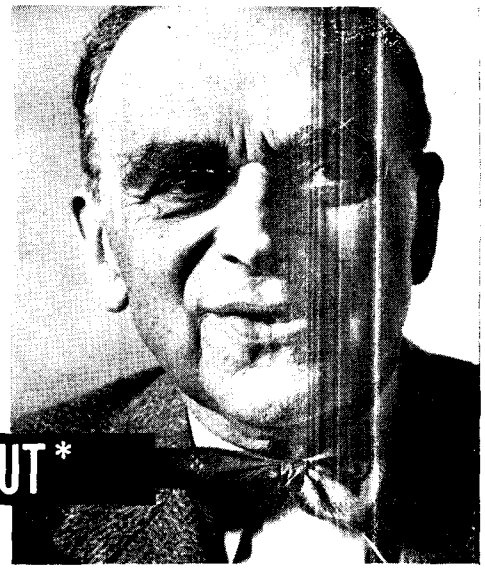
SPEAKING OUT*



Morris Ernst, a distinguished and longtime member of the New York City bar, has given much of his career to the defense of individual freedom. Himself the author of 16 books, he won renown for successfully defending James Joyce's novel Ulysses against a federal attempt to prohibit its sale.

Lawyers are failing the law

By Morris L. Ernst

A famous attorney argues that the leaders of the American legal profession, in their quest for money and status, have abandoned the average citizen.

The legal profession, of which I have been a member for 50 years, is perilously close to losing the respect of the American people. The deterioration in the bar's prestige ought to alarm not only lawyers but all thinking people. For the legal profession is a great bulwark of stable government and democracy. If the trend continues, we all stand to be hurt.

This decline of respect shows in the growing tendency to avoid the courts and to resort instead to sheer "power." Too many Americans are relinquishing their faith in law and quiet reason; increasingly they condone violence in disputes. Teachers put their pupils on picket lines to coerce a mayor. Booing, shoving demonstrators strike and even spit upon our ambassador to the United Nations. Outside the noble house of the Bar Association of the city of New York an unruly group hurls objects at the Chief Justice of the United States—shocking in itself, and, to compound the shock, the association makes only perfunctory attempts to stir public indignation over the outrage.

Force, in short, no longer dismays us. We are coming to accept force—including such "pressure" devices as marching demonstrations, sit-ins, strikes and lockouts—as primary means of redress. In many cases these tactics are direct substitutes for court actions. Predictably enough, they sometimes prompt the police to excesses, such as the use of police dogs against demonstrators.

Disrespect is apparent, too, in the popular image of the lawyer, as reflected in television shows and elsewhere. Rarely is the counselor portrayed as a thoughtful student of the law and its ramifications. Instead he is more nearly a detective who happens to be a lawyer. He finds missing witnesses, uncovers evidence, or tricks the real miscreant through some bizarre stunt. These activities have little to do with the practice of law, and by concentrating upon them, television distorts the function of the lawyer.

It is not the individual lawyer who has fallen from public grace so much as the legal profession and, more specifically, the profession's foremost members. In five ways, I believe, the leaders of the bar have failed to meet their responsibilities.

First, they have failed to involve themselves in the issues truly unpopular or disturbing to the body politic. There has always been a handful of lawyers of high position in the bar associations who represent unpopular people. John W. Davis defended a pacifist in the post-World War I hysteria; Charles Evans Hughes acted for the United Mine Workers when unions were held in low regard; and William Chandler of the Stimson office represented an alleged Communist at the peak of the McCarthy madness. But their successors are harder and harder to find. Most "respectable" lawyers—particularly the members of the inside power group that runs the American Bar Association and the other great lawyers' leagues—won't risk getting their fingers dirty. It's not that they're afraid of losing their other clients or worried about their fees. I'm convinced their reluctance is merely a matter of "image." They're afraid that if they get mixed up in a scandalous case they'll be kidded at the country club.

Second, the nominal leaders of my profession have failed to keep in touch with average citizens. This lapse is especially apparent when one contrasts law as it is practiced in rural areas with law in the big city. The lawyer outside the metropolis serves all the people, acts as a kind of legal parish priest, and above all is seldom a specialist. He handles everything from real estate to incest. There are no landlord lawyers, tenant lawyers, criminal lawyers, divorce lawyers, negligence lawyers or corporation lawyers in the small town, for the bar there represents human beings. But in the big city the dominant concerns of the so-called leaders of the bar are the large empires in business, finance, insurance and real estate.

These corporations are so huge, the amounts of money involved so staggering and the contacts with Government so extensive, that decisions made by the lawyers are of great importance. And so the lawyers become men of power. They rise to the leadership of the bar associations. Yet, because they specialize in the kinds of law practice that seldom concern the average citizen, they become isolated from his problems.

The great majority of Americans who go to court are involved in criminal cases and accident cases. Of course, the big law firms do handle certain types of criminal cases—anti-trust violations, income-tax-evasion charges against the wealthy, and illegal transactions in stocks and bonds—but these are polite, almost respectable crimes. The leaders of the bar rarely act for defendants charged with more commonplace crimes—drunk driving, sexual deviation, breaking and entering, assault or murder. Because the prestigious lawyer avoids these cases, they become the exclusive preserve of the criminal bar, as it has been called. It really ought to be called the Freedom Bar, because these lawyers are the men who defend the lowly as well as the great. Yet within the professional organizations it is held in small regard. The public, well aware of the disdain that legal bigwigs show for this form of law, assumes that lawyers who engage in it are not respectable. Mass media reinforce this attitude by portraying the "criminal" lawyer as no less despicable than his client, and the bar makes no proud attempt to combat the misconception.

As for the negligence bar—which handles the cases involving suits for accidents—the top figures of the bar eschew it, except to defend the insurance companies. Here, too, the failure of bar leadership to represent the average citizen—the accident victim—injures the reputations of those who do represent him.

A third charge against the bar's top men is that they have failed to champion

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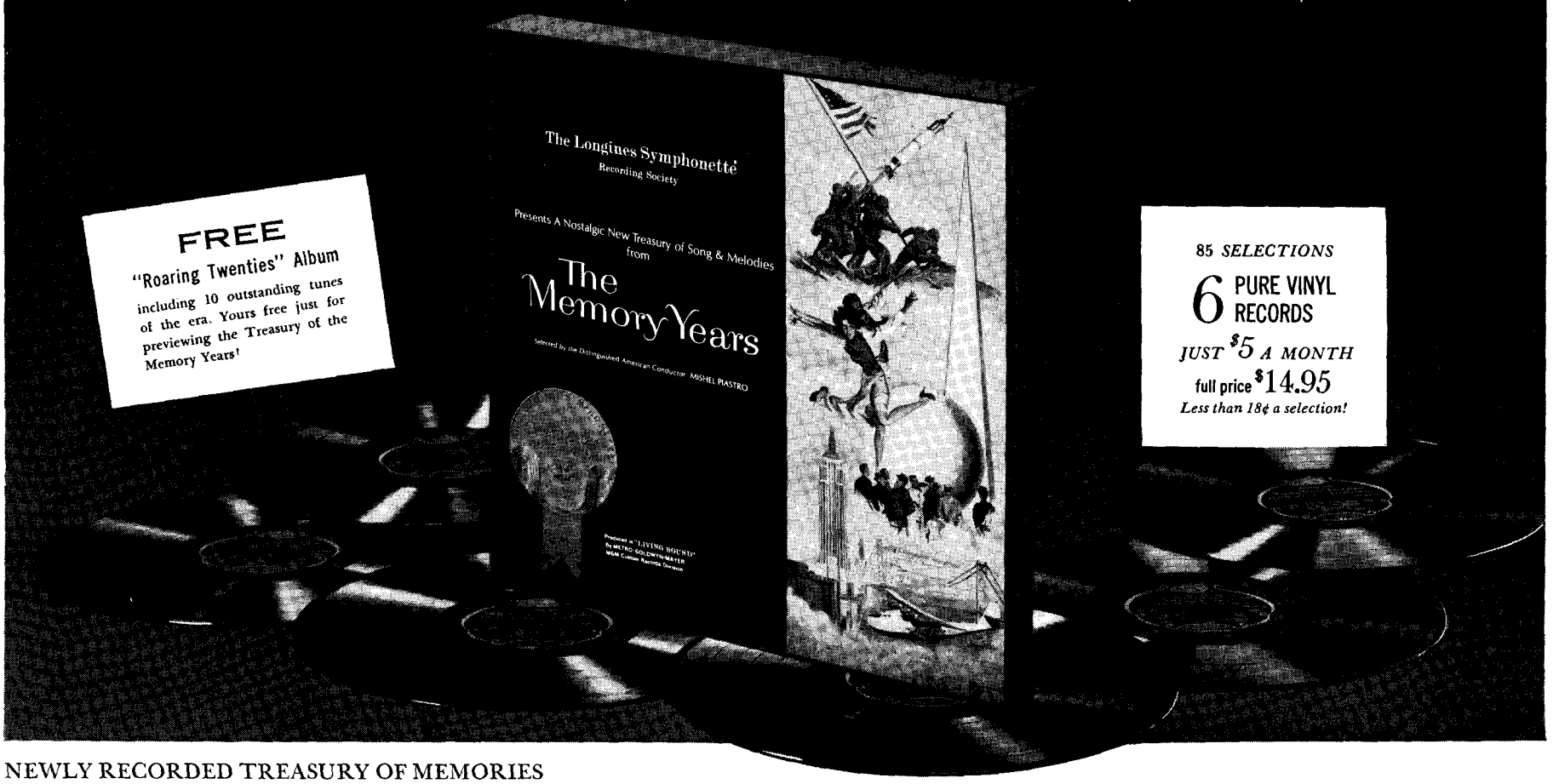
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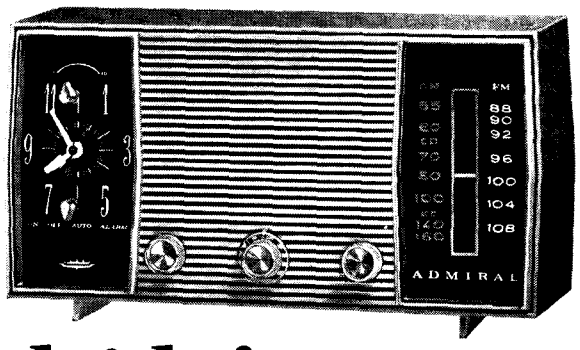

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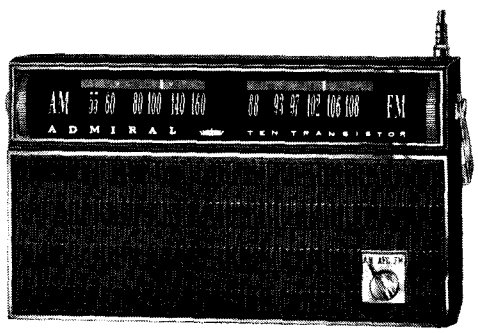

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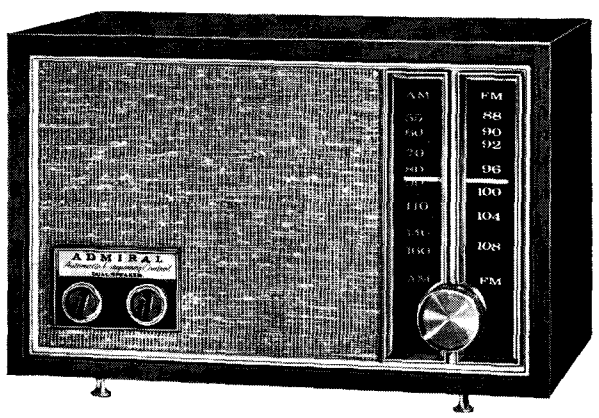

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the rights of *individuals*. We are treated to the daily spectacle of newspapers and television cameras hectoring some citizen charged with a crime. A hapless man finds a microphone thrust under his nose as he is led into the police station, and he is badgered with questions: "Did you kill your wife? Did you steal the money? Have you anything to say in your defense?" Interviews such as this appear in the press or on television before the accused is even booked in the police station, before he has consulted with a lawyer or been indicted. As a result he stands trial before the public long before he ever gets to court. Furthermore, many prosecutors and police hold press conferences before the actual trial, damaging the accused still further. Recently the police commissioner of New York City, doubtlessly prompted by the shameful treatment of the suspected assassin Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas, banned television and press interviews of prisoners in precinct houses—a measure as commendable as it was long overdue. The same can be said of the recent spurt of protest from various lawyers' associations.

The Oswald case shows all too clearly the sorry state of the principle of fair trial. First the Dallas police grilled Oswald before he had obtained counsel; then they exposed the not-yet-indicted suspect to the press and thus, as it happened, to his own murderer. In this instance, to its credit, the local bar association spoke out against these procedures, pointing out that grilling a man who has no counsel is itself a form of violence, for the mind can be violated as easily as the body. Even the American Bar Association protested. But must it take a presidential assassination and such an appalling case of "trial by the press" to wring protest from the bar? The situation is not new. Police and other public officials who have sought to remedy it—a step full of political risks—have languished for lack of support from the bar. Too often the leaders of the profession, with all their influence, have remained mute. This aspect of the law does not seem to concern them, perhaps because their own clients are seldom mistreated in this way.

A fourth sin of omission is the failure of the bar to face conscientiously the problem of providing counsel for the poor. Those accused of impolite crimes—burglary, murder, etc.—generally come from the lower-income groups and their ability to pay for legal counsel is usually weak, if not absolutely nil. To satisfy the principle that every man is entitled to counsel, our society has set up the valuable agencies known as the Legal Aid Societies. Such organizations do render excellent service to the poor. But many of these lawyers are young volunteers or overworked. Think how much better the counsel would be if highly skilled men from the leading law firms were to take on the job of defending the indigent. Not only would the poor benefit by such services, but so would the top lawyers themselves. As things now stand, top lawyers buy absolution for their responsibilities through their generous contributions to the Legal Aid Societies, and I believe that purchasing absolution does not benefit a human being.

I once figured that if every lawyer in New York took five additional cases for indigent people per year, the need for Legal Aid Societies would be eliminated. What is more, the leaders of the bar would once again be in touch with human beings. My notion is not so farfetched as it may sound, for the medical profession works on precisely this principle. The best surgeons devote part of their time to ward patients, not just to the people in the private pavilion. Why shouldn't bar associations lead in this area, and not merely by passing resolutions?

At this writing, Congress has just passed a law providing for a system of "public defenders" paid by the Federal Government to provide counsel for the poor. I have grave doubts about this system, because it simply shifts the responsibility—and the cost—from the legal profession to the Government. Further, it stacks the deck against the indigent defendant by putting the Government on both sides of the court. Not only would the prosecutor represent the Government but, in a sense, so would the public defender, since he would be paid by the Government. And who believes that the public defender would get the financial backing and support that the prosecutor normally receives through the police, the FBI and his own staff?

The last lapse that I would attribute to bar leadership is its failure to get behind reform of our system of prosecution. The cause of justice could be greatly enhanced by a few simple changes in procedures and symbols. At present, prosecutors are too often rated according to the number of convictions they win. And so convictions, not justice, become the goal. In Britain, by contrast, the Crown (the state) cannot win and cannot lose, because the Crown's sole interest is justice. No British prosecutor would fail to turn over to the defense evidence of innocence that might come into his hands.

The day of horror

In the United States, on the other hand, withholding such evidence is merely part of the game. It is the indigent defendant who is most injured by this practice, for his lawyer, if he has one, is not able to go to the trouble of rooting out that evidence despite the prosecutor's obstruction. For the poor, their day in court is all too often a numbing horror. Matters which may affect their whole lives are dispatched mechanically. Justice has no time for the poor, because they cannot pay for it.

I do not mean to suggest that the poor alone suffer from the present state of justice; almost all of us suffer. Nor do I attribute all evils to the leaders of bar associations. Nor do I believe that closing the gap between the bar and the people will be easy. Lawyers cannot be expected to abandon their current duties and attempt to practice in the big cities like small-town lawyers.

I have long loved the law, and that love impels me to speak. For I am certain that unless the leaders of my profession move fast, the people of our republic may come to believe that "justice" is obtained on the barricades or on the streets by show of mere numbers rather than in quiet hearing rooms—called courts. Maybe terms of history the problem of racial integration is less serious than the problem we now face—getting the leaders of the bar to lead the American people to renewed faith in justice. THE END

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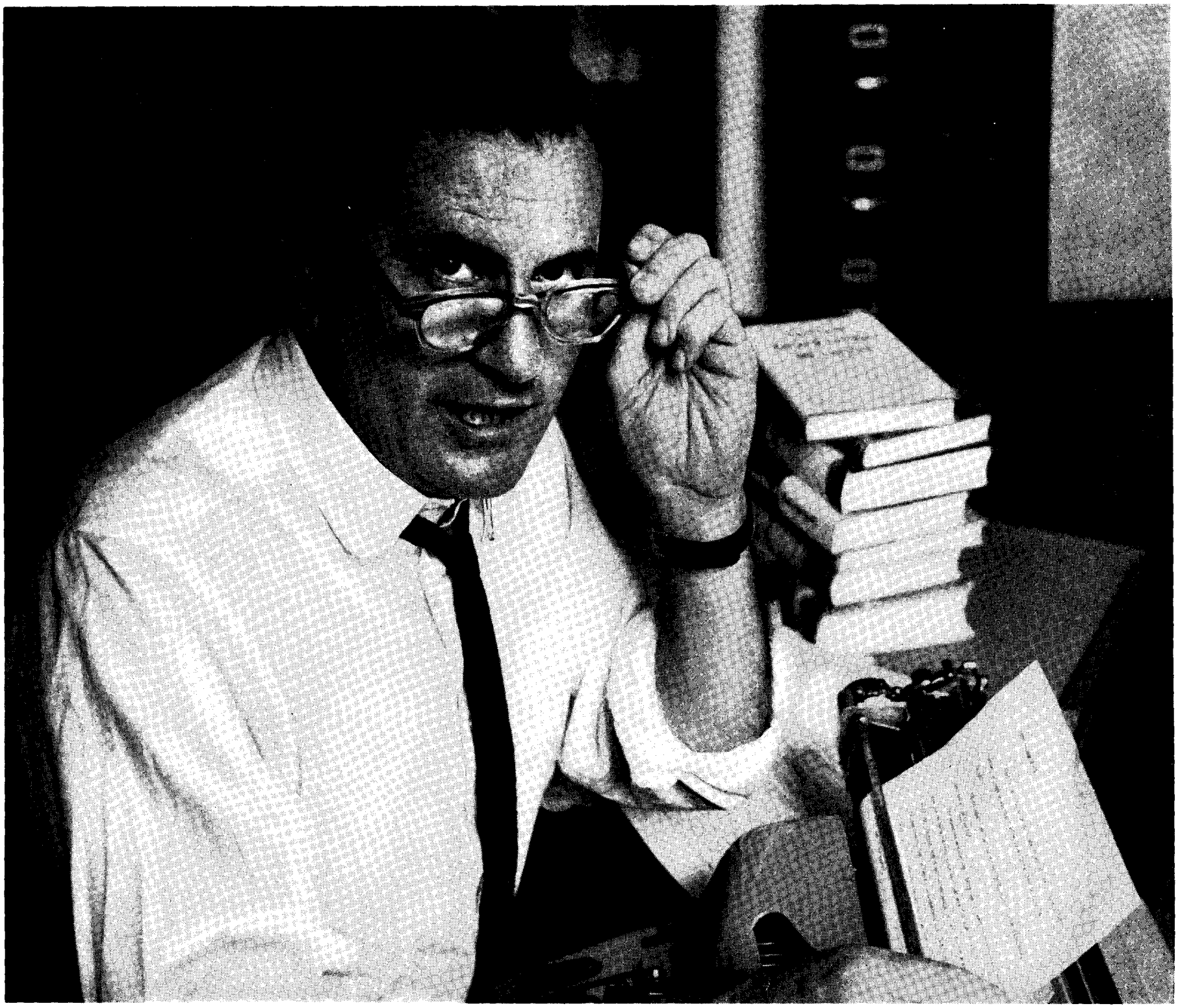

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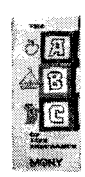

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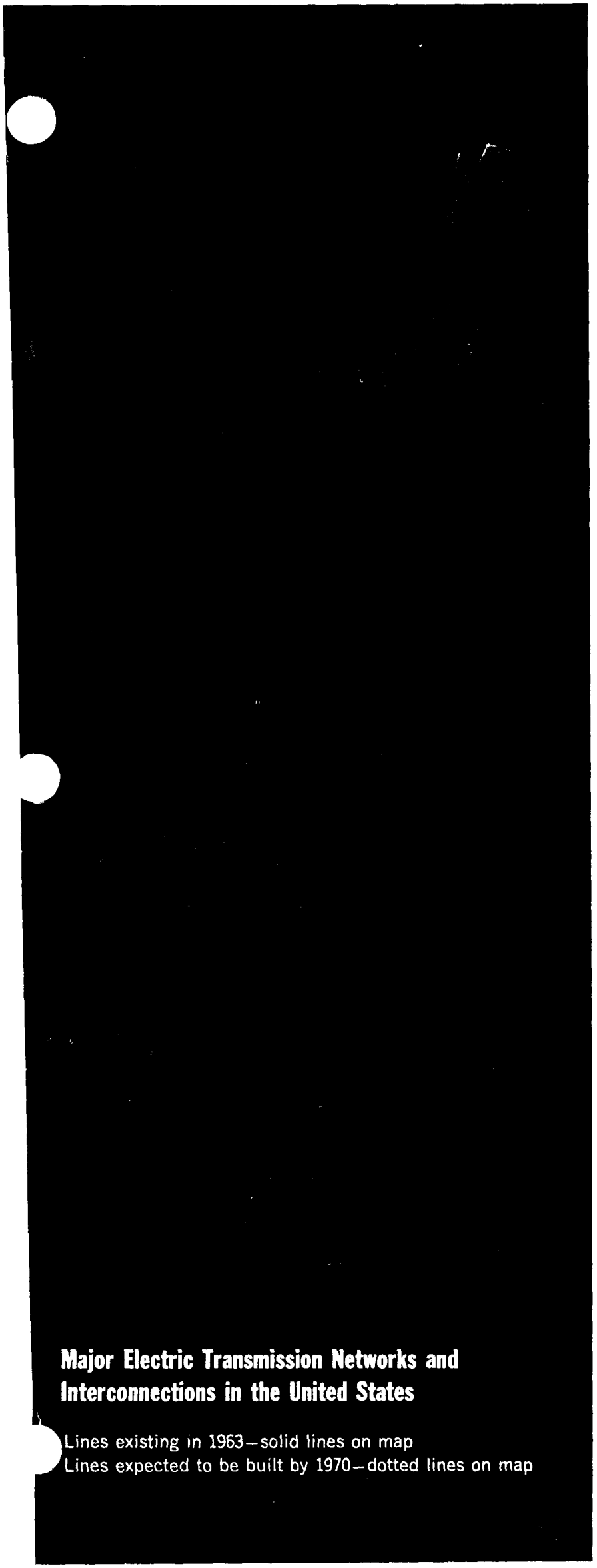

Major Electric Transmission Networks and Interconnections in the United States

Lines existing in 1963—solid lines on map
Lines expected to be built by 1970—dotted lines on map

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Investor-Owned Electric Power Companies work as a nationwide team

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Work of the Investor-Owned Companies benefits Americans nationally in more ways than one

Something that benefits all Americans is the fact that the investor-owned companies are financing their tremendous electrical growth in the traditional way of American business. In other countries such a huge undertaking might have been done through government direction and government spending. But that is not the American way, and there is no need for that here.

America's investor-owned electric light and power companies, through their many years of work on high-voltage transmission and interconnection, and by their plans for the future, have proved that it doesn't necessarily take an act of Congress to get the big jobs done.

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Telegraphing Khrushchev

Fidel Castro: Will he spring a trap?

Khrushchev

WASHINGTON: Very recently, President Johnson was warned at a White House meeting with his foreign-policy and intelligence advisers that the Soviet Union and Communist Cuba may be getting ready to spring a trap on the United States.

Two items of "hard" intelligence, plus the simple logic of the situation, lead to this suspicion. The trap, it is thought, was probably agreed upon during the recent conversations in Moscow between Nikita Khrushchev and Fidel Castro. Castro's cutoff of water to the Guantanamo base, which was undoubtedly preconcerted with Khrushchev, may well have been a first testing maneuver.

One item of intelligence seems at first glance good news—that the Soviets are steadily reducing the number of their troops in Cuba. The other item of intelligence is that the Russians are now training Castro's Cubans in the use of the SAMs.

The SAMs are the non-nuclear surface-to-air missiles which Khrushchev installed in Cuba in large numbers in 1962 before the great October crisis. U.S. intelligence picked up the existence of the anti-aircraft missile sites—known as SAMSITES in intelligence shorthand—in late August, 1962. The reasoning which has led some of the President's advisers strongly to suspect the presence of a trap is similar to the reasoning which then led CIA Director John McCone to conclude that Khrushchev intended to place nuclear-capable missiles in Cuba. McCone was at the time almost alone in this view. His reasoning was simple.

The SAMs, McCone reasoned, had only one conceivable purpose—to shoot down the high-flying U-2 reconnaissance planes which could not be reached by ordinary anti-aircraft. Therefore the purpose of the SAMSITES must be to blind the eyes of the American intelligence. This purpose only made sense if the Soviets intended to place in Cuba some things they did not want the American intelligence to see. Those things could only be the nuclear-tipped missiles which could be directed at the American mainland.

McCone's reasoning, of course, turned out to be right, and the October crisis, with its clear threat of thermonuclear war, ensued. But during and for a long time after that crisis, the SAMSITES were manned exclusively by Russians. At the height of the crisis, a single U-2 was shot down by a SAM. How this happened has never been satisfactorily explained—there is a theory that the Russian SAMSITE commander acted against orders, and another theory that he was forced to shoot by Cubans who overpowered the base.

In any case, the SAMs have never since been used against the U-2s. As part of the Kennedy-Khrushchev deal, the U-2s continued to overfly Cuba unmolested. These overflights provide the essential assurance that there has been no further attempt to place in Cuba missiles capable of destroying the United States.

Castro, of course, never liked the Kennedy-Khrushchev deal. After the crisis, during the period of very chilly relations between Castro and Khrushchev, one of Castro's chief complaints was that, although the SAMSITES were on Cuban soil, no Cuban was permitted to set foot on them. Castro has also repeatedly denounced the U-2 overflights as "acts of piracy," and demanded that they cease.

In the light of these facts, the hard intelligence that the Russians are now training the Cubans in the use of the SAMs takes on a sinister meaning. So does the fact that the Soviets are steadily reducing the number of their troops in Cuba.

For the intelligence analysts apply to these facts the same kind of simple but compelling logic that led McCone to his conclusion about the meaning of the SAMSITES in 1962. One day soon Khrushchev may announce—truthfully—that the last Soviet soldier has left Cuban soil. In that case, Khrushchev can claim with some show of reason that he is not responsible for what Fidel Castro, chief of the sovereign state of Cuba, may do.

What Castro may do, once his own men have their fingers on the triggers of the SAMs, is perfectly obvious. He may demand that the "acts of piracy" cease forthwith, and threaten to shoot down any American planes which come within range of his missiles. Indeed, it seems sensible to predict that, if Khrushchev gives him the green light, this is precisely what Castro *will* do.

Thus the nature of the trap which the President's advisers suspect was laid at the Moscow meeting becomes clear. For in the United Nations, the neutralists and the Afro-Asians would doubtless enthusiastically support Castro's demand that the "acts of piracy" cease. The demand would be supported in press and even government circles in Britain and France as well. And even in this country, voices would be raised to suggest that our "international image" should not be damaged for mere reasons of national security.

And yet there would be two predictable results if we were to bow to Castro's blackmail and cease to send reconnaissance planes within range of the Cuban SAMSITES. First, the eyes of the American intelligence would be dimmed if not blinded. The reconnaissance satellites alone could not provide real assurance against another Soviet attempt to upset the world power balance by placing nuclear-capable missiles 90 miles from our shores. If the Soviets tried the trick a second time, they would certainly be a lot more careful about camouflage than they were the first time.

As a second result, the United States would be made to look like an elephant running in terror from the Cuban mouse. And so, if Khrushchev and Castro spring their trap, what will President Johnson do?

"I'll tell you what the President will do," says one who ought to know. "He'll tell Castro that if he shoots down one American plane we'll destroy every SAMSITE on the island in the next two hours, and if the Afro-Asians don't like it, they can go jump in the lake. The real danger is that Khrushchev might feel so committed to Castro that he'd have to react violently in some way. That's why it has been suggested to the President that he ought to telegraph his intentions to Khrushchev, for if Khrushchev is convinced that the President really means it—which he does—he won't let Castro spring the trap."

Stewart Alsop

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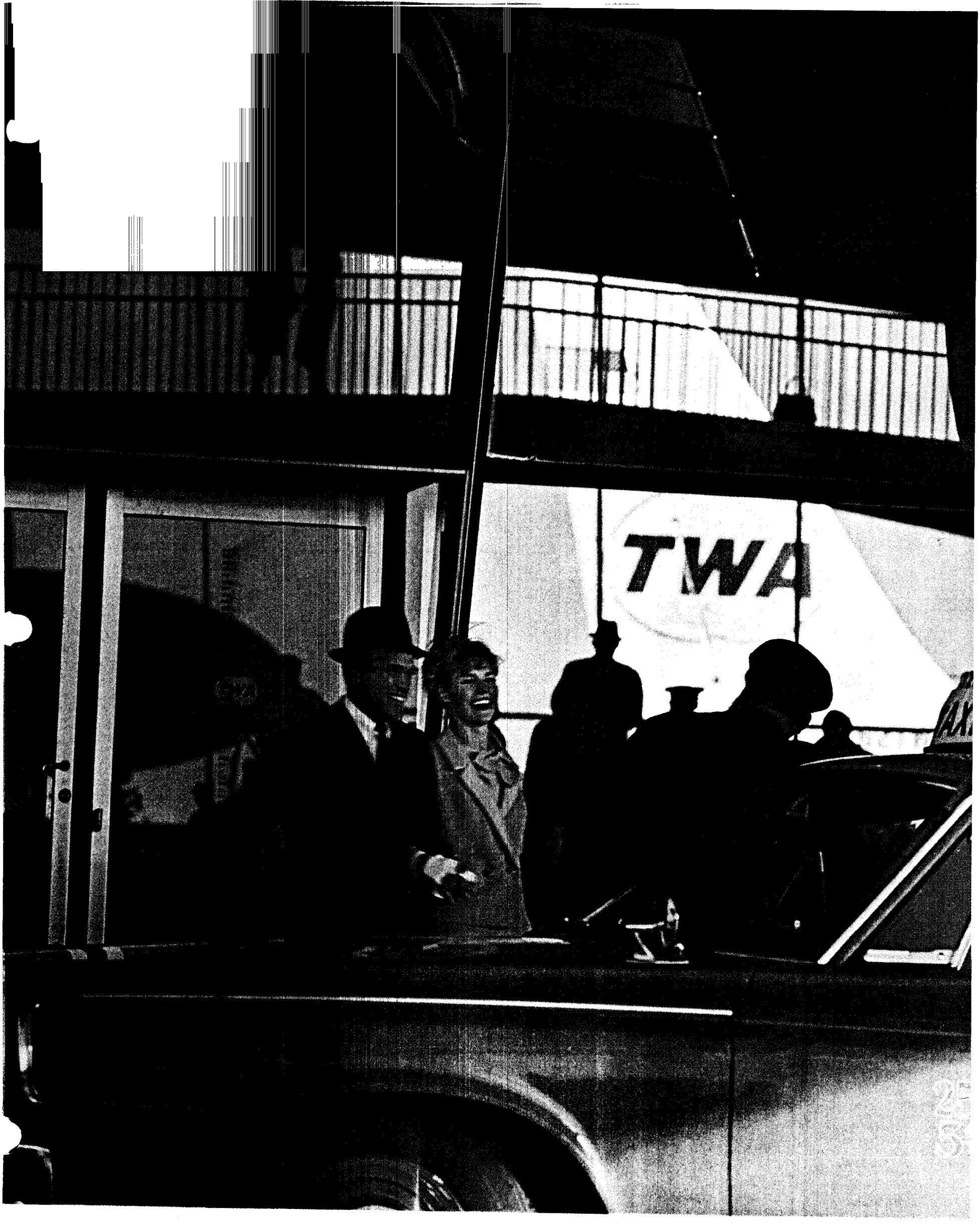

U.S. AIRLINES: who's ahead in the competition for passengers?

(continued...)

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AIRLINES:

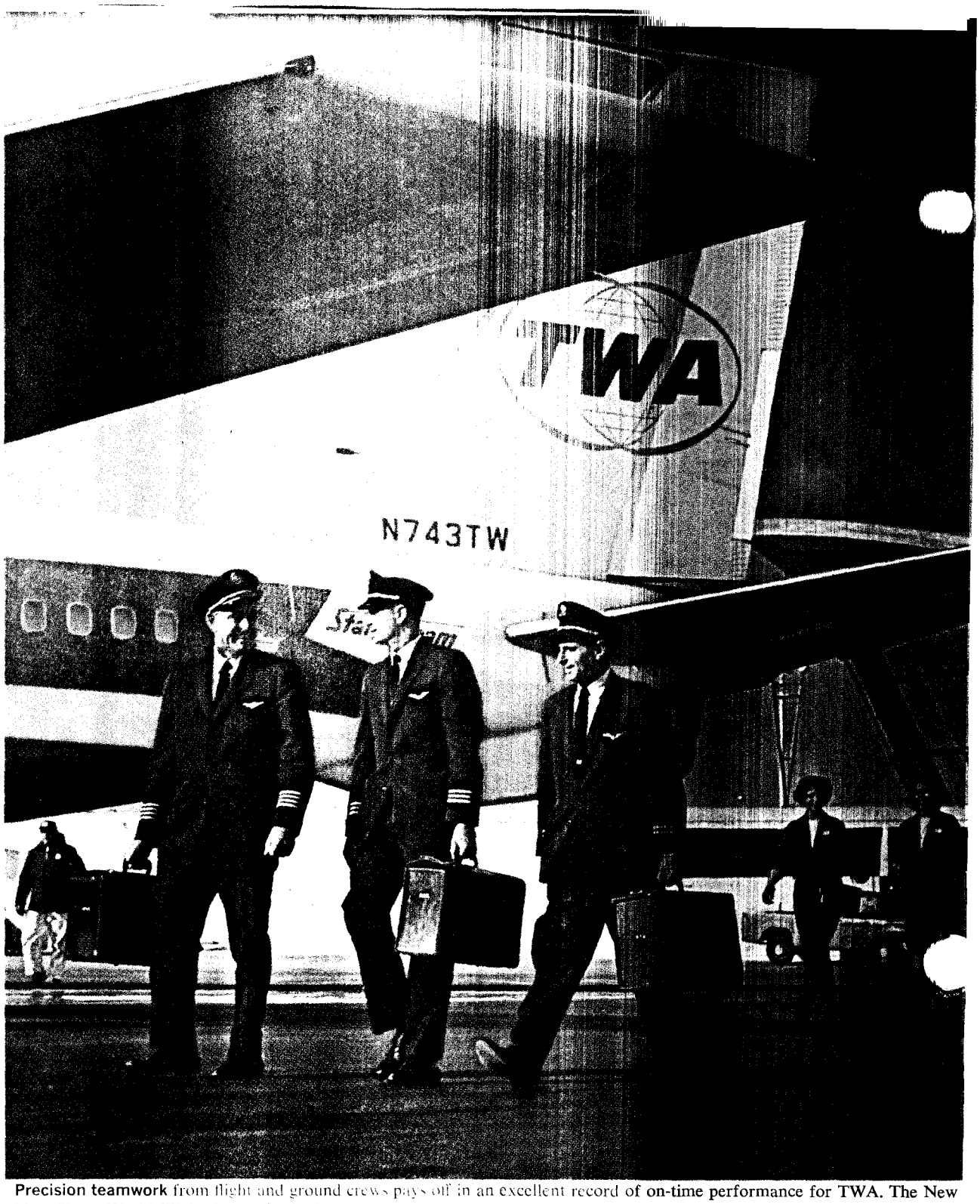
FAST-GROWING TWA HAS JETS, ROUTES, SERVICES FOR EVERY TRAVELER

Jet speed isn't news any more. Crossing the country in 4½ hours, or the Atlantic in 6½ hours, is an everyday fact. And not just for the well-to-do. A department store buyer is likely to be sitting across the aisle from a corporation president. A secretary on a vacation tour shares the same jet with an heiress on a winter holiday. Everybody's flying.

With the big boom in air travel has come a new attitude toward airlines. Most passengers aren't awed by the huge jets and ultra-modern terminals. They're getting more sophisticated about the whole idea of flying, and more perceptive when it comes to buying a ticket. They want to know what one airline has that another hasn't. They're taking a new interest in schedules, performance records, dependability, fares, equipment, personnel. In short, they're asking, "What's in it for me?"

To come up with the right answers, airlines are offering more new services and conveniences than ever before. These pages will show you what fast-growing Trans World Airlines does to stay ahead in the competition for passengers.

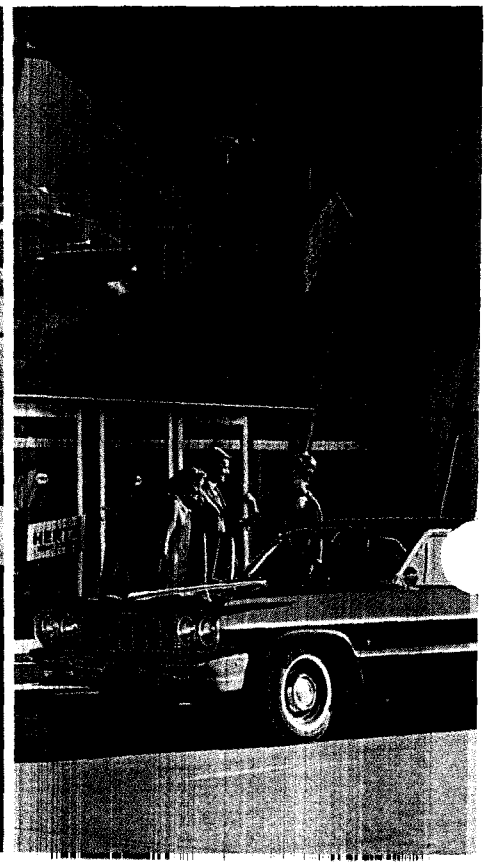
Passengers enjoy first-run movies such as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Seven Arts production, "Sunday in New York," starring Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda and Rod Taylor.



Precision teamwork from flight and ground crews pays off in an excellent record of on-time performance for TWA. The New York Trans World Flight Center in the background, one of many new TWA terminals, houses every passenger convenience.

Movies in flight. In a typically forward-thinking move, TWA was first to contract with Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc., for film showings on coast-to-coast nonstop and transatlantic flights. It's still a TWA exclusive.

Fly-drive trips are preferred by many business and vacation travelers. Rental cars are available at all TWA destinations.



Nationwide Worldwide depend on **TWA**

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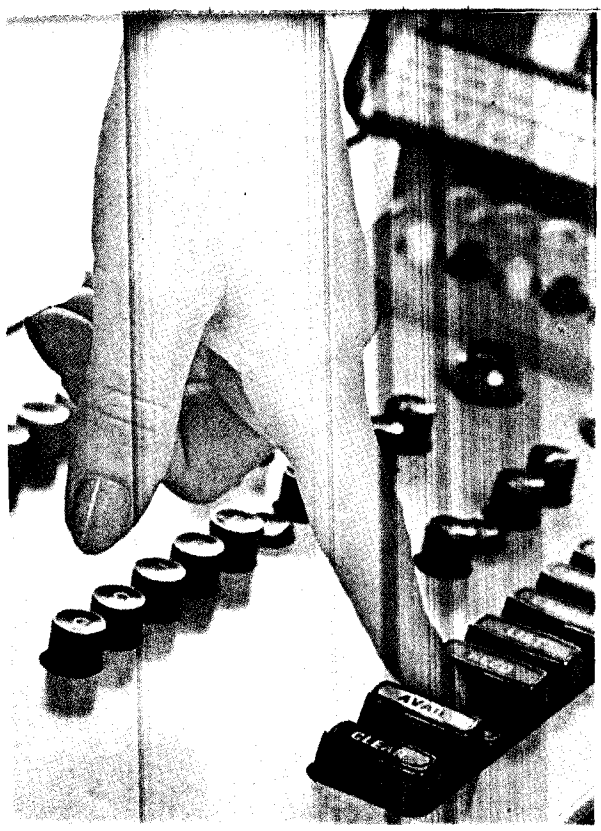
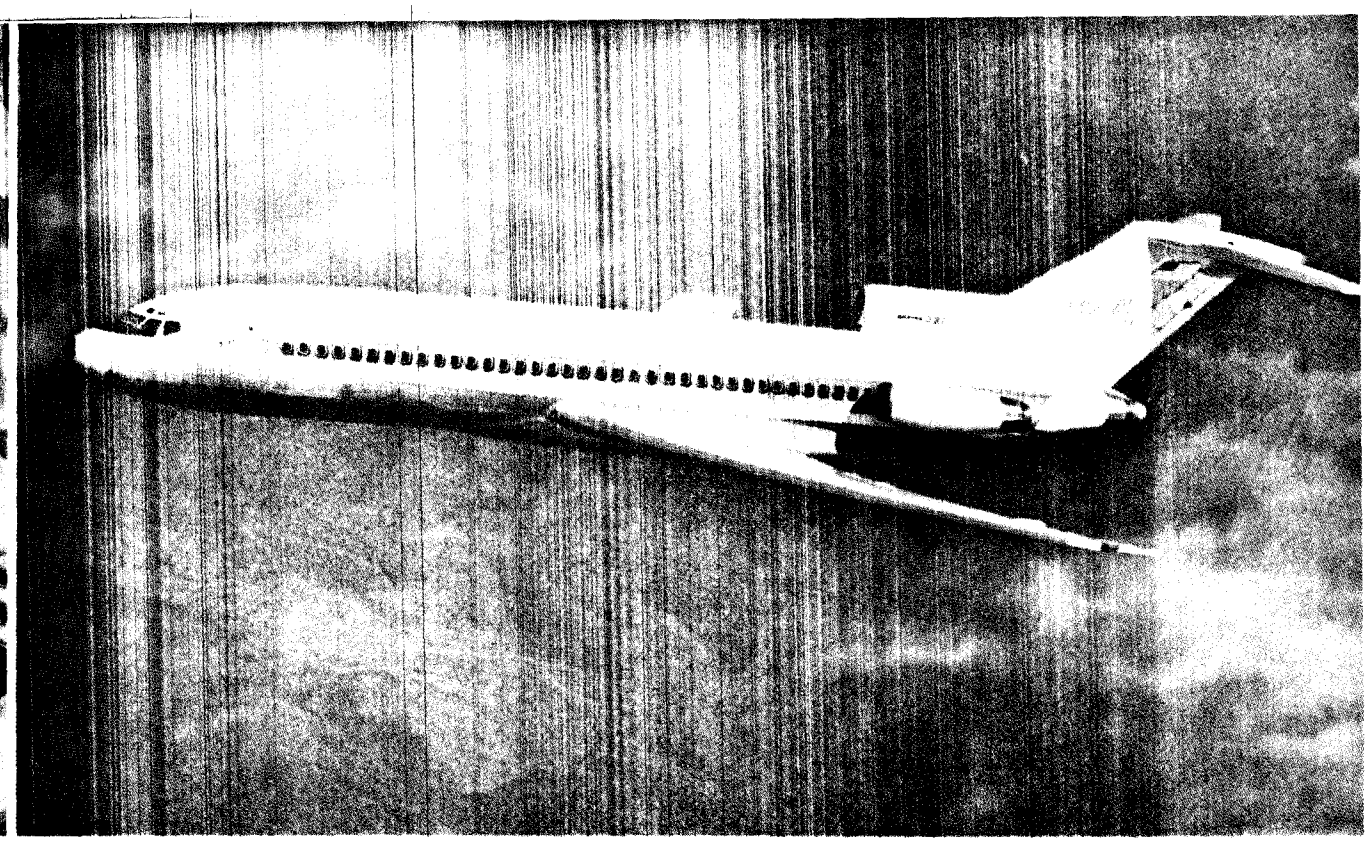


Instant reservations. With TWA's new computer system, a touch of a button confirms a reservation on any flight in less than one second.



Newest jet, the medium-range StarStream 727, needs less runway space, will fly between Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other cities. More long-range StarStreams are also coming soon to beef up what is already the world's largest Boeing jet fleet.

Careful attention to service is standard on TWA. Steaks, for instance, come sizzling hot from compact electronic ovens.

"Family Fun" travel plan offers, for the first time, family discounts on low Jet Coach fares. Full fare for one parent, 25% off for the rest of the family (50% if they're under 12). Same discounts in First Class.

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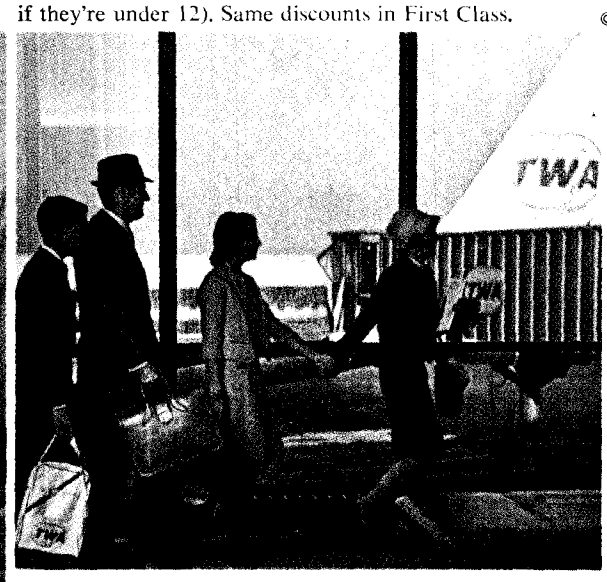
International routes. Only TWA flies from major U.S. cities to New York and the World's Fair—*and* overseas to 15 world centers.



Fast, accurate information is essential to TWA efficiency. Any changes in flight data are flashed instantly to TWA ground hostesses and counter personnel by electronic "Solari" flight boards and closed-circuit TV.

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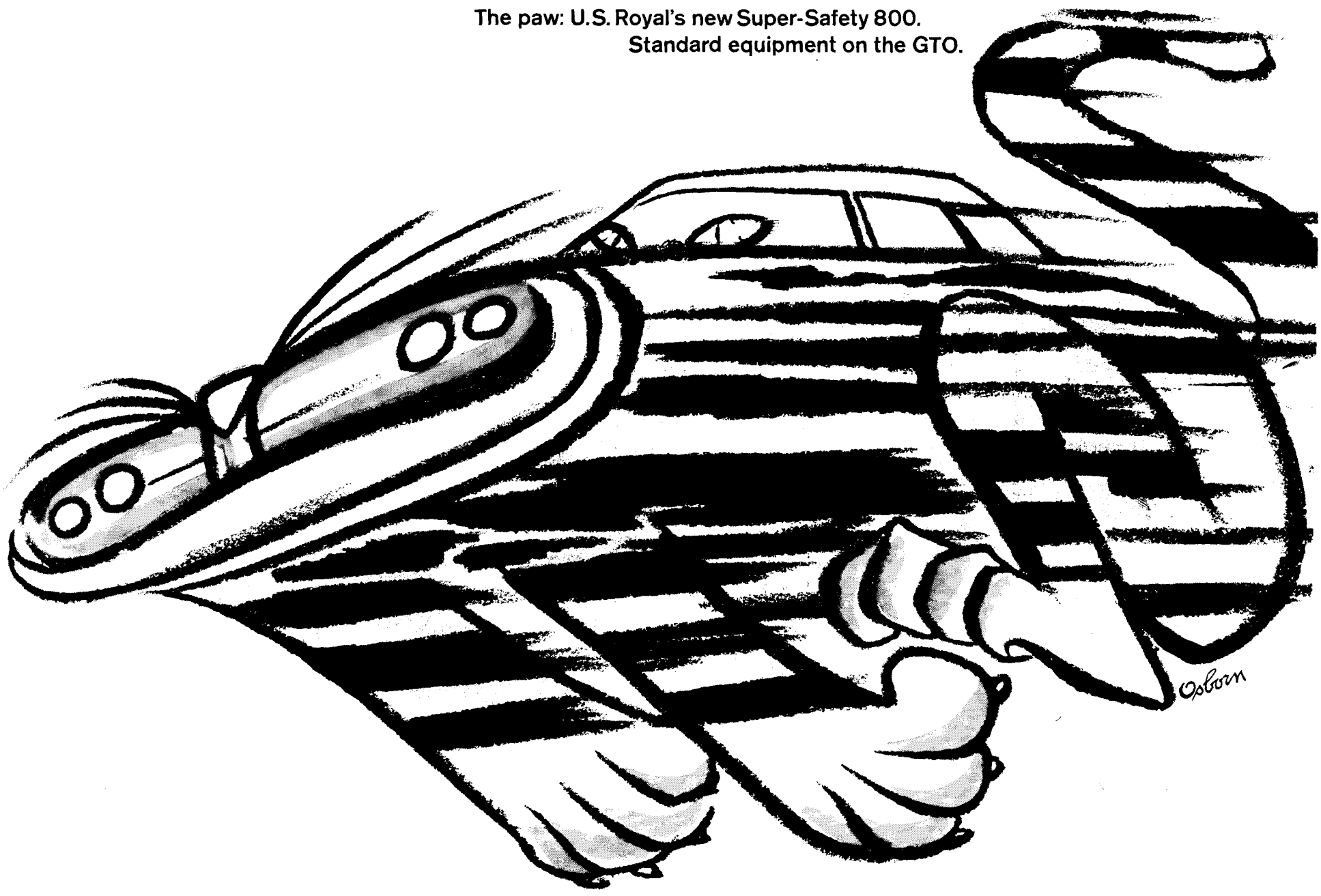
The tiger's paw.

The tiger: Pontiac's new GTO. The wildest thing in Detroit.
The paw: U.S. Royal's new Super-Safety 800.
Standard equipment on the GTO.



If you've been reading the road and track magazines, then you must know all about the Pontiac GTO by now.

It's a tiger.

And a tiger doesn't come with ordinary tires.

It comes with tiger paws. U.S. Royal tiger paws. Otherwise known as the Super-Safety 800.

But the paws didn't get the job until they passed some beastly tests for safety and durability.

They went 100 miles at 120 miles an hour without a failure.

They went 17,000 miles at 83 miles an hour, without a failure. (At this speed, tread wears out more than twice as fast as it does at fifty. Which gives you an idea of the mileage you can expect under normal driving conditions.)

Tiger paws took 300° temperature build-ups without flinching. Imagine. Far above the point where radiators will boil over, the paws were still going strong.

They were sure-footed and stable at turnpike speeds, and they cornered beautifully.

What else can we say?

If you want a tiger, see Pontiac.

If you want a set of tiger paws for your car, see a U.S. Royal dealer.

They go on just like tires.

U.S.Royal®

©U.S. Rubber Tire Co./Canada: Dominion Royal Tires

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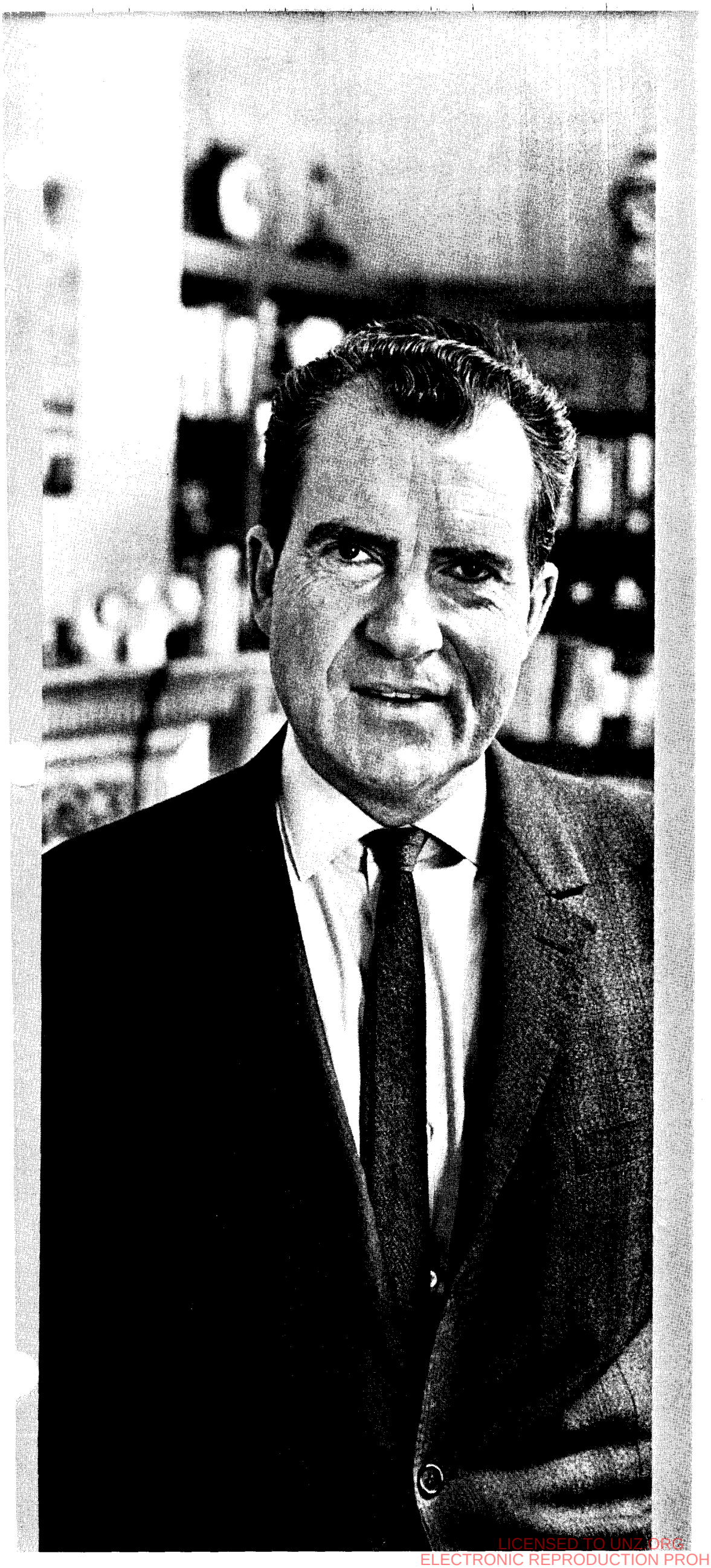

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

The former Vice President, in his New York City apartment.

Will he or won't he?

Dick Nixon enjoys his life as a lawyer, but Potomac fever is hard to shake.

By JOHN BIRD

The political buglers are going to suffer sore lips one of these days from repeatedly blowing the sad strains of *Taps* over the office-holding career of that stormy character, Richard M. Nixon.

Within the past three years they have buried the former Vice President no less than three times: In 1960, when he lost the presidency to John F. Kennedy by an eyelash; in 1962, when he ran for the governorship of his home state of California and went down to humiliating defeat; and just last summer when he renounced California as his political base and moved to the gilded corporate towers of New York City, where, as yet, he can't even vote.

Yet today, if Richard Nixon is a political corpse, he's a warm and lively one. For one thing, he is, of course, still titular head of the Republican Party. Moreover, opinion polls taken since the assassination of President Kennedy consistently show Nixon leading the Republican pack of declared and undeclared candidates. And if the Republicans haven't forgotten Nixon, neither has he forgotten them. Just recently, after insisting for some months that "I shall not be a candidate—and that means there will be no draft," he changed to a somewhat more leaning position, saying that if his party offered him an opportunity to run, he would accept it, although "I don't anticipate that that will happen now." Many G.O.P. leaders are convinced that when the demonstrations, orations and trial heats have ended at the Cow Palace in San Francisco next July, "the situation" could demand that they nominate Nixon again. They display no detectable enthusiasm, as of now, for this prospect, but they admit they must face it as a fact of political life.

"We may need him—and if we need him, he's available," they point out. "It's no more complicated than that."

Richard Nixon, a complex man, makes his own situation seem anything but uncomplicated. Despite

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"Unless you have the guts to take chances when the breaks come your way, you'll never be more than an also-ran."

the various things he does which encourage a draft, he stoutly insists that he is a "noncandidate," far more interested in practicing corporate law than in playing politics. He goes to considerable pains to point out that he is strictly rationing the time he devotes to political chores and that those he does are those he would be doing anyway, as party leader. When a reporter calls the Nixon office for an interview, Rose Mary Woods, Nixon's longtime secretary, replies, "Legal appointments come first, of course. We can only work you in when Mr. Nixon has some free time." And after hearing the former Vice President rather dispassionately discuss—in some free time—his law business, present life in New York, and the way in which he views his place in politics, the reporter is left with the impression of a man pulled in two directions. He's like an old high-wire artist who has suffered a couple of bad falls. Part of him would like to stay safely on the ground. The other part can't resist the temptation to try another death-defying exhibition up among the lights.

During working hours, Attorney Richard Nixon has his headquarters at the plush offices of the 70-lawyer firm of Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie and Alexander, which occupies three floors at 40 Broad Street in the heart of New York's financial district and does a worldwide business in corporate law. The Richard Nixon who meets callers at the door of his large corner office is a far mellower man than the distraught and defeated candidate who, back in November, 1962, bitterly told the press, "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference." Today he is holding press conferences again and he is tanned, relaxed and a bit on the plump side, with just a touch of gray in his black, wavy hair. Close up, he looks younger than his 51 years.

Life is obviously prosperous and pleasant for the Nixons in New York. They live on Fifth Avenue, in a 12-room apartment overlooking Central Park. There now is time for family outings to the opera, to plays and movies and for strolls in the park. Nixon, who describes himself as "a sports bug," goes to baseball, football, basketball and hockey games—"almost anything that comes along"—and between times watches sports events on television. The Nixon apartment, a cooperative which cost around $100,000 to buy and costs $9,600 a year to maintain, is comfortable but not flashy. It is furnished in traditional style with bright notes added by hundreds of mementos of the Nixon political career and world travels. Typical items are a rural winter scene painted by Dwight D. Eisenhower, a large collection of elephant statuettes made of jade, ivory and glass, and a solid-gold cigarette box presented by Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia—one of dozens of gifts from heads of state. Another memento which barks playfully at visitors as they enter the foyer is "the famous Checkers," as Nixon refers to the family's black-and-white cocker spaniel. Checkers now is 12 years old and still is in fine fur and spirits, although getting a bit deaf.

In his conversation these days, Nixon bears down on his determination to keep his legal career his No. 1 priority, at least for now. "This is a major responsibility and a challenging one," he says. "Being in a great New York law firm, one with wide international interests, is a full-time activity. Almost every lunch is a business lunch, and my evenings, three or four times a week, are connected with my legal practice. I travel a great deal, both in this country and abroad, on business."

This doesn't mean, though, that Nixon's transition from public to private life has been simply a change of address and type of work—or that it is complete. As it has worked out, he still has to devote considerable time and money to the aftermath of his office-holding years.

"If I had been an appointed official, perhaps I would have made a sharp break," he says. "That's the way it has worked out for many of my old friends, like Tom Gates, Bill Rogers and Herb Brownell, who were on the appointive side of the Eisenhower Administration. But when a man has been an *elected* official as long as I was—when he's been through five national campaigns and has campaigned in all 50 states, with thirty-four million people voting for him—then he finds that he always belongs, in a sense, to the people who worked for him and voted for him. I don't say this to be dramatic; it just is a practical truth."

"Belonging to the people" in his case involves what would be a full-time job for a less organized man. His "public" correspondence, involving politics and public affairs, now has jumped to around 1,000 letters a week. In addition there are interviews, occasional television appearances, the writing of articles, and making of several speeches a month. Nixon says he has confined these extralegal activities to his leisure time, his weekend and business-free evenings. He emphasizes that he has no political staff and is financing his public work himself. "All this correspondence and research costs around $30,000 a year," he explains, "and where it involves politics I can't even write it off on taxes. I have a secretary and five part-time helpers. As a former Vice President I have no allowance for office staff and no franking privilege. So I have to earn the money outside my law practice, mainly by writing, and with a few fees for speeches."

He is not complaining, he adds. "I believe the titular head of a party should keep in touch and speak out on issues where he feels qualified to do so."

Nixon had planned to ration himself, during the coming months, to making only two major speeches a month, one in or around New York and the other out of town, but last month he stepped up the pace to five. In most of his speeches he expects to focus on U.S. foreign policy, which in his view is in a shambles in Latin America and could be getting that way in the Western Alliance and Southeast Asia. "I've always had a great deal of interest in foreign policy," he says. "I've traveled to more foreign countries than any other American political leader now on the scene—I've been to some fifty-five countries—and if there is one area where I think I have special credentials, it is the knowledge and understanding of the Communist group. So I'm going to talk about our foreign-policy areas which need reappraisal."

Nixon believes, for example, that the Cold War has moved into its most dangerous period. He regards such things as the nuclear test-ban treaty, the U.S. wheat sales to Russia and the recent relaxation of tension as playing into the hands of the Communists. The idea that we should help the Soviets advance economically—that if they do, Communism will wither and die—is nonsense, he feels. Khrushchev will simply take any advance as proof of the great success of Communism.

Nixon's display of his extensive background could, of course, be a gentle reminder to the Republicans and the general public that some of the other draft-seeking "noncandidates," such as Romney and Scranton, still have little experience in handling foreign affairs and dealing with such world leaders as Khrushchev and de Gaulle. When this possibility is suggested to Nixon, he smiles. "Yes," he says, "my speeches probably will be *interpreted* that way. But it happens that the reason I'm making them is that I want to make the Republican Party a strong, positive force in 1964. Today we're being told either that everything is going just fine, or that we're losing out all around the world. Neither is correct. We shouldn't put an ax to foreign policy, but we should plan some carefully diagnosed corrective surgery."

A lone-wolf excursion

A Nixon "nonpolitical" foray into the provinces is a strictly lone-wolf excursion these days. There is only the faintest echo of the old campaign razzmatazz. Gone are the chartered planes, siren-screaming motorcades, the flying banners and flaming oratory—at least thus far. When Nixon recently went to Philadelphia to talk about foreign policy before the National Printing Week banquet, he traveled by train, accompanied only by a voluntary aide, his wife's cousin, a New York insurance man named Ned Sullivan. There were no advance copies of the speech. At an impromptu press conference in the hotel manager's office, Nixon gave reporters an oral preview of what he intended to say, "So you boys on the A.M.'s can make your early editions."

Before the banquet he dropped in on a reception at the Hannah Penn House, a Republican Women's club, to shake a few hands. The scene was something out of a Helen Hokinson cartoon: some 200 well-girdled matrons, sporting towering chapeaux of furs, feather, or fur-and-feathers, in an atmosphere fragrant with expensive perfumes. As Nixon walked in, wearing his old boyish campaign smile, the dowagers squealed like schoolgirls at a hootenanny and almost smothered him with the warmth of their enthusiasm. He climbed on a chair and made a nice little speech, complimenting the Republican women of Pennsylvania for their fighting spirit—"just what is needed to combat the snow coming out of Washington these days." With diplomatic finesse he also said some nice things about Gov. William Scranton—"a strong contender. He's doing all right on his own and doesn't need any advice from me"—and reminded them that if the Republicans hope to win they must carry most of the big industrial states, including Pennsylvania. As he left, the women were chanting happily, "We want Nixon!"

Then he went to the banquet where he was loudly applauded for a speech, mostly concerning Latin America, in which he urged the United States "not to give in—not even an inch" in control of the Panama Canal. He also advocated that the United States "make a command decision to bring Castro down"—by economic and diplomatic means. It was almost midnight when he headed back to New York, having spent about seven hours in Philadelphia. He got home at two A.M. It had been a long, grueling day, but he had reminded a good many people that Richard Nixon was still around and kicking.

Many Republican leaders find it easy to restrain their joy over the possibility of a Nixon candidacy—or rather, a Nixon draft. They feel that, since his defeat by Kennedy, he has more or less abdicated real leadership of the party. However, being realistic politicians, they see a classic deadlock shaping up between Rockefeller and Goldwater, with Nixon as perhaps their most effective compromise. Sure, young Scranton looks good to them, from what they know of him, but what if the situation in July puts a premium on experience? Maybe he needs some seasoning, say as Vice President. Romney—well, he's not doing so well in Michigan and he's a Johnny-come-lately anyway. Lodge? You can't run very well from Vietnam.

That leaves Nixon—and nobody can argue about the impressiveness of his political assets: A middle-of-the-road position to which both liberal and conservative wings of the party can retreat. He might be just what the party needs to pull itself together after the Goldwaterites and the Rockyites have torn up the landscape. He has long service in the highest councils of government and a 50-state network of political acquaintances built up in his many years of party service. And he has a latent grass-roots strength.

The G.O.P. chieftains have been reminded of this strength not only by the recent public-opinion polls but also by what might be called the "Where's Dick?" syndrome. That is, whenever a party crisis occurs, the county and state chairmen begin to think about Nixon as a candidate. When Nelson Rockefeller's popularity slumped badly following his remarriage, Republican leaders in Washington received a spate of telephone calls from workers in the hinterlands asking, "Where's Dick Nixon? I'd like to have a talk with him." (The Nixons were traveling in Europe at the time.) There was another sudden surge of interest in Nixon after the assassination of President Kennedy and the sharp setback of Barry Goldwater's drive.

"This simply demonstrates a natural law of politics," said a U.S. senator who is high in party affairs. "When a political vacuum occurs, it has to be filled, and the

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party instinctively turns to its strongest available man. We can't run Eisenhower again, so that man is Nixon."

At the same time, many of the G.O.P.'s top men still suffer severe disenchantment about Nixon. Their opening gambit is almost standard: "Now personally I like Dick, but . . ." And then they go on to explain in colorful detail, off the record, why they don't relish the idea of having Nixon as their standard-bearer.

The Republican bill of political complaint against Nixon is, in fact, somewhat more specific and colorful than the Democratic one. Where the Democrats merely despise Nixon for what they consider his dirty campaign tactics and call him "warmed-over hash," the Republicans feel somewhat like a wife whose husband has made big promises and then walked out on her.

"Let's face it," says one of the party's congressional leaders. "Dick got to thinking that he was a political genius and did some fool things off the top of his head. He refused to take advice. Debating Kennedy was a big mistake. Even so, he almost won. Then he went into that California governor's race without consulting anyone. He completely underestimated Pat Brown—and he had to go back to the 1940's and start looking for Communists under the rocks. It was old stuff and the people didn't go for it. Since then he has been more or less a loner.

"But," he continues, "we don't see a winner in either Rocky or Goldwater. Rocky just can't get the women's vote, and we can see the Democrats murdering Goldwater simply by hollering, 'He'll get us into war!' So that leaves only Nixon and Scranton, really. Scranton is attractive, but he's green. So when you get right down to it, Nixon may be our best bet."

And a veteran Midwestern G.O.P. leader, who personally favors Rockefeller, admits that he sees little chance for his man unless Rocky makes an amazing showing in next week's New Hampshire primary. "It probably won't be settled until they get to trading delegates around at the convention—and at some point General Eisenhower and some of the other old boys will have to get together in a hotel room and pick a compromise candidate. And don't forget: Dick may have lost a couple of elections, but he's won a lot of them too. He's a hard hitter—a fighter. Nobody could do as good a job of illuminating the dark places in the Democrat Administration as Dick Nixon could. Take this Bobby Baker case. . . ."

That seems to be the main pattern that is forming, though many of the professionals and moneymen of the party are still unwilling to commit themselves. For example, Leonard W. Hall, the genial and wily G.O.P. national chairman in the Eisenhower Administration, has said that he is "playing it loose." There is talk that Hall narrowly escaped getting committed to Goldwater at a time when the junior senator from Arizona seemed impossible to stop. He supposedly had an appointment with the Senator on November 21, at which Hall planned to offer his services. But the meeting was cancelled by a death in the Goldwater family—and, after the Kennedy assassination, it was never rescheduled. Since then Hall has been out to Harrisburg, Pa., to look over Governor Scranton—and has also been in touch with Nixon.

The key man who is playing it loose is, of course, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. Indeed, the general has made a point of urging a number of potential candidates to run for the nomination, to give the party the widest possible range of choices. Eisenhower repeatedly has said that he is determined to avoid showing a preference among the likely candidates and he seems intent on maintaining that position right up to the convention. The General's considerable attentions to Bill Scranton—who has been something of an Eisenhower protégé—have been taken by some observers as hints that Ike personally favors the young Pennsylvania governor and is cool toward his own former Vice President. Nixon, however, insists on his continued friendship and contact with the general. "I usually see him or talk to him on the phone about once a month when he's in the East," Nixon said recently. "I hope to get out to California to see him sometime this spring."

Nixon, of course, realizes that the Republican nomination could be a hollow prize, that by November President Johnson may have become unbeatable. He has known Johnson for a long time, and he appraises the new President's whirlwind performance with the grudging admiration of one old pro for another. "Johnson is a master politician who works hard at it—that's the secret of his success," Nixon says. "He has preempted the field when it comes to wheeling, dealing, fixing and picking the political situations that will satisfy everybody. If the Republican Party gets into that kind of a game with him, he'll kill us, because he's better at it."

"Now where Johnson is weak is in devotion to principle," Nixon argues. "Nobody really can say where Johnson stands because he has been against civil rights as a senator and for civil rights as President. He was for heavy spending as a New Deal congressman and now he's against heavy spending. He's not only tricky but he's good at it."

It may strike some as ironic that the man who in the past has been much accused by the Democrats of paying more attention to tactics than to high principles now advocates that the Republicans chart their course along the high road. "We may be approaching the election too much from the standpoint of *how* to win, rather than what is best for the country," he points out. "I've seen all kinds of articles discussing what kind of TV makeup a candidate should use and how the party can project the best image to this group and that group. Some say that because Johnson now is making a play for the conservatives we should aim for the liberals. Then there are others who believe that, simply to win, we should outpromise him on civil rights and other areas.

"This sort of thing doesn't go down with me at all. The responsible position is not to outliberal Johnson, nor to ignore the great problems of the people by turning to reaction. We have to make our stand on our traditional Republican principles: We should always be thrusting forward to produce a better national life, primarily by private enterprise, but with whatever supplemental Government action is necessary when private enterprise can't do the job."

He expresses concern, too, that the Rockefeller-Goldwater infighting might produce a liberal-conservative split in the G.O.P. "Some Republicans like to kick Barry Goldwater around," he says, "and they may kick him too hard. Goldwater has many hard-core followers, and they may become so worked up that—if he doesn't get the nomination—they may sit out this election."

Nixon's main point is that *no* Republican has a chance of winning next fall unless the Republican Party is united—perhaps a hint that he is the man who could unite the warring liberal and conservative wings. "The Goldwater and Rockefeller people will have to get together behind whoever wins the nomination, and we shouldn't make it impossible for them to do so," he says.

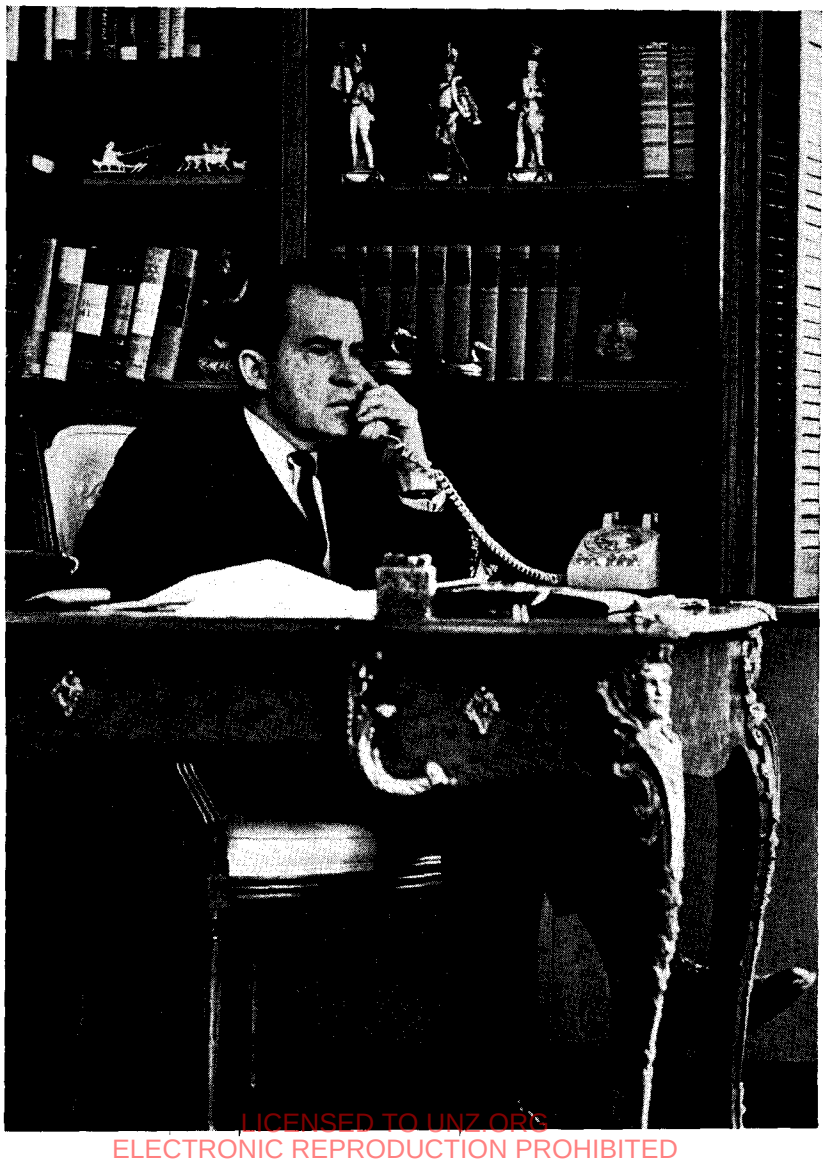
Who that man will be, Nixon does not profess to know. As an experienced politician, however, he is aware of the so-called natural law of politics that the better the chances an "out" party has of winning, the more likely it is to turn to a candidate in the center of the road and the less likely to experiment with candidates who might divide its strength. He also knows the vital role that sheer luck, good and bad, plays in politics. Many unpredictable things could happen between now and the July convention which could again make Nixon the G.O.P.'s hero—or keep him simply another well-heeled corporation lawyer.

Consider how drastically the political odds might shift if the Bobby Baker investigation should erupt into an administration-shaking scandal reaching into the White House itself. Or what would happen to the political picture if President Johnson should make a major blunder in foreign affairs, say in some Latin-American crisis? Or if his health should fail.

The main thing now for Nixon is to keep available—"to have exposure," as he put it—in case the main chance comes along. That explains why Richard Nixon is going through the intricate steps of the noncandidate's minuet, an exercise almost as demanding in its choreography as the mating dance of the whooping crane.

Certainly Nixon knows that he has the odds of American history against him, that no defeated presidential candidate since Grover Cleveland has won on the second round. He also knows how man-killing American presidential campaigns have become—and how little thanks a loser can expect. At the same time, Nixon firmly believes political success comes from a combination of hard work and the breaks. "Unless you have the guts to take chances when the breaks come your way," he has said, "you'll never be more than an also-ran." THE END

Nixon spends many evenings in his den, working on legal or political matters.



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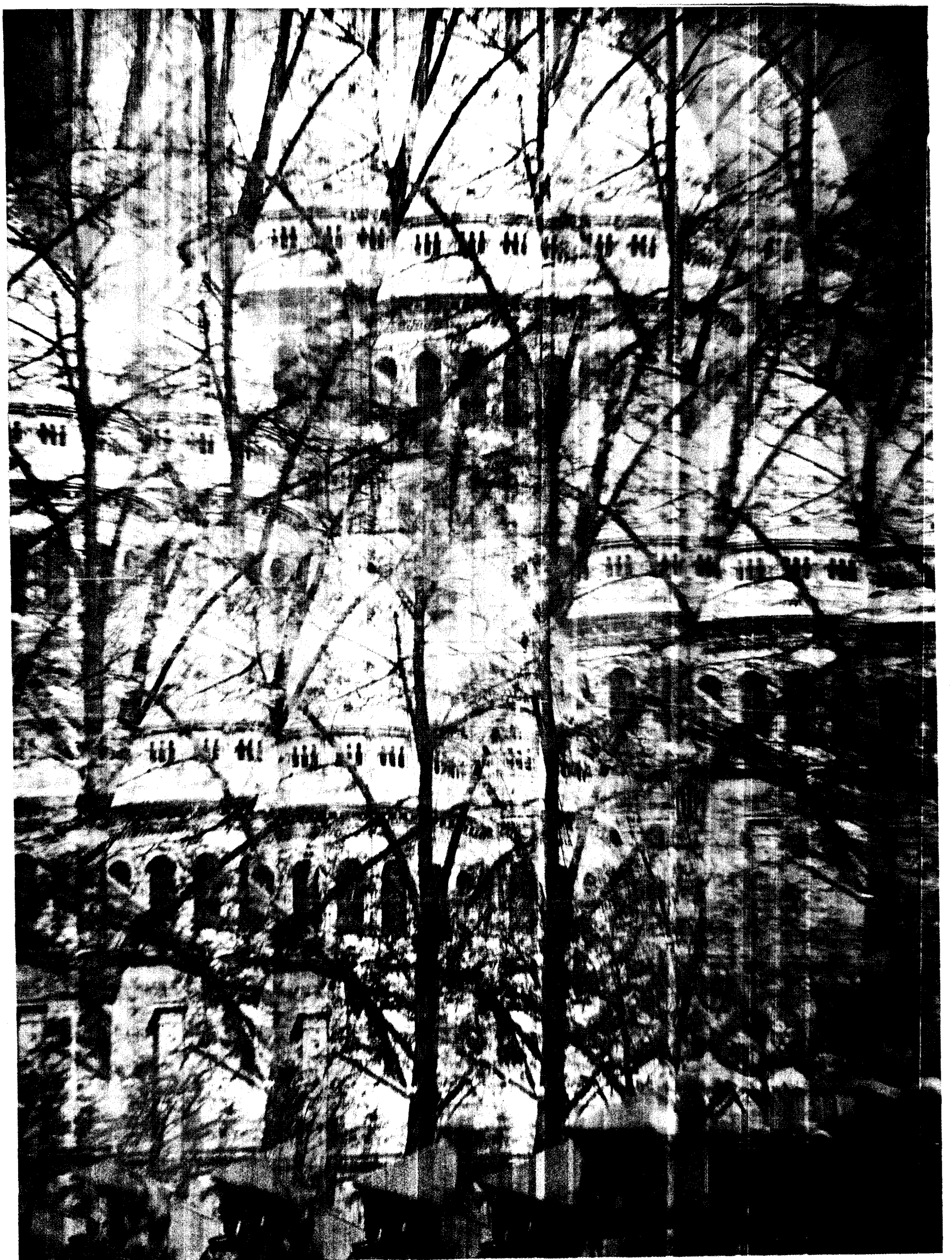

Gothic windows of leafing trees frame the cupolas of Sacré Coeur in spring.

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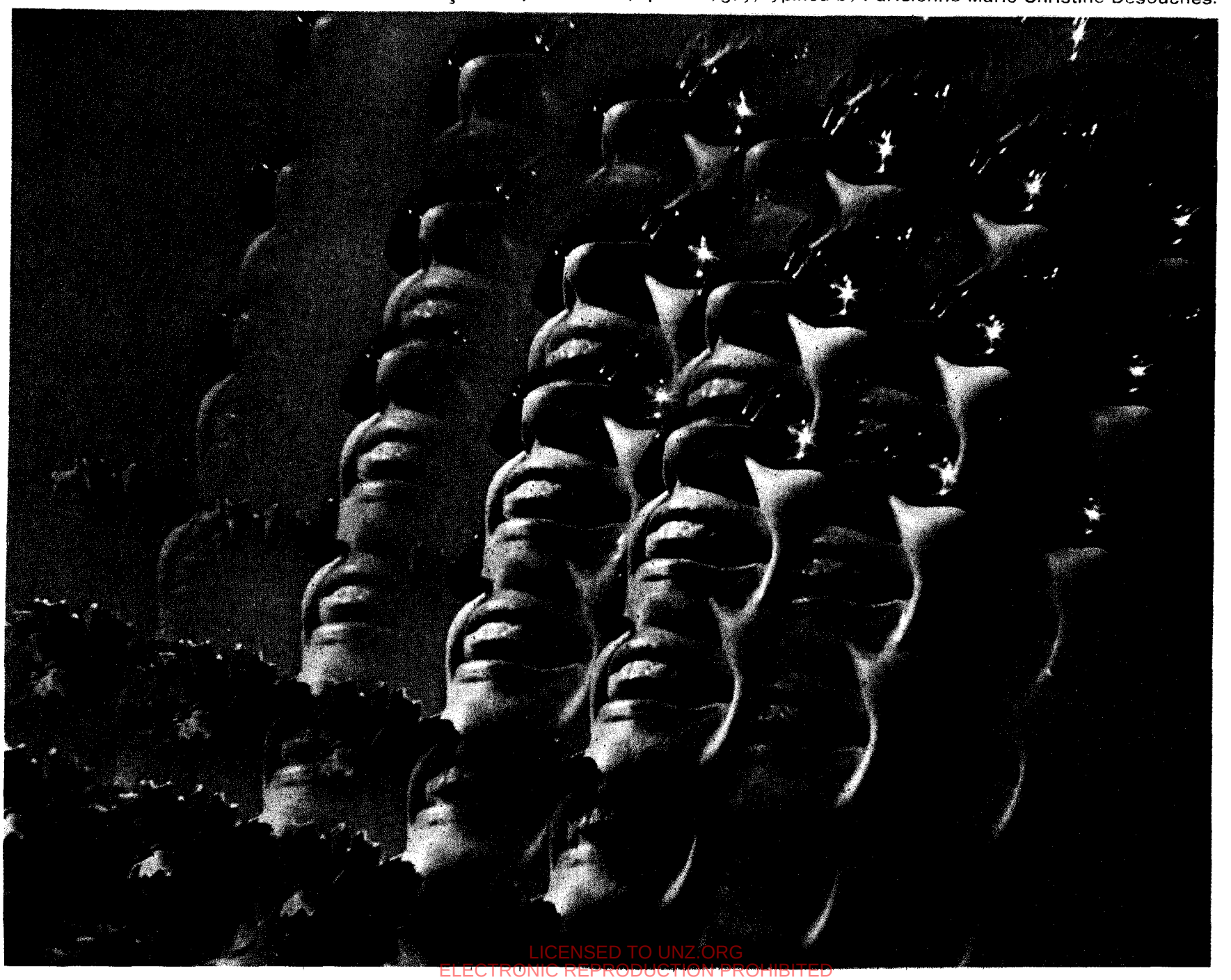
Paris, Prisms and Picasso

For centuries Paris has struck revolutionary sparks in artists.
Sixty-four years ago Picasso arrived to change painting forever.
Now with special lenses an American has challenged photography.

Text and photographs by DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

***Les femmes françaises*—provocative, sportive, gay; typified by *Parisienne* Marie-Christine Desouches.**



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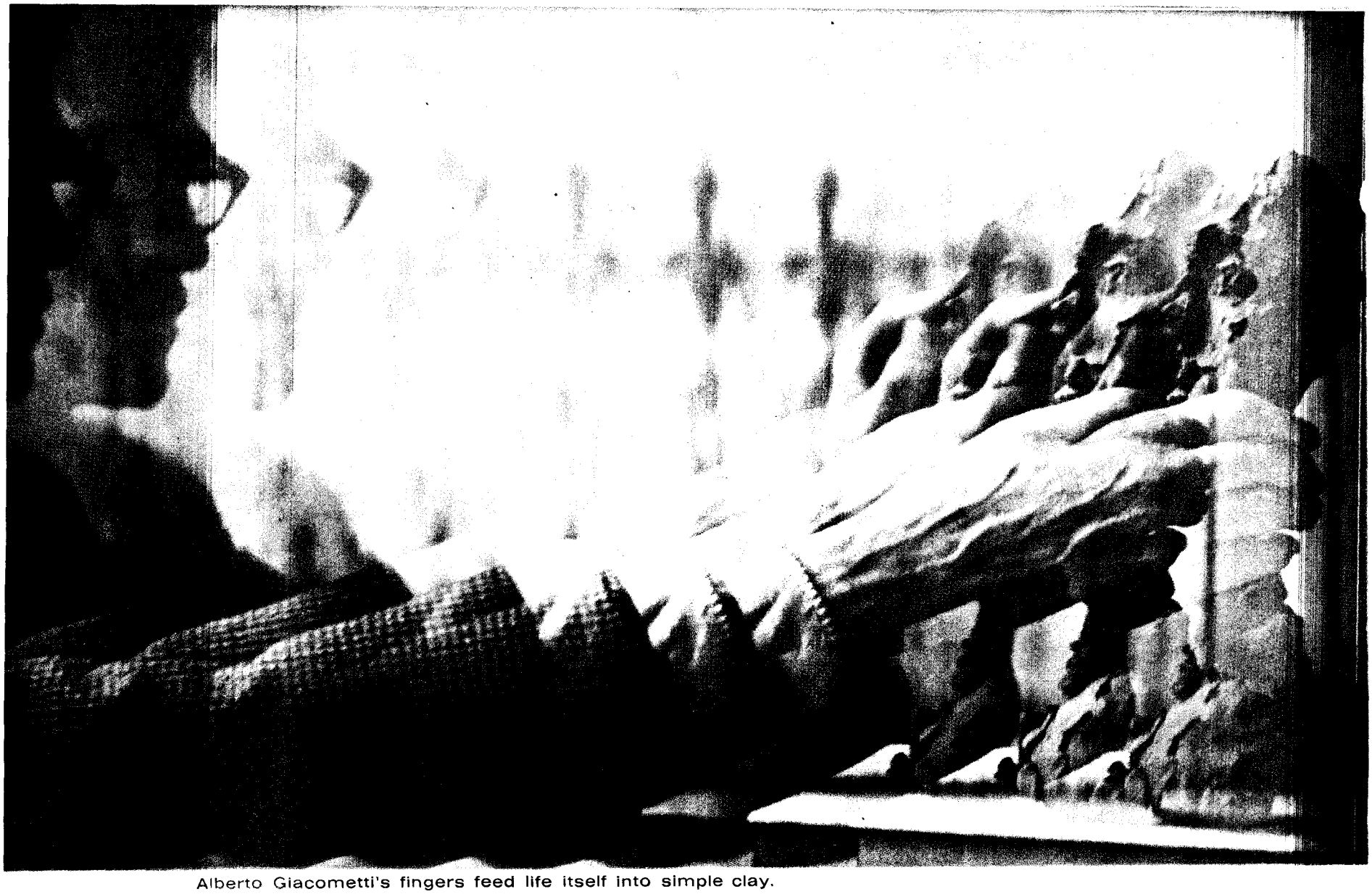

Alberto Giacometti's fingers feed life itself into simple clay.

Reality . . . another way

Paul Jenkins paints "phenomena" of a world he alone sees.

Pablo Picasso, for years, has delighted in needling me with the dark remark that photography today is as hopelessly mired in its own impersonal technology and paraphernalia as it was when born, over a century ago. The Maestro has little time for any form of self-expression where the subject is not clearly branded almost immediately by the creative juices of one man—the artist. Edward Steichen laments that much of the adventure in making pictures is gone, it being so easy to take theoretically perfect work with the semi-automatic gear now available. Photographers everywhere are facing the taunting question, "Is the camera an instrument of art or the tool of a craft?" My own slowly fermenting disenchantment with technically excellent "straight" photographs, seen everywhere, finally led to these pictures in the Post. Last March in Germany I lucked onto an optical "bazooka" incorporating precisely controllable exotic lenses and revolving prisms, and adapted it to my camera. Then I was off, interpreting and branding my world, particularly Paris with her writers and artists . . . and Picasso himself. Of course, nothing will replace Bob Capa's picture of a dead-on-his-feet Spanish soldier falling, or Robert Jackson's shot of Oswald being murdered, or the predatory eyes of J. P. Morgan in Steichen's portrait. Each of them shows an instant of reality, now forever gone. Here, with Paris, reality has been shattered—then reassembled into other forms in a camera that freed one person's imagination. These photographs are only first glances in a new direction. Other subjects beckon everywhere.

James Jones's novels reduce man to his pugnacious self.

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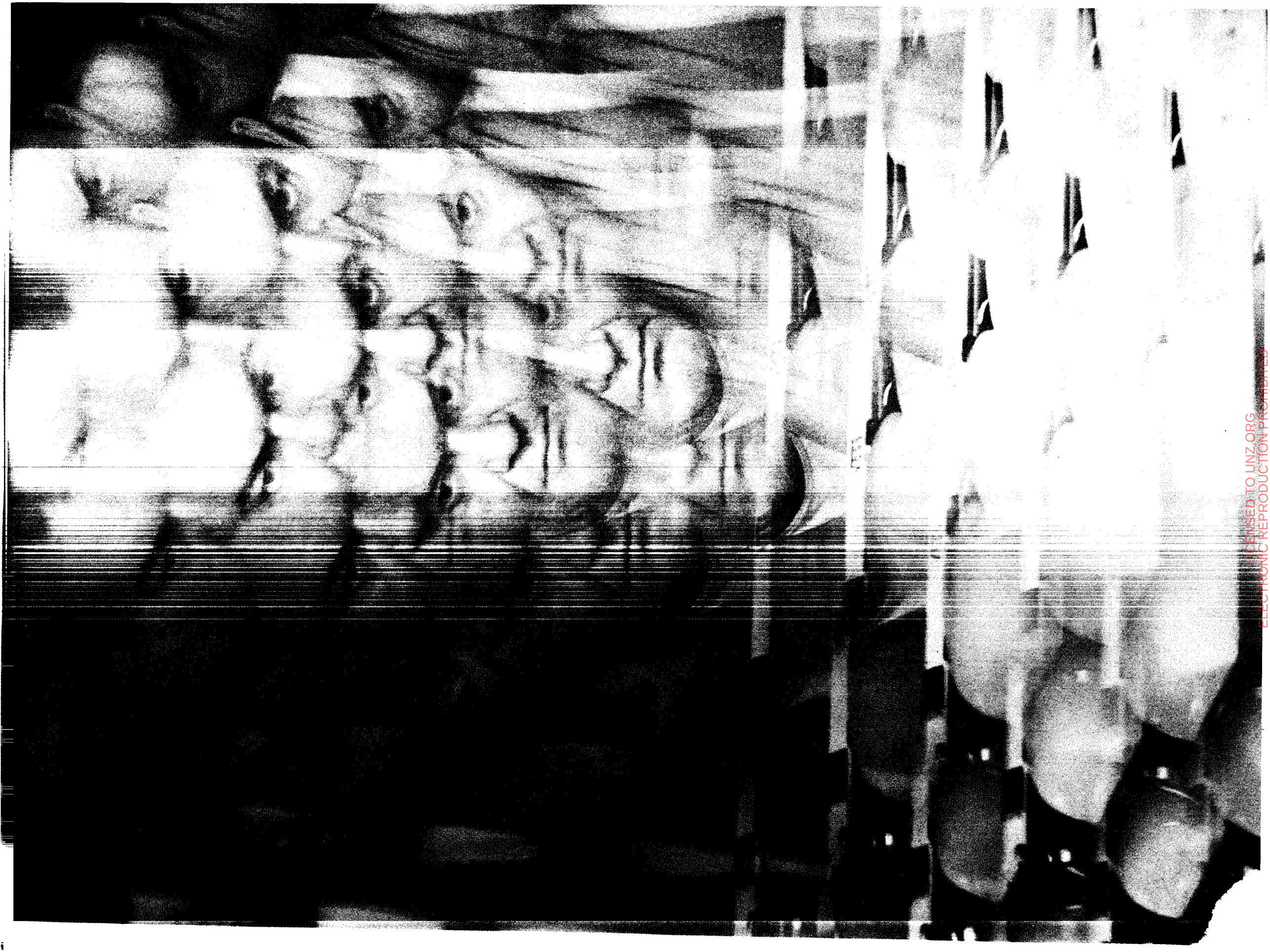

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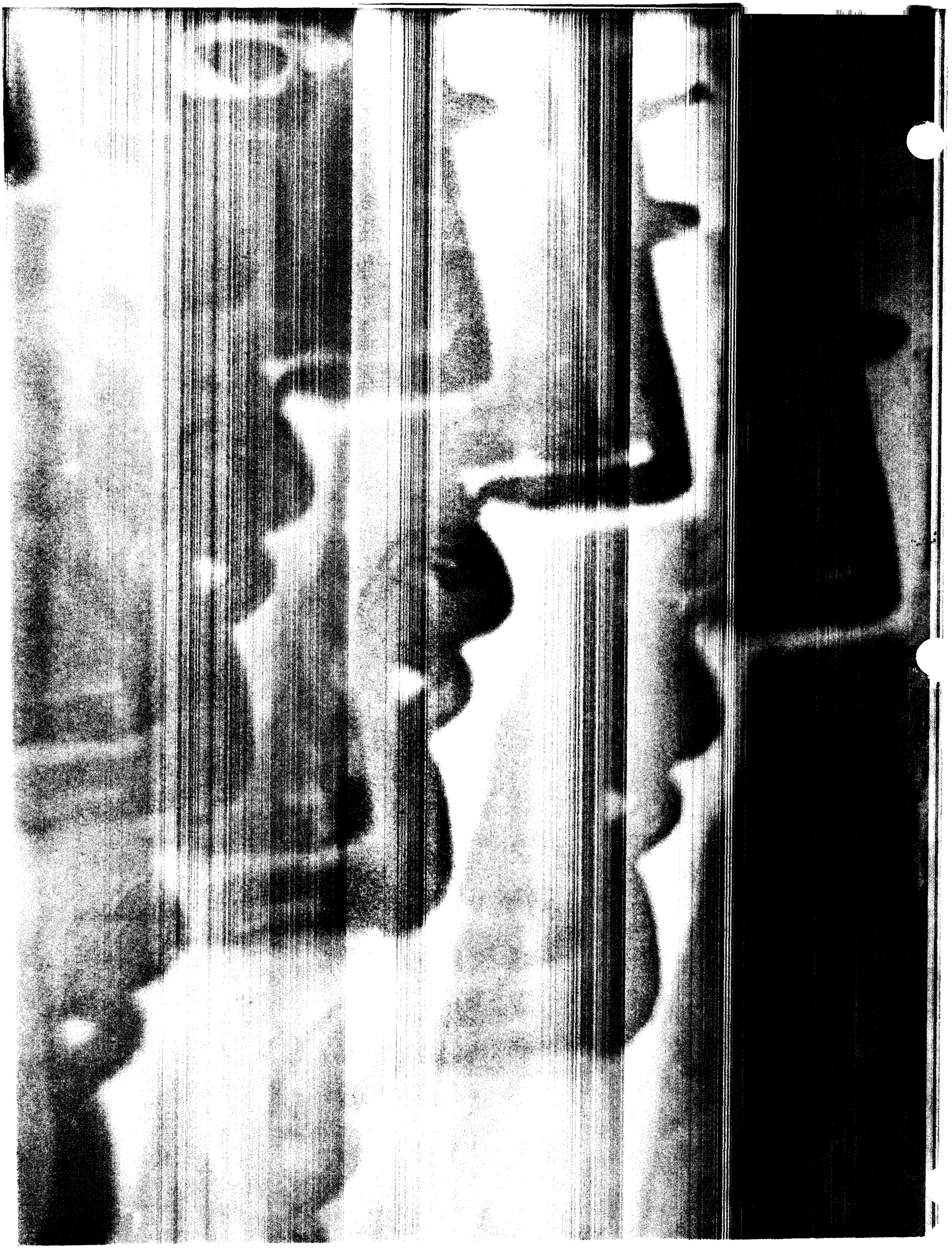

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Picasso has often told me photography
never challenged him—too mechanical. "Long ago, I pointed
to the lens and said the trouble was *HERE!*"

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Pagan Lido sirens swirl amid molten rubies at midnight.

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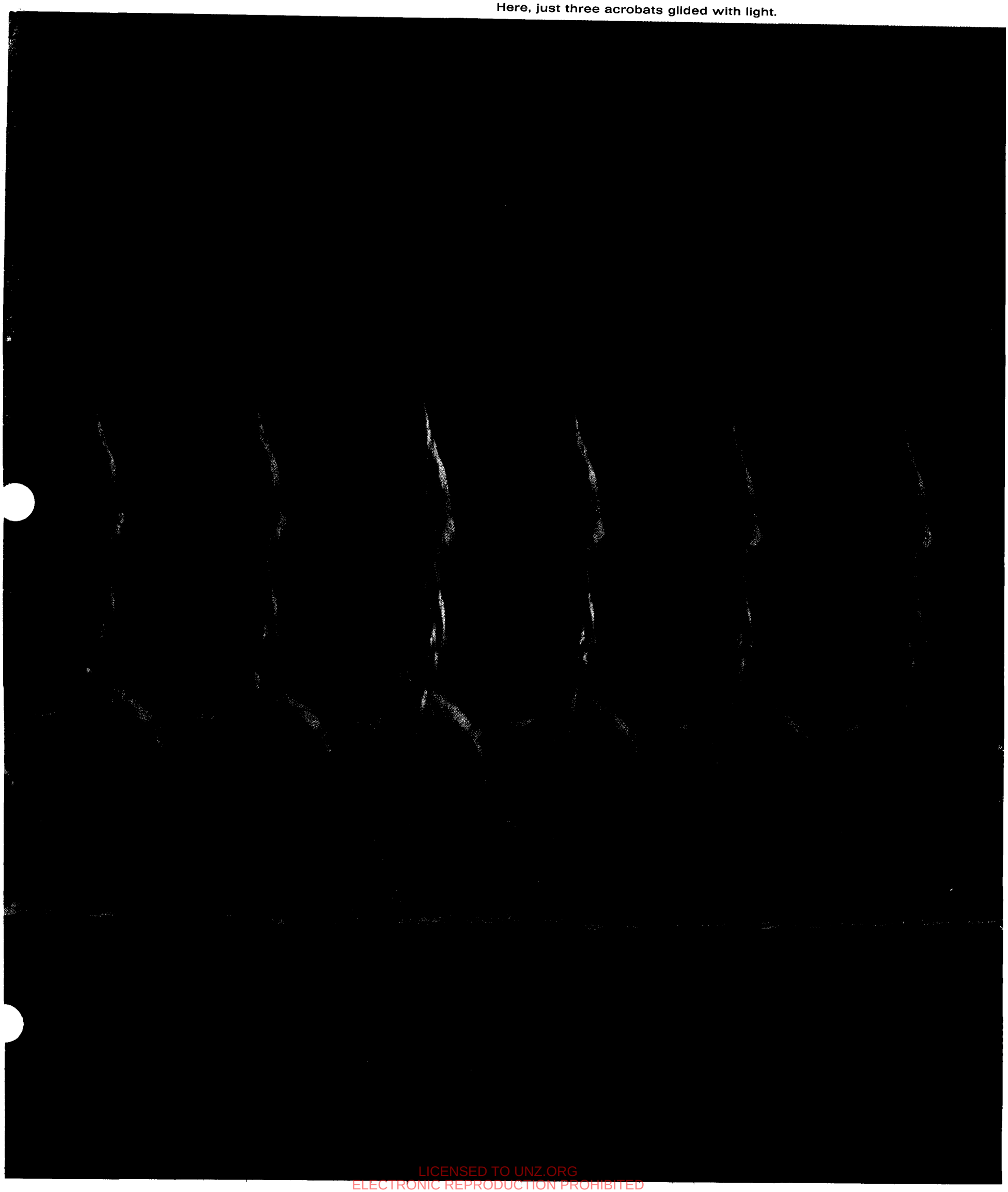
Oh Paris, and your *Folies!* . . .
Forever beckoning—gaudy, seductive, mysterious: illusions for all.
Here, just three acrobats gilded with light.



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Everyone dreams of his own Paris;
I see a city as radiant as a Lido girl.

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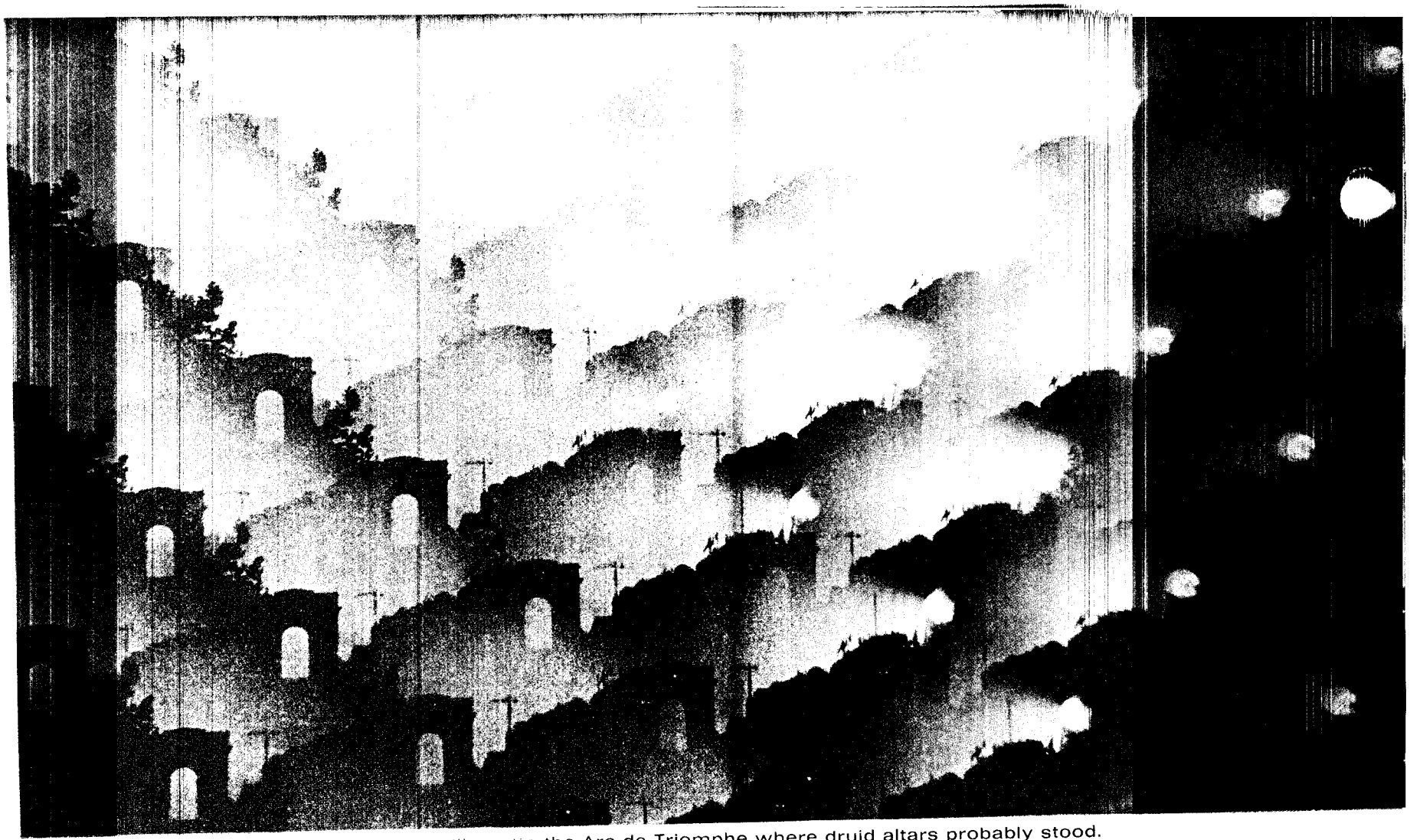
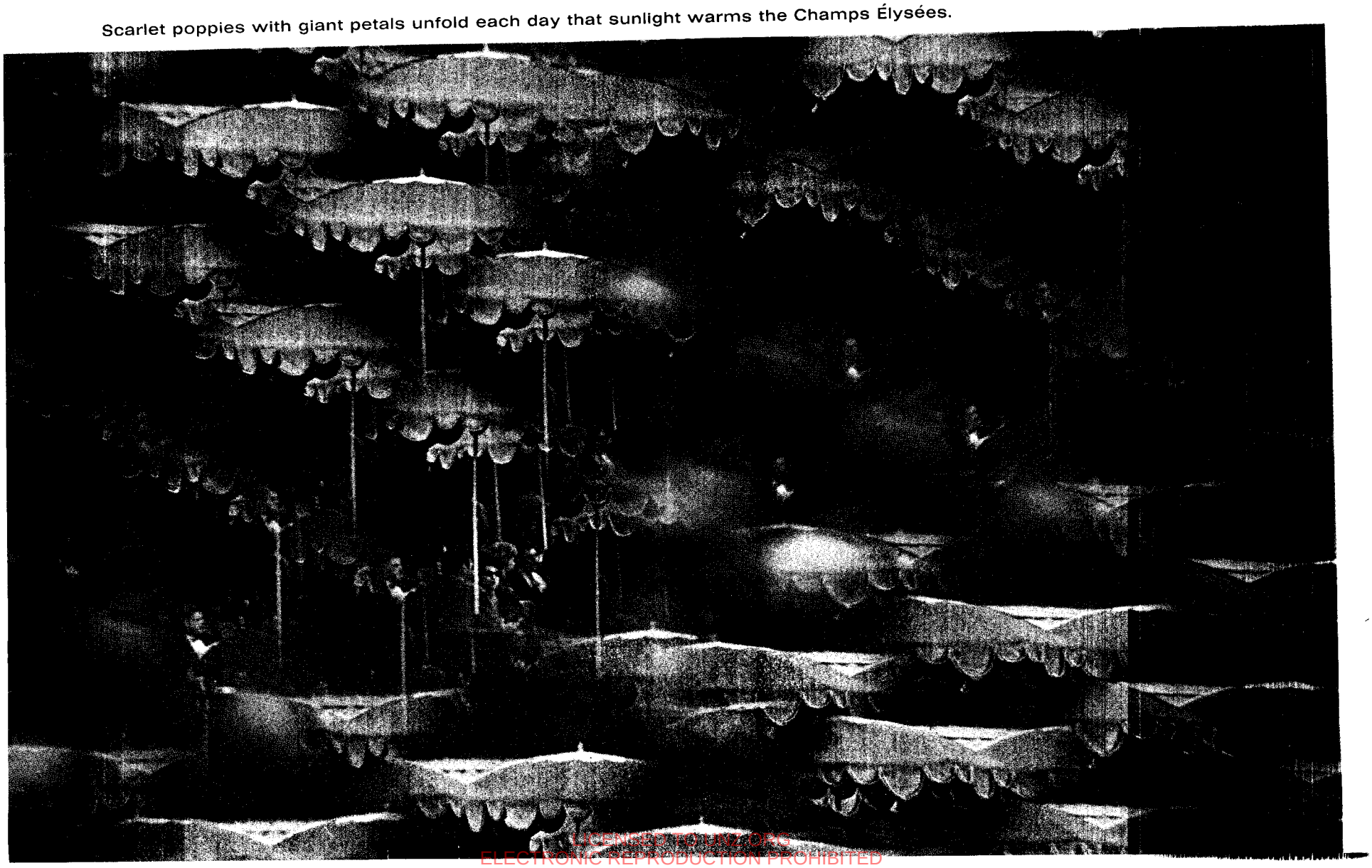


Eclipsing suns now silhouette the Arc de Triomphe where druid altars probably stood.

Blasting off its familiar pad, the Eiffel Tower rockets toward outer space. ▶

Scarlet poppies with giant petals unfold each day that sunlight warms the Champs Élysées.



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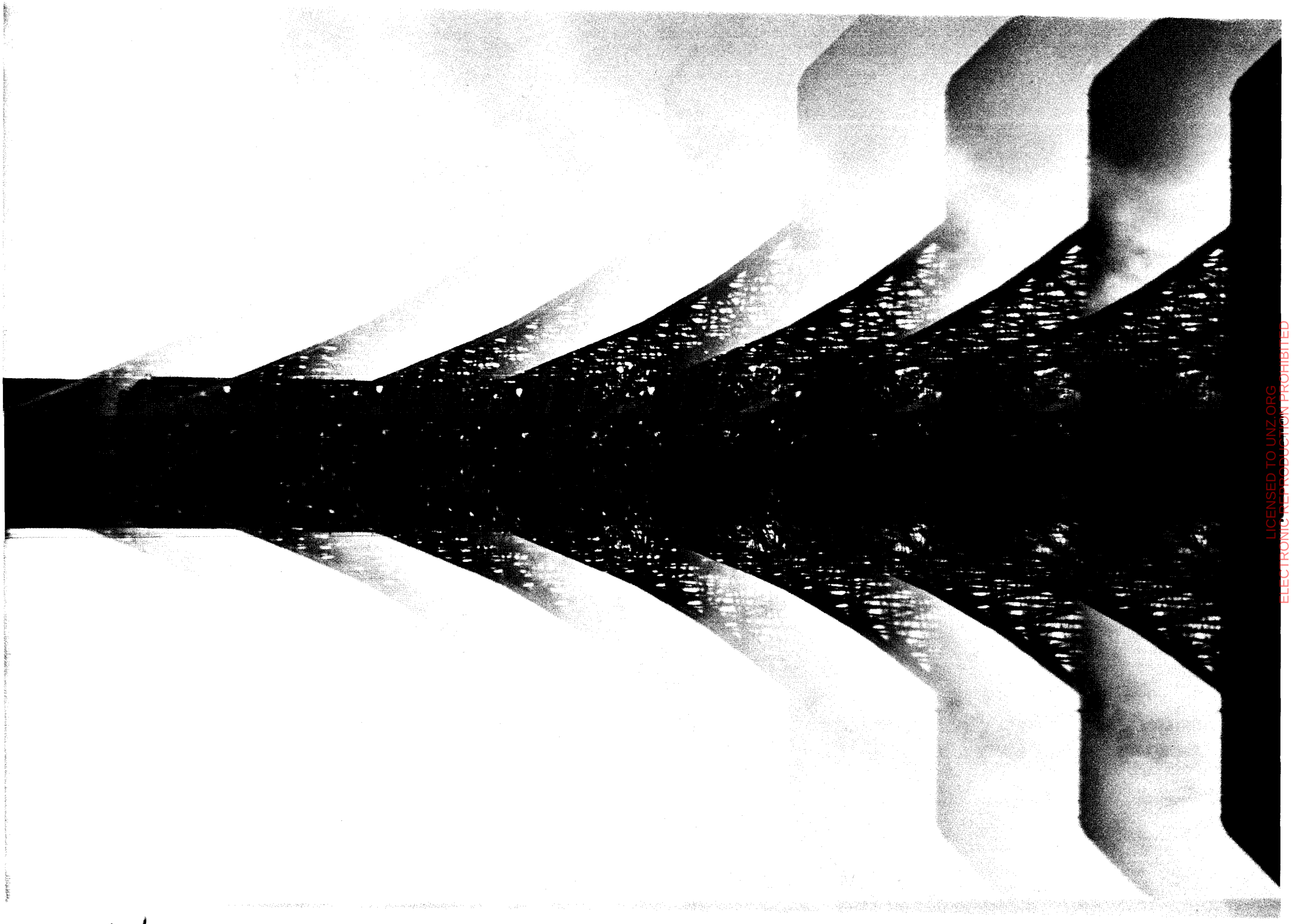

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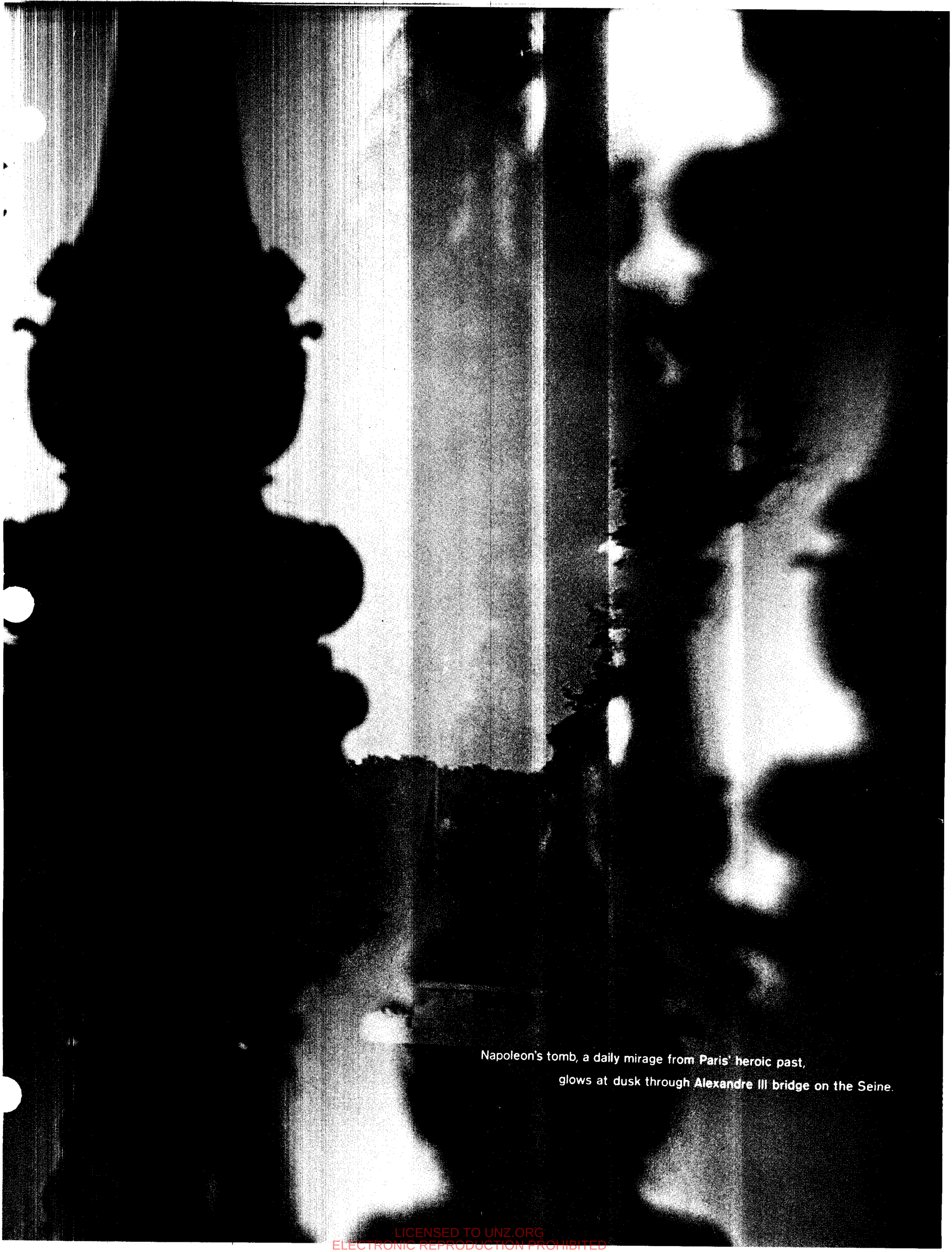

Napoleon's tomb, a daily mirage from Paris' heroic past,
glows at dusk through Alexandre III bridge on the Seine.

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Treed by a calendar reformer, the author offers some idle thoughts on efforts in the past

WHO WANTS A

Wedding receptions are for getting in trouble with your wife, and that was the way this one turned out. I had finished my first glass of champagne, the one that begins to form before your eyes as the last old relative is derricked into her pew, and enlarges to the size of a birdbath as the clergyman clears his throat and swings into the second hour of the ceremony. I had escaped from a jackanapes who was willing to tell me everything he knew about sports cars, and was looking idly for a yellow-haired girl cousin who had unaccountably become separated from me just as I reached the interesting part in my description of a trip to the Cape Verde Islands.

Instead of the cousin, I found the clergyman, who was an elderly Russian who, I had been told, spoke almost no English. I should point out that there was a Russian colony in my neighborhood and that the ceremony I had attended was a Russian Orthodox one. The clergyman was standing in a corner by himself, looking benign and lonely. I know enough Russian to say "hydroelectric station" and "here we do things in a new way" (my textbook is a third-grade Soviet primer), and I ducked around a corner to rehearse. "How do you do, Father," I said carefully several times. Then I approached the priest. "How do you do, Father, I am the husband of the sister of she who was today married, is it not so?" The old man's kindly face soured. I had, of course, committed a gross impertinence by using the familiar form of greeting, suitable for pets and small children. He nodded slightly and turned away.

"Ah, I see that you have met my husband." My wife, who speaks Russian well, had appeared.

"Yes, he is a Bolshevik turnip-eater," said the priest, if I understood him.

"Isn't it the truth, he is a journalist," my wife explained. (If I understood her.)

Instantly the priest's manner changed. He clasped my free hand in both of his, smiled broadly, nodded his head several times and said, "Miraculous, miraculous, miraculous." Among Russians, "miraculous" is a very polite thing to say. He continued, at an increasingly rapid rate, to say other things that sounded polite, but whose substance poured past my ears in a great Volga of vowel sounds.

"He wants you to write something," my wife said quickly, as the priest stopped to take a huge, sighing breath.

The Volga began to cataract again, more violently than before. My wife was frowning and concentrating very hard,

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to clear up the familiar horometric mess by which people are born, forget anniversaries and die.

TIDY CALENDAR?

By John Skow

watching the priest's lips as the words poured up at her. (He was very short.)

"Yes, I see," she said many times, and "Ah, da," and "Um." There was no time for her to translate, and anyway I could tell that she was losing the thread. The priest was saying a lot of numbers, and my wife does not understand numbers even when they are said in English. He began to use gestures to make her understand. He held out one hand, said some numbers, and made a bad face. Undesirable. Then he held out the other hand, said more numbers, and smiled like a happy child. Very desirable.

"Look," I said to my wife, "I'm beginning to get it. Those first numbers are all wrong. The second bunch is the right one."

"Oh, be quiet," said my wife. . . . "Yes, I see," she added, to the priest. "Ah, da."

I took her empty champagne glass and edged away. When I returned 20 minutes later, she was seeing the priest to the door. "What was that all about?" I asked.

She gave a little sob and said, "Calendar reform."

"I'm sorry about the champagne," I said. "They've stopped serving. But there's still some haddock *pâté*."

She recovered in a few days, but to be treed by a calendar reformer is a terrible thing. No one knows why the passion to rearrange days seizes the minds of mild men and shakes them with such fury, but shake them it does. It might be thought that the only reforming the calendar needs is to expunge all of those pictures of old swimming holes and kittens playing with balls of yarn, and replace them with decently unclothed women. And to a reasonable man this is so.

Nevertheless, the calendar has been fiddled with incessantly since the time of Thoth the Egyptian, who invented a perfectly good day-and-year-counting system 5,000 years ago. Thoth divided the 365¼-day solar year into 12 months of 30 days each, and used the five extra days for feasting, forensic exercises and carrying-on. Every four years, to allow for slippage, he permitted an extra day for carrying-on. The only really questionable part of his system was that the weeks lasted 10 days, which made it a long time between Saturdays, although it cut down on the Monday mornings.

Thoth was no reformer; as related by calendar expert Keith Gordon Irwin in his excellent book *The 365 Days*, Thoth once got himself out of a squeaky paternity suit involving King Ra's wife by employing his razor-sharp knowledge of what day it was.

Moses is said to have invented a calendar of 52 seven-day weeks, and this, superimposed on Thoth's month plan and much tinkered with, is the one now used. Julius Caesar's businesslike mind was offended by Thoth's five feast days; he made them working days and distributed them about the year so that every other month had 31 days. The rest had 30, except for Februarius, which had 30 only in leap years. After the senators killed Caesar, they did the decent thing, and in his honor changed the name of the month Quintilis to Julius. Months cost less than monuments, and there is no upkeep. A few years later Emperor Augustus wanted a month too, so the senate renamed Sextilis for him. And they stole a day from Februarius so that Augustus's month would have as many days as Caesar's.

The Romans used a lumpy set of weeks some of which had eight and some seven days. The Christian Emperor Constantine put an end to the confusion in A.D. 322 by settling on the seven-day week, making regular the seventh-day Sabbath which the Christians had borrowed from the Jews.

There things stood until the 16th century, when Pope Gregory III discovered that the whole system had sagged 10 days. This was because the leap-year adjustment missed accounting for the true solar year by 11 minutes and 14 seconds annually. In 128 years this amounts to a day. By the time Gregory noticed the calamity, the longest and shortest days of the year (the summer and winter solstices) and the equal-length days (the vernal and autumnal equinoxes) were badly out of whack. Gregory's solution was to scalpel out a 10-day period in 1582, suturing October 5 firmly to October 15.

No one thanked Gregory. Everyone felt gypped; Columbus Day had been a bust. The Americans and the British waited till 1752 to make their adjustment, and no one liked it then either.

This brings us, in a world that is, scientists now say, slowing down by a fraction of a second every aeon, to the present clumsily calendared time. Doubtless there are zealots who are now collecting dues and pestering congressmen to revise calendars in honor of the earth's faltering spin. Until they burrow to the surface, the most important number busybodies are the World Calendar people.

The World Calendar, which the United Nations in one of its finest hours rejected without apology, is an effort to tidy up the comfortable mess by which people now are born, forget wedding anniversaries and die. Like the digit-dialing system, which it resembles in spirit, it is a triumph of neatness. Year after year January 25 falls on a Wednesday, and November 4 on a Saturday. February is fleshed out to 30 days. Every third month has 31 days, beginning with January, and the rest have 30. This leaves the year a day short, and the World Calendar boosters cork up their system by throwing in Year End Day, without a number, belonging to no month and counting as no day of any week, after December 30. Every fourth year requires another cork: Leap Year Day appears after June 30.

Objections to the World Calendar spring instantly to mind. 1. It rewards blockheadedness. Citizens who have labored to learn the "Thirty days hath September" jingle will be no better off than the rest.

2. It courts disaster. Friday the 13th comes in January, April, July and October. This is far more often than the present average.

3. It stretches February, which is too long as things are. Why not stretch August? And shorten January?

4. It promotes fighting in the streets. Traditionalists will say "December 31." Faddists will say "Year End Day." Factions will clash.

5. It increases the danger of hangover in church. January 1 is always a Sunday.

It may be said in favor of the World Calendar that it insures a three-day Christmas weekend, since Christmas always falls on Monday. This advantage is nullified, however, by the loss of the possibility of a four-day weekend. (No wage slave with any self-respect goes to work on Monday when Christmas falls on Tuesday.)

I do not know whether my Russian acquaintance had the World Calendar on his mind, and I am not likely to learn, since my wife refuses to discuss the subject. But if I see him, I am going to deliver a lecture on my own favorite calendar reform. The scenic calendar published by the *Vermont Life* magazine sensibly leaves the numbers and the days in their proper places, but it adds the element of adult education. Each month there is a scrap of Vermont orientalism to be memorized and brooded on. The entry for February, 1964, is appropriate to a Leap Year: "Comely Widow Hannah Ward was married naked to Major Moses Joy in Newfane, February 22, 1789." I have been practicing, and it sounds even more elegant in Russian. THE END

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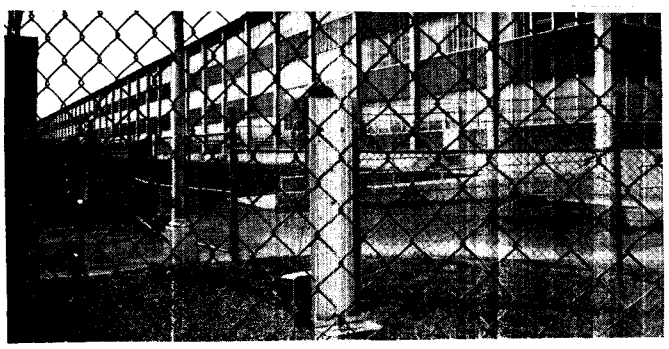

High barbed-wire fences surround the huge National Security Agency, where the spy worked as a messenger.

THE PLAYBOY SERGEANT WHO SPIED FOR RUSSIA

By Don Oberdorfer

For years Jack Dunlap lived high by selling secrets from our most sensitive agency.

A decorated combat veteran, a family man, an "average Joe," Sgt. Jack E. Dunlap seemed a good security risk when he went to work at the top-secret NSA in 1958.

Ramrod-straight the soldiers stood, and fired their 21 shots into the summer air. The solitary bugler sounded taps, its notes echoing sweetly and sadly across the grassy knolls of Arlington National Cemetery. The Army pallbearers solemnly removed Old Glory from the casket, folded it precisely and presented the flag to the grieving widow. There, in panoramic view of the Capitol, just over a hillock from the site where John F. Kennedy now sleeps, the United States of America last July 25 buried perhaps the most damaging spy of the 1960's.

For five years Sgt. Jack E. Dunlap—a name still unfamiliar to most Americans—worked as a functionary in the most secret of all official bureaucracies, the National Security Agency. For about half that time, according to the best evidence now available, he was feeding American secrets to agents of the Soviet Union for cash on the barrelhead.

Until he took his own life rather than face an official inquiry, Dunlap had been living high under the very noses of napping counterespionage agents. During his last three years he frequented expensive resort hotels and yacht clubs from New Jersey to Florida, and acquired in rapid succession a cabin cruiser, a world's championship racing boat, a Jaguar, two late-model Cadillacs and a mistress.

Through it all the lanky sergeant was unobtrusively making his rounds as a $100-a-week messenger. Until it was too late, nobody seems to have wondered about his sudden affluence or thought it odd that he drove a Cadillac to work.

Since no official charges had been lodged against him, the Army was required by law to grant his widow's request and bury him in Arlington. But his story refused to be buried; high-level investigations continue. For Dunlap's suicide at the age of 35 left many questions still unanswered—questions like: Exactly what secrets did he betray? And how did he get away with it for so long?

The Department of Defense, though it has announced that it holds evidence the sergeant did spy for Russia for pay, refuses to estimate the damage. Not everyone is so reticent. "He stole us blind," moaned one Government official.

To appreciate the full import of the short, happy life of Jack E. Dunlap, it is best to begin where he worked—at the sprawling concrete-and-steel National Security Agency headquarters on the outskirts of Fort Meade, Md., just 22 miles north of the nation's capital. Except for the cavernous Pentagon and the huge new State Department Building, the enormous U-shaped NSA headquarters is the largest structure in the Washington area. Three football gridirons could easily be laid end-to-end in its main corridor; its walls are interlaced with more electric wiring than those of any other building in the world. Despite its many distinctions, few tourists have even heard of it, and none has ever been inside: The way is barred night and day by a detachment of heavily armed, handpicked Marines who patrol the four gatehouses and the triple row of high barbed-wire and electrified fences between them.

Far more mysterious than the well-publicized CIA, it is—in the words of a congressional committee—"the most sensitive and secretive of all agencies." Its mission is to eavesdrop on every Communist communications message within the range of the most powerful electronic ears that can be made. Reports pour into NSA headquarters from undercover agents, wiretappers and literally thousands of radio intercept stations located in every corner of the globe—on land and aboard ships and planes—and in orbiting reconnaissance satellites. Whirring in the NSA basement are the world's fastest and most efficient computers, designed and employed to break the secret codes of Communist nations and of every government worth the trouble.

Because of its keystone position in the security structure, NSA is privy to many of the nation's closest held secrets. It is reportedly part of the agency's job to pinpoint the exact location of every Communist military unit known to the West. Another job is devising and constantly updating the secret codes and ciphers of the United States—an area of secrecy which the Pentagon says was beyond the reach of Sergeant Dunlap.

Before a civilian can be employed by NSA, he must undergo rigorous investigation and indoctrination, precautions which have been made increasingly strict following a series of damaging lapses during the past decade. In 1954 an NSA cryptographic expert was indicted for passing secrets to the Dutch government, including the embarrassing fact that NSA had broken the Dutch codes. He pleaded guilty to a lesser charge and served four and a half years in federal prison. From 1957 to 1959 the agency harbored at headquarters a psychotic expert on Arabic affairs, who later defected to the Soviet Union. And in the summer of 1960 two

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Quick, Campbell's—the Soup!

Help! This little one needs good, warm soup. Wonderful, comforting Campbell's. For youngsters this age and this cold, Campbell's Tomato Soup is the official soother. It heats in just 4 minutes. And it takes the chill out of children (out of grownups, too) in next to no time at all.

Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*

Soup and Crackers
(M'm! M'm! Good!)

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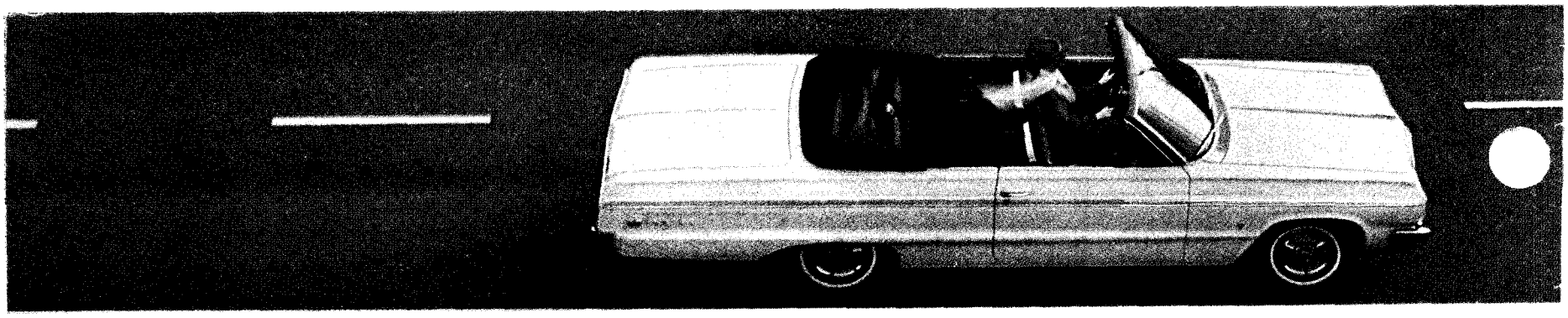


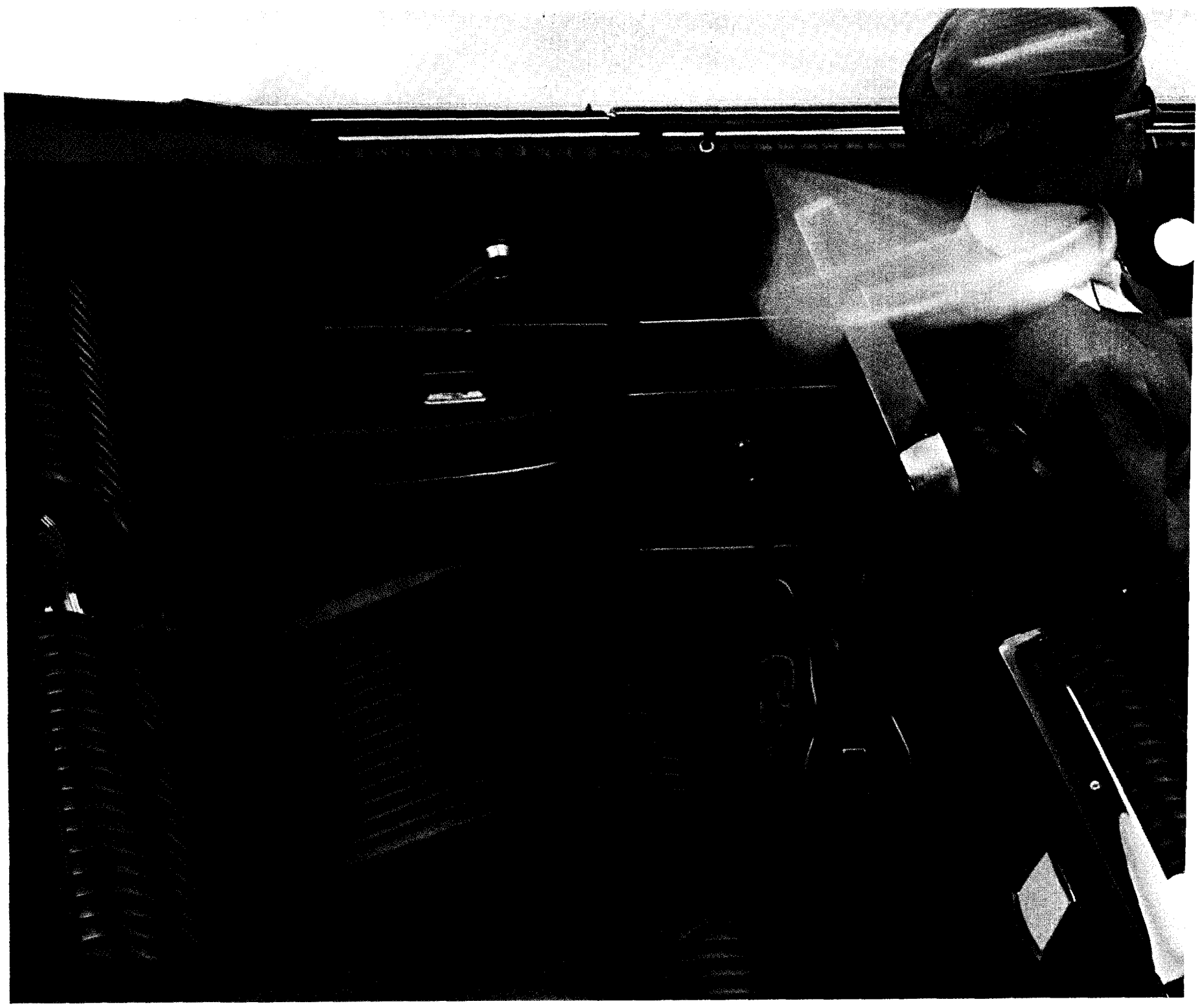
Jet-smooth ride ... Jet-lounge interiors

The Body by Fisher and Full Coil suspension insulate you from road shocks and noise. The generously thick foam-cushioned seats are topped in the newest and softest in expensive vinyls. Fasten your seat belt and come fly with us.

You'll like what you'll feel and what you won't feel in a '64 Chevrolet.

You won't feel every crack and tar strip in the road. And you won't feel like the doors are going to shake off their hinges every time you go over a railroad track.

For in a Chevrolet, there are 10 feet of steel coiled into a husky spring to cushion the bumps at *each* wheel. And there are over 700 shock deadeners spotted throughout the car to stop vibrations. You'll ride



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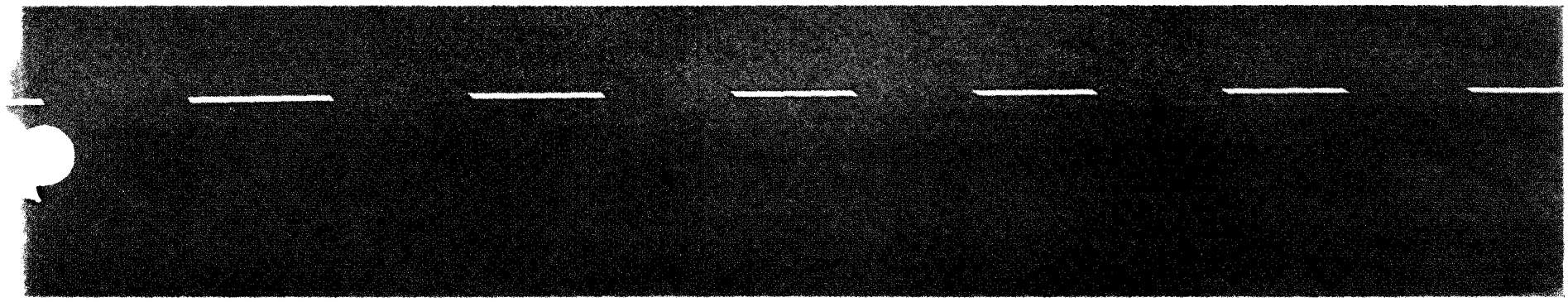

'64 LUXURY CHEVROLET

as only this responsive highway performer knows how—Jet-smooth.

Slide inside a new Impala Super Sport. Run your hand over the ultra-soft vinyl upholstery. Feel the thickly padded deep-twist carpeting underfoot. Jet-lounge interiors, we call them. Soft, spacious, plush as the interiors in the lounges of the newest ocean-crossing jet liners.

And whether you're talking interiors, ride, the extra-cost Powerglide transmission or whatever, the proof of how good they are is this: Year after year Chevrolets have given owners a very high return at trade-in time. So you get more car for your money when you buy it, more money for your car when you sell it.

And that ought to give you a pretty good feeling, too. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

Chevrolet Impala Super Sport Convertible

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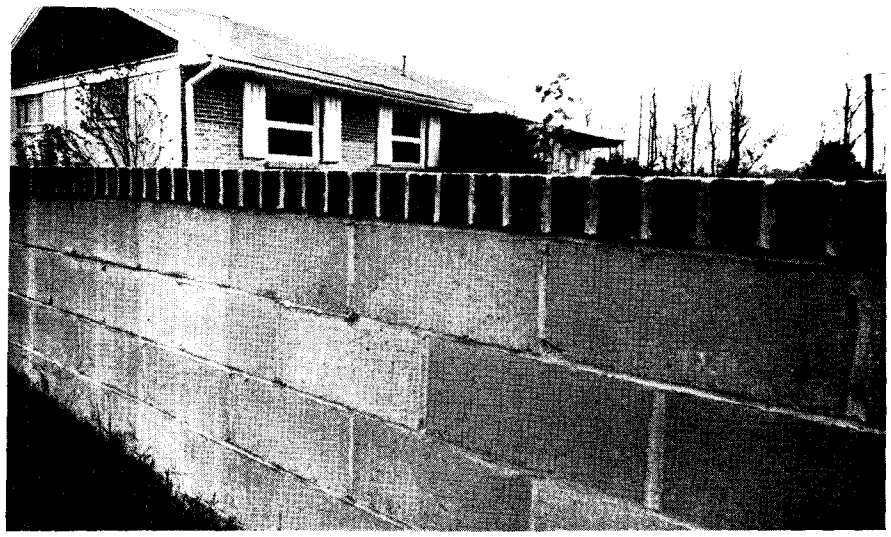

Dunlap had a grudge wall erected around his house in suburban Glen Burnie, Md.

WHEN DUNLAP BOUGHT EXPENSIVE CARS AND BOATS,

PLAYBOY SPY

NSA mathematicians—William H. Martin and Bernon F. Mitchell—disappeared on vacation and made their way from Cuba by Russian trawler to the Soviet Union, where they denounced their country and their agency at an elaborate Moscow press conference.

Investigation revealed that both Martin and Mitchell were sexually abnormal, a situation which should have alerted security agents. But Maurice H. Klein, NSA's assistant director and personnel chief at the time, insisted the agency enjoyed "as tight a security program as there is in the whole Government." Unimpressed congressional probers discovered it was loose enough for Klein himself to have fabricated some of the records in his own personnel file. He was forced out, and NSA took 22 steps to tighten its vigilance. It fired 26 suspected sex deviants on its rolls and in mid-1962 told Congress it had rechecked the security file of every employee.

Still a strange double standard persisted in NSA's employment of thousands of military personnel such as Sgt. Jack E. Dunlap. In his case—typical under agency procedures—NSA routinely accepted the Army's word that Dunlap was trustworthy. Unlike civilian employees, he was not subjected to polygraph (lie detector) tests.

Initially there was no apparent reason to question his loyalty. By all the usual standards of postwar espionage, Dunlap looked like an exceptionally good risk. He was a family man with a wife and five children; he seemed a completely average Joe in an average bungalow in an average suburb. Born in Louisiana, Jack Dunlap had seen combat in Korea, been wounded and decorated for "coolness under fire and sincere devotion to duty." Perpetually eager for adventure—he had quit high school after three years to ship out on a merchant ship—he nonetheless earned the Good Conduct Medal three times for his unblemished Army record.

When he was assigned to NSA in April, 1958, as part of the Army's regular quota of support personnel, he served first as chauffeur for Maj. Gen. Garrison B. Cloverdale, NSA's assistant director and chief of staff. Later he graduated to duties which the Pentagon describes officially only as "clerk-messenger." Some sources say he was the obscure fellow who gathered scrap paper to be incinerated at the end of the day. Others describe him as a "documents expediter," whose job it was to deliver highly classified data from one authorized official to another. Higher-ups in secret agencies are limited in their access to such papers by a strict requirement of "need to know," but it is difficult to circumscribe the faceless clerks and messengers who plod the treadmill of bureaucracy. Paradoxically, they often handle documents which some of their bosses are not authorized to see.

No one had any reason to suspect Dunlap's politics. He was so politically inert that he wasn't even registered to vote; and he was never heard to criticize his country. By all accounts he was less a conventional spy than an enterprising salesman of pilfered documents.

A Pentagon spokesman has quoted an estimate that Dunlap gave his wife, putting his extra income at between $30,000 and $40,000 "the first year," which is considerably more than the salary of the Secretary of Defense.

Not even the Pentagon can be certain how or when Dunlap began selling secrets. But it is clear that he had long found it difficult to pursue the American Dream on $100 a week. At one point he had resorted to moonlighting in a local service station, pumping gas at night for one dollar an hour. That did little to fulfill the alluring promise of his agency's recruiting brochure. "NSA workers," it announces, "are a vigorous lot, interested in exploiting to the fullest the recreational and cultural activities of their surroundings . . . Washington . . . the upper Chesapeake Bay, a famous water-sports playland . . . colonial Annapolis."

In mid-1960, after more than two years at NSA, Dunlap apparently took up a different sort of moonlighting, and his fortunes changed radically. In May he bought a secondhand station wagon which he put in his wife's name, as he did most of the family's new purchases. In that car he began actively exploring the nearby "water-sports playland." The following month he was able to put down $3,400 for a 30-foot cabin cruiser, complete with a galley and a bar.

This was the start of a dizzying round of acquisitions and adventures. Flashing $100 bills. Dunlap cashed large checks for total strangers on the spur of the moment. He spent $2,000 on boat repairs and presented workmen with large and unaccustomed tips. His impulsiveness was legendary, and when neighbors criticized the appearance of his backyard, he was quick to take offense. "I'll fix them," he boasted to friends. "I'll put up a wall they can't even see over." Within a few days he had a high cinder-block rampart erected around the Dunlap property. "The Wall" was the talk of suburban Glen Burnie, Md.

A little later Dunlap attended his first meeting of a fraternity of speedboat fanciers known as the Stoney Creek Racing Boat Club. The newcomer impetuously produced a wad of bills and announced with a wave of the hand that the drinks were on him. "Always before it had been Dutch," explains a local businessman in the group. "We were flabbergasted." Eager for his own speedboat, Dunlap located the owner of the *Bobo*, a sleek hydroplane skimmer which had previously set a new world's record for its class—107.7 miles an hour. The sergeant peeled off the $1,500 asking price from his bankroll, hitched boat and trailer to his light blue Jaguar and roared away toward Chesapeake Bay.

Dunlap became a dashing figure on Maryland's frolicsome Eastern Shore. Tall, engaging, an enthusiastic plunger, he could usually be found in a colorful sportshirt and slacks in one of his high-powered boats or cars, frequently accompanied by flashy lady companions. Always friendly and accommodating, he nevertheless demanded the best. Once he sent two friends to New York, expenses paid, to examine a large stock of handmade Italian speedboat propellers and select the very finest for his craft. He loved to play the role of mysterious big shot. Ironically, the deep secrecy of NSA protected the casual hints that his modest military rank was a cover story for a job of major importance.

To questions about his golden touch there was always a ready—and ever-changing—answer. To one friend he confided that he owned land where a precious mineral powder, valuable in cosmetics, had been discovered. Neighbors heard he was heir to an extensive plantation in Louisiana, an account which would have surprised his father, a bridgetender for the Alabama State Docks. To others the grinning Dunlap admitted modestly that "I came into a little inheritance."

Testing the vaunted advantages of "colonial Annapolis," Dunlap began dating a blonde who lived there. Like many who knew him, Sarah—as we shall call her—was charmed by the energetic playboy. "He was always on the go," she recalled recently. "Today it would be a boat race or a dance, tomorrow the auto races. He had to keep moving, he could never sit still. The poor guy must have known all along that someday it would end the way it did."

Dunlap told Sarah he owned gas stations—first two, then three, then five, then a whole string of them. She never saw the stations, but she was more than willing to believe they existed. "I knew he worked at NSA," she says, "and I figured they knew where he was getting the money, and it must be all right."

She became aware of a curious silhouette in her lover's life—"the bookkeeper." She recalled that "when I first knew Jack (in 1961) he would go to see 'the bookkeeper' once every week. Later it was once a month. He'd return with a roll of bills, but he never said much about the meetings." Once he allowed Sarah to accompany him to Washington on a trip to see some men at a large apartment house. Later the FBI spent night after night retracing these steps with Sarah, but she could never identify the spot.

All the while, the lowly messenger, his top-secret pass dangling from a chain around his neck, trooped blithely to work each day past the heavily armed Marine guards and through the triple strand of fence. It is now believed he was transporting highly classified documents back and forth under his shirt. Some of them were reportedly passed to Soviet contacts in the parking lot of a large shopping center several miles from NSA.

NSA's slumbering watchdogs never roused. For months Dunlap drove his Jaguar, or his Cadillac convertible, or his high-powered yellow Cadillac sedan to work each day without attracting the slightest notice. At one point the married sergeant began dating an NSA secretary—but word of this relationship never reached anybody who cared. He arranged time off from work to race his championship speedboat, but there is no sign anyone wondered how he could afford it. When he injured his back piloting his boat at a yacht club regatta, an Army ambulance was sent to return him to Fort Meade Army Hospital, because, Dunlap explained, "They were afraid sedatives might make me tell a lot of secrets I know." Still no one asked what a $100-a-week messenger with a wife and five kids was doing there in the first place.

He might be at it yet except for an act of his own initiative. Fearful that he might be transferred overseas at the end of his NSA tour of duty, Dunlap applied last March to leave the Army but retain his same job as an NSA civilian. His application, as he must have known, subjected him to the stricter security checks applied to civilians at NSA. For the first time he met the polygraph: The machine was his undoing. Two lie-detector tests quickly disclosed instances of "petty thievery" and "immoral conduct" which raised serious questions about his trustworthiness. For a while nothing happened. Then two months later additional investigations—which need not have extended any further than the agency's parking lot—revealed he was living beyond his means. The Army hastily transferred him to a routine job in a Fort Meade orderly room, and severed his access to all secret information.

A pair of suicide notes

As the investigation dragged on, Dunlap became nervous and depressed. "Nothing seemed to suit him," says a friend. "If plans went the slightest bit awry, he'd blow up without warning." On June 14 he checked into a motel near Fort Meade and paid for four days, telling the owner he was preparing to retire from the Army after 20 years' service (in fact, he served 11). The second night he attended stock-car races with friends, and hinted he was preparing to kill himself.

"At first we didn't take him seriously," recalls one of his companions, "but when he didn't show up the next morning we hurried to the motel. Jack was lying across the bed unconscious and burning up with heat. There were some empty beer bottles around and several used containers of sleeping pills. I think we got there just in time." While Dunlap was rushed to the Army hospital, investigators collected two suicide notes, one to Sarah and the other to his wife, Diane. There was no reference to espionage, but Dunlap instructed his wife to tell the reporters, when they came around, about his meritorious service in Korea.

Now sleuths from NSA, the U.S. Army Counter Intelligence Corps and the Army Military Police began collaborating on the case of the top-secret messenger. Dunlap was put under what one acquaint-

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COUNTERESPIONAGE AGENTS NEVER QUESTIONED HIS SUDDEN AFFLUENCE UNTIL TOO LATE.

ance called "a halfhearted surveillance." After recovering from his overdose of pills, the sergeant frankly informed his company commander, an Army Security Agency officer, that he would try again to kill himself. Still it seems that no official steps were taken to stop him.

But if the Army appeared to be unconcerned, friends were anxious to save him. On July 20 a buddy wrested a revolver from Dunlap just before he apparently planned to use it on himself. Soon afterward, however, Dunlap was observed removing a length of new radiator hose from a motor pool at Fort Meade. Late on July 22 he methodically filled his gasoline tank, purchased a fifth of the finest Scotch whisky, drove to a deserted roadway on nearby Markey's Creek and strung up the radiator hose to bring the deadly exhaust fumes through the right front window of his sealed automobile. Fishermen found his body in the morning.

On August 20, nearly a month after his suicide, the leisurely investigators were jolted to discover that Diane Dunlap had found a sheaf of highly classified official papers among her husband's belongings. At long last NSA flashed word of the case to the FBI; and an army of investigators immediately set to work questioning everyone who seemed likely to know anything. Some agents concentrated on the difficult task of identifying Dunlap's outside contacts, reportedly including Soviet diplomatic personnel. A mysterious seven-digit number engraved on the underside of Dunlap's identification bracelet appeared to provide a hot lead—perhaps to a secret numbered account in a faraway Swiss bank. It turned out to be his sweetheart's phone number, which she had placed on the bracelet because her lover could not keep it in his head.

Inside NSA, worried officials tried to piece together a record of all the files which Dunlap might have borrowed. According to reports which the Pentagon refuses to confirm or deny, these included top-secret CIA estimates of Soviet Army, Navy and nuclear capabilities along with comparable data on NATO countries. "The hell of it is," said one knowledgeable source, "we'll probably never know which papers he might have handled. To be safe, you have to proceed on the assumption that everything which passed through his section might be resting in a file in Moscow."

The Pentagon recently completed a lengthy inquiry into the Dunlap affair, personally ordered by Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, but no details have so far been made public. If a similar series of tragic blunders occurred in any ordinary agency of Government, an aroused public would insist that those responsible be officially censured, demoted or fired. But the supersecret NSA is standing pat behind its protective curtain, hinting obliquely at yet another series of security reforms.

It is, of course, the age-old practice of bureaucracies, especially secret ones, to entomb their errors in obscurity. That is not particularly surprising. But there is special irony in the fact that NSA's guardians blundered so long that a man who "stole us blind" could be buried in hallowed ground at Arlington. THE END

Despite espionage, Dunlap, a suicide, was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

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By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

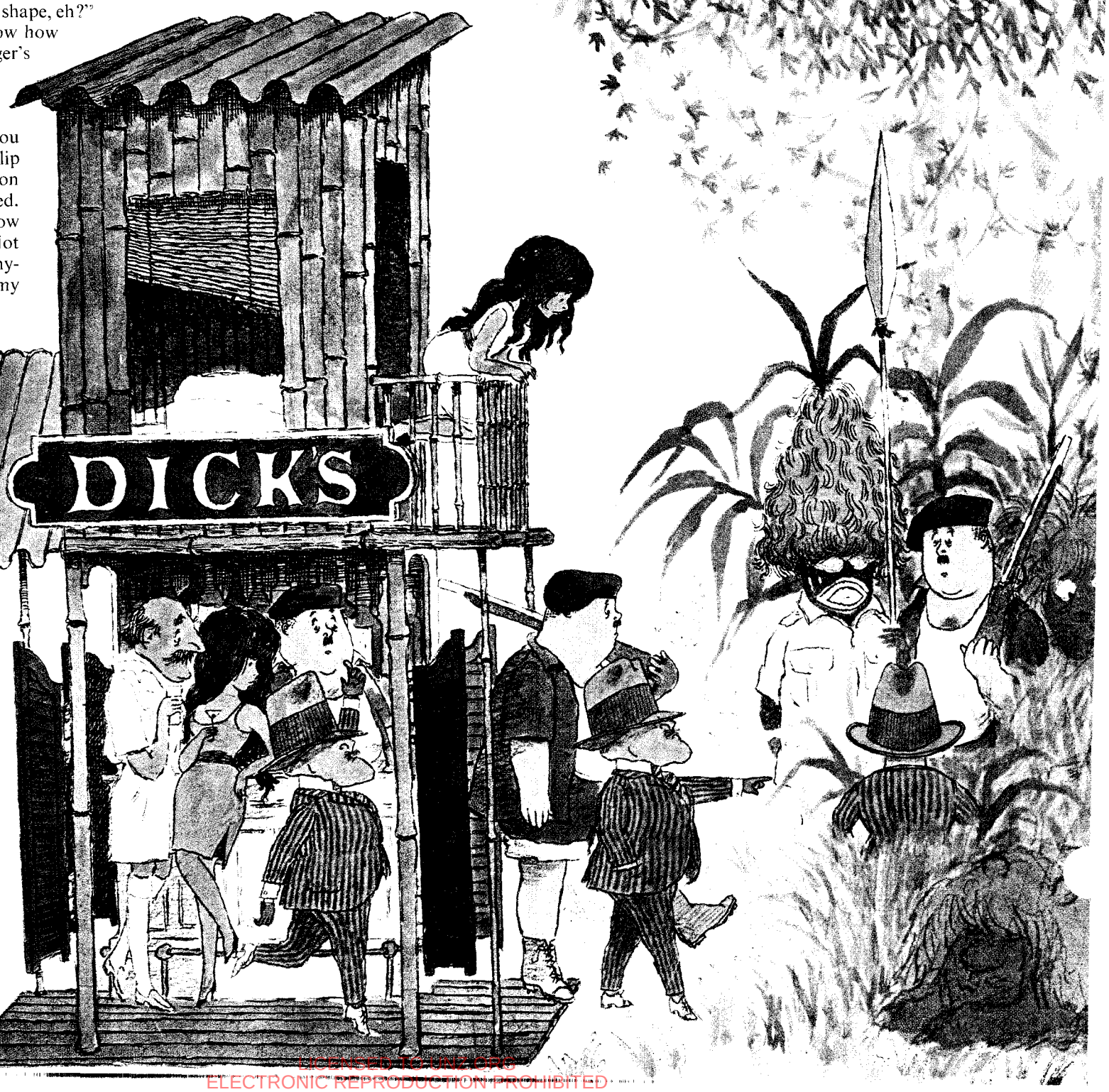
THE C

He knew his assignment was difficult, but when they all told him it was impossible, he refused to listen—for he was a man unaccustomed to defeat.

He was a small, brisk-looking man whose slender form seemed crowded with power; he gave the impression of having spent much time among taller men, athletes perhaps, staying even with them by lashing his body to the utmost. He had used many conveyances to get to Central Africa: swift trains, great jets, a horse and, finally, rotted paddling things a man in good condition could easily outrun. Throughout his journey he had remained cool and dapper, but now, in the shebang, at the foot of the Limpopo Hills, his hat had slipped too far down on his ears, giving him the look of a half-shelled walnut. He ordered a native beer he would not drink and asked for Fleeger, a German with a shadowy war record, the owner of the shebang and his one lead.

At the end of the bar, barefoot girls of many shades clung to a huge beret-wearing man with a wide stumplike neck. He stood up and they began to drop like seasonal skins from a jungle animal. The man adjusted his stomach as he walked; it might have been a pillow tied to his waist. He sat down opposite the newcomer and said, "Young sausages. Blindfold me and let me touch a little sausage and I'll tell you how young she is. You like the babies, too, or you like an older pickle?" He laughed in a bellow and touched the other man with a show of camaraderie, but the laugh crumbled in his throat when he felt the steel of the visitor's arm.

"You keep in pretty good shape, eh?" said the German. "You know how many times Jacques Fleeger's been hit in the head and it didn't bother me? The Russians were the ones. I was in one of their camps, you know, in 'Forty-five. They'd slip up behind and let me have it on the noggin, a game they played. Twenty-two taps I took, so now Fleeger's afraid of nothing. Not with what I been through. Anyone who doesn't behave in my



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MISSION

Post Fiction *With publication of his first novel,* Stern, *two years ago, Bruce Jay Friedman joined that small group of "humorous" writers who are also recognized as "serious" literary craftsmen. Last year he came out with a collection of short stories titled* Far from the City of Glass. *Next August, Simon & Schuster will publish his second novel,* A Mother's Kisses. *He is 34 and edits adventure magazines.*

place, I clean them right up. I move fast for a big man. Karate." He cut the air with some swift chops at a phantom opponent, but when he met the other man's gaze, he slapped at his wet neck with a handkerchief and whispered hoarsely, "All right, what do you want? Why are you here?"

The small man used the beer, not for thirst but as a lip-wetter. "I want to take a Sharpe's grysbok. It has to be tomorrow."

"A cape grysbok, you mean. There are no Sharpe's left."

"A Sharpe's," said the other man. "It has to be a Sharpe's."

"Well, I hope you didn't travel far, mister, because that ends the discussion. There are no Sharpe's left in Africa." The German had gotten control of his voice now and yelled, "Over here, cuties." The girls glided forward and attached themselves to him like sea anemones to a monster clam. "All I care about is my sausage," he said. "I like them in numerals, three, four, that's a good time. With one I get bored. That's what the war did. Made things complicated." He poked and jabbed at the girls, giving them swift, insectlike bites. But then, as though he had heard a telephone ring, he turned and looked across the table, his voice cracked again. "How come you wear your hat that way? Down so low."

The small man pushed the unsipped beer to the center of the table. "I want an eight-o'clock start," he said and then studied his hand with a statuelike gaze for what must have been thirty seconds. He stood up and walked briskly to the swinging doors, styled in the manner of Old West saloons.

"No, you don't," the German called after him. "They're extinct. I won't be there." And when it was too late for the small man to hear him he cried, "How many are there, three or four in Africa? You expect me to find one?"

At seven-thirty the following morning Fleeger heaved his great body up the stairs of the town's only hotel and entered a room on the first floor. The man in the bed slept evenly, his body hardly stirring,

ILLUSTRATION BY M. BODECKER

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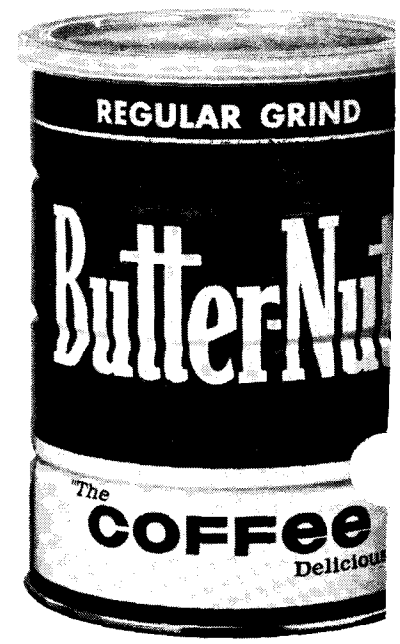

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7. The Sweepstakes is open to residents 18 years of age and over in areas where Butter-Nut Coffee is regularly distributed for resale, except Wisconsin or any locality where offers of this nature, or participation therein, are unlawful, taxed, regulated, or otherwise limited or restricted. Employees and their families of the Duncan Foods Co., Custom Service Inc., and their advertising agencies are not eligible to enter.

8. Winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after final drawings. A list of winners certified by the judges will be available for examination in the offices of Duncan Foods Co. and of Custom Service Inc., following the awarding of prizes.

9. Submission of entries shall constitute full acceptance of the Official Rules by each entrant. The judges and the Company shall be entitled to rely upon such Rules accordingly.

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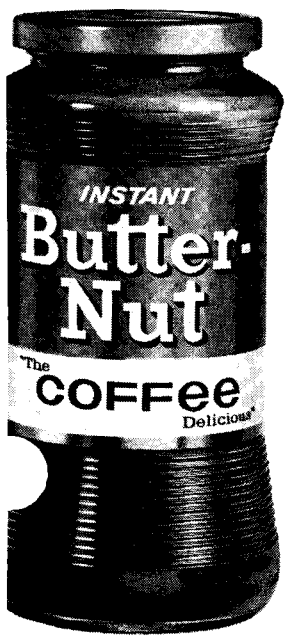

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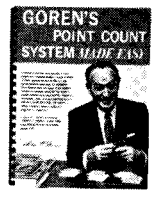

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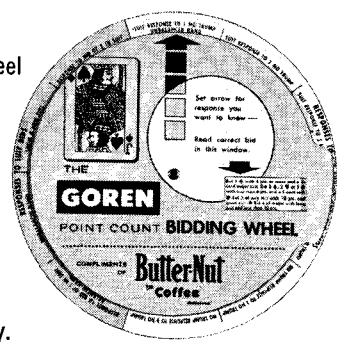

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almost corpselike in his serenity; he wore horn-rims in bed, which robbed the huge German of any composure he had gathered overnight. He touched the sleeping man and said, "I'm not here for anything. Why should I kill myself over something foolish with what I've been through? I didn't hear you talk money either."

The small man slipped out of bed, his movements lithe, almost feminine in their economy. At the washstand he mentioned a sum, not excessive, not paltry. Fair.

"That settles it," said the German. "The deal's off. Not for that kind of dough. I'm not budging." The small man's arms were bunched with muscle, but still, they appeared much more slender than they had seemed in the jacket. "You don't look that strong," he said. "What do you use, commando stuff?"

The small man dried himself and got into his clothes with dazzling speed. "Let's roll," he said, getting his hat down snugly over his ears.

"Who said anything about rolling," said the German. "I just came up here, that's all. I don't like the finances." But then he reached for his handkerchief, holding his stomach with one hand, as though it were falling off. "Jesus," he said, "I never saw anyone get dressed that fast in my life."

The trip for the most part was over water, a canoe voyage along the Siwi River which curled like discarded thread in and out of the Limpopo Hills. The German told earthy Bavarian tavern jokes until the small man finally laughed at a weak one, a short discolored exhalation of nose breath; he showed his teeth, too, for the first time, and Fleeger's next gag went sour in his throat. Out beyond the Limpopos they came to level jungle, and the German beached the canoe. "Pafuri country," he said. "Don't get excited. It's not a whole tribe. Just a dozen guys and a few young sausages to keep them happy. They're good hunters, though. The chief'll laugh in my face when I tell him what you're after."

The other man stepped out of the canoe and stretched his arms, the German falling back as though to protect himself. "What's up?" asked the small man.

"Nothing," said the German. "Nerves. I thought you were finally coming for me. It wouldn't have surprised me a bit."

The chief of the Pafuris lived in a shack littered with dozens of old soup cans. He leaned against an antique stove, wearing GI surplus khakis and carrying a spear. "Tell him how ridiculous it is, Soko," said the German. "He wants a Sharpe's grysbok. He wouldn't believe me."

The small man had not looked once at the chief. Dapper in a business suit, he prowled around the shack like a college-grad exterminator, finally snapped open a can of beans and ate them cold.

"I like his stylishness," the chief said with resonance. "I will help that man."

"Everyone's buddies in the jungle," said Fleeger, patting the small man's back as the trio cut their way through the underbrush. The small man bristled and the German drew his hand away as though he had touched a stove. "Suit yourself," said the German and then the Pafuri chief motioned for them to get down and be quiet. They had come to the edge of a clearing where small animals ducked their snouts into a pond. "Steenboks, bonteboks, klipspringers, there's a cape grysbok," whispered the German, "but like I said, no Sharpe's grysbok. It'll be a blue moon before you see one, too."

"Shut up, kraut," said the Pafuri chief. "We'll get the man what he desires."

Hours later, a small, shy deerlike animal with an old man's thatch of white hair appeared at the pond, the other animals scattering. "Jesus," said the German. "I'll be a monkey's uncle."

"Shhhh," said the chief, raising his spear. The small man darted forward and caught his arm. "Alive," he said, "or it's no go."

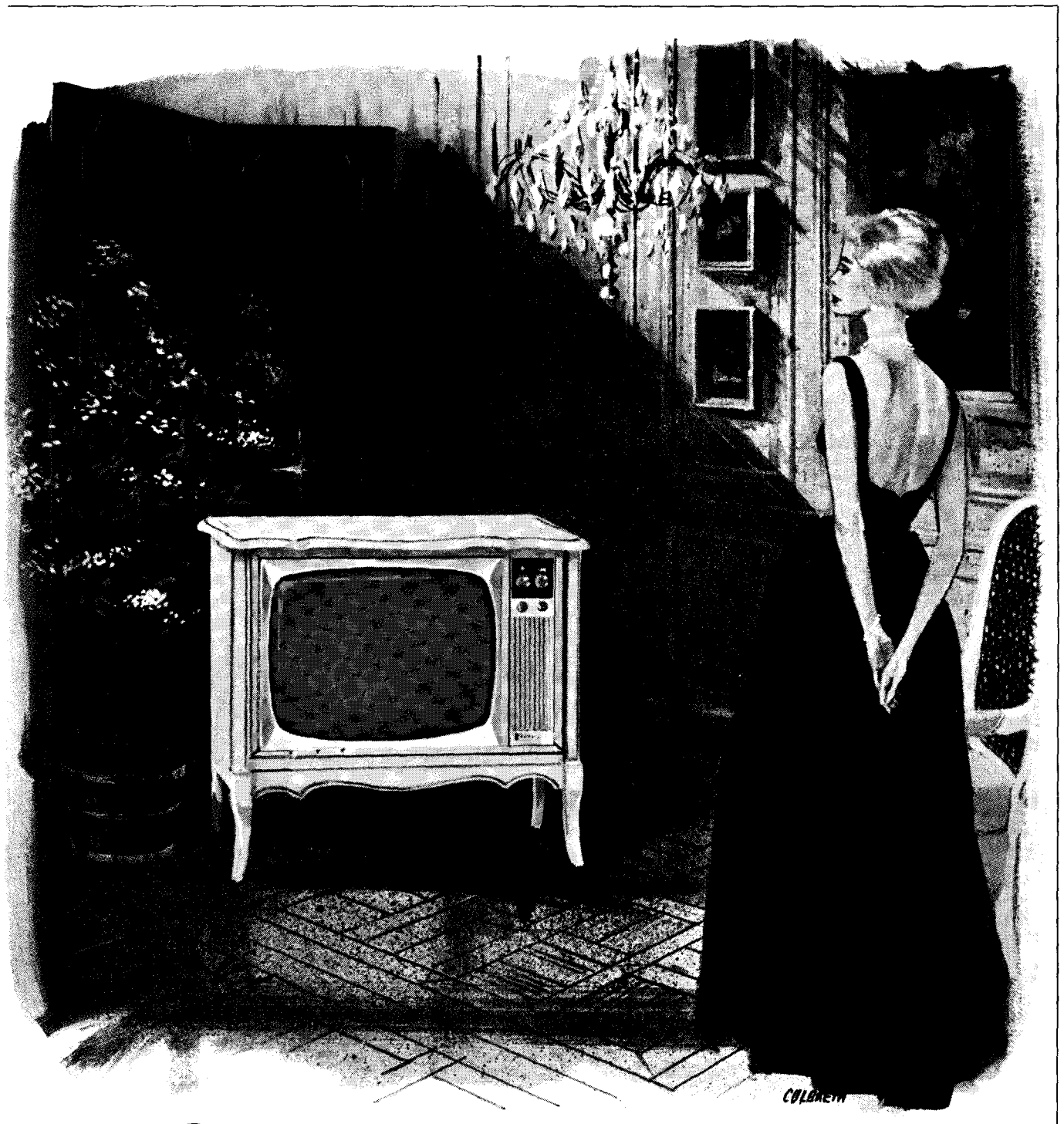
"Stylish," said the chief with admiration. He narrowed his eyes and then leaped forward toward the pond, the small animal flashing away in a swirl of underbrush.

"I'm catlike for a big man," said the German and flew off after the chief. Both men returned empty-handed, the chief's head hanging.

"A Sharpe's grysbok is worse than Mr. Snake," he said. "You can't hardly hold him."

The small man put his hat even farther down over his ears, adjusted his horn-rims and disappeared into the bush. Minutes later he emerged, holding the frightened animal beneath his coat. "How do you hang on to these buggers?" he asked, looking like an amateur magician giving away his trick.

"By the ears," said the chief. "Superlative performance."



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"You got him," said the German. "Where's my dough?"

With one hand, the small man took some bills out of his pocket, then put half of them back.

"Why half?" asked the German.

"That's all you earned," the brisk little fellow said and disappeared through the bush.

It was not until he reached Oran that he was able to have the frail animal properly caged. A Belgian zoologist there told him to make sure he mixed a few oribi droppings in with the grysbok's normal feedings of lettuce and young grass roots. From Oran he flew to Rome and then on to Paris where American Express recommended a gourmet butcher shop.

"I want the tongue alone," he said in his minimum French, showing up in midafternoon with his grysbok. "Packed in ice."

Half an hour later the clerk appeared with a small package, frosty to the touch. The small man checked it and inside were heels, done up in dry ice. "I said the tongue," he cried, sticking out his own and pointing to it. He rushed into the back room, put his head into a great bin and swam through entrails until he'd retrieved the grysbok head. "All right, let's have at it again," he said, "and try to get it straight this trip."

That night he appeared on the doorstep of a small house in the Clichy district, two packages beneath his arm, one large, one small. A young girl with startled eyes answered his ring and said, "Oh no, monsieur, you want four houses down. We are respectable."

"Uh-uh," he said. "I want your dad."

"He sleeps," she said. "Most of the day. He sleeps and I fear one day he will not wake." In some manner, how she could not tell, he had gotten into the house, and when she spoke to him next, the small man was in an armchair. "I cannot wake him," she said.

"A matter of great urgency," said the visitor. His hat fascinated her. She wondered why he wore it so low on his ears.

"You have a way, monsieur," she said shyly and woke her father.

In his bathrobe, her father seemed cathedral-like, ruined, a figure out of dying empires. The small man explained his proposal.

"Impossible," said the old man. "I haven't cooked in ten years. LeBlanc will never cook again. Great men have appeared here just as you. To no avail. Food no longer has a fragrance. It is a stench in my nostrils. I am an old man and want to die."

The small man rose from his armchair and swiftly unwrapped the larger of his two packages. The old man came close, examined the contents. "Jean Sablon records," he said, his face slowly beginning to shine. He looked further. "Each one, in perfect sequence. The complete works." His ancient face gave forth a broken smile. "You have gotten around an old man. For you I will cook. What was it again?"

"*Casserole de langue de Sharpe's grysbok au champignons*," said the visitor.

"With *beurre noir* or *en sauce béchamel*?"

"One second, papa," said the visitor, pulling a small notepaper from his wallet. He studied it, looked up and said, "*En sauce béchamel.*"

"You have the grysbok tongue?"

"On ice," said the small man, producing the second package.

"Jeannette," hollered the old chef, rolling up his bathrobe sleeves and rubbing his dried hands. "My pots."

At noon the next day, suit freshly pressed and shoes polished to a blinding shine, the small, compactly built man hopped down the ramp of his Paris-New York jet and waited several hours for another that was to whisk him from Kennedy Airport to Chicago. Six o'clock that night he stepped out of a taxicab in front of a slate-colored, monotonous-looking building in northern Illinois, tipped the driver and then walked up to giant iron gates. The guard, at first tense, relaxed when he came near, and said, "Right inside, Mr. Flick, the chief's waiting."

Minutes later, the warden of Joliet Prison charged forward to meet him, pumped his hand, then sat back and said, "How'd it go?"

"Look for yourself," said the new arrival, pointing to a neatly wrapped box alongside his luggage. "Casserole of Sharpe's-grysbok tongue with mushrooms in *béchamel* sauce."

"I'm not even going to look," said the warden. He rang for a guard, pointed to the box and said, "OK, rush that up to the Death House and tell them to heat it up. Good work, Flick, and let's hope the next joker is a steak-and-apple-pie man."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think they were tipped off."

HUNGER— IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

COUNTRIES:
Argentina, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Cameroun, Canada, Ceylon, Chile, Costa Rica, Egypt, England, Finland, France, Greece, Haiti, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iran, Israel, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Kenya, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Nigeria, Northern Rhodesia, Okinawa, Pakistan, Paraguay, Philippines, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Scotland, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, Republic of; Spain, Swaziland, Syria, Taiwan, Thailand, Turkey, Uruguay, United States (Indian, Negro, White), Vietnam, Western Germany.

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Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

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Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

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GIFTS OF ANY AMOUNT ARE WELCOME.

Please send more information ☐

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S.E.P.

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The house gift

Grandfather had never been wrong in his life, he said, and he wanted to help.

By JAMES T. MAHER

George Lennert folded the moist and wrinkled jacket of his summer suit across his arm and looked out of the dusty coach window at the backyard of a long, low factory, a scene that his eye had indifferently traced more than two thousand times. He rubbed his eyes. He had fallen asleep almost as soon as the train had left Grand Central. His mouth was dry. He ran his tongue under his upper lip and stared at the weeds and rusted cement mixer in the factory yard. The train began to slow down.

As he walked to the front of the car, George felt vaguely irritated. A sense of premonition darkened his gathering awareness. The car was hot, the air gritty. It was Friday afternoon. He had left a pile of unfinished work on his desk, some of which he knew he should have brought home. But he had promised his wife Marie and his ten-year-old daughter Jenny that he would leave his briefcase at the office because Carl Adams, Marie's father, was coming for dinner. They had not seen him for more than a year. He lived upstate in a big, rambling house, attended by a manservant. Mr. Adams came to New York infrequently to see his lawyer and his broker.

It was the imminent arrival of Mr. Adams that gave rise to George's minatory uneasiness as he climbed into his automobile. Marie's father was an old and difficult man. At seventy-two he had thick black hair and an imperious bearing that reproached the infirm and indecisive who happened to encounter him. He believed in, and constantly celebrated, his own infallibility. "I may not be brilliant," he once said to George, "but I have never made a mistake. And I've had the good sense to turn the mistakes of others to my advantage. Watch close, and when people lose their nerve, buy at your price."

George left his car in front of the house and walked to the porch. He heard Jenny call.

"Papa. Hurry. Right away."

George hurried into the house and ran upstairs to the bathroom. Marie sat slumped on the floor alongside the tub. Her cheek rested on the edge of the tub, and some of her hair hung into the soapy bath water. One of her arms was in the tub and the sleeve of her cardigan was soaked.

Jenny sat tight against the back of the tub with her knees drawn up out of the water against her chest.

"You're just in time, Papa," she said. "It just happened."

George lifted Marie from the floor and carried her to their bed. He took off her sweater, and got a towel from a drawer and put it under her hair.

"Papa."

"In a minute, Jenny."

He took off the faded sneakers Marie wore on her bare feet and gently arranged her on the bedspread.

George went back to the bathroom and knelt beside the tub. He sat back on his heels and lit a cigarette. He held up the match for Jenny to blow out, something he had not done in years. She ignored him. She looked down into the bath water.

"I don't like her anymore," she said.

"Why?" George asked.

The question resonated from one tile wall to another. Jenny didn't answer him. George knew the question was foolish. However, he was an innocent man, and he hoped that some secret mercy would flow from the child and rescue them all.

"It was her stupid idea to bathe me," Jenny said. "She said she wanted me specially clean for Grandpa. She looked so silly, Papa. She sang a little children's song and went to sleep right there. But her eyes didn't close. It was scary till you came."

Jenny had forgotten her reluctance to have her father see her bathe.

"Can you and I cook tonight?" she asked.

"We'll see," George said.

Jenny tried to pick up the soap from the water with her toes. Three times it slipped away. She slapped her washcloth down. Some of the water splashed into George's face.

"Oh, Papa, I'm sorry."

"It's nothing, sweetheart. Now you go ahead and finish, and we'll talk downstairs."

"I drew the best picture in class today," Jenny said. "Even Miss Messick said so."

George got up.

"And, Papa ——"

"Finish your bath, Jenny," George said, "and then you can tell all of us at dinner when Grandpa gets here."

George went to the bedroom and closed the door all but a crack. He sat down on the side of the bed and looked at Marie. Her long black hair glistened. Her tanned slender legs, her Bermuda shorts, the canvas shoes by the side of the bed all lied to his eye. She breathed heavily.

George didn't know what to do. He could hear Jenny singing as she dressed. He got up from the bed, took off his tie and hung it in the closet. He turned to the bed again. Nothing had changed.

George sat down in a dressing chair and unlaced his shoes and kicked them off. For the next few minutes he rested back in the chair, his eyes closed, and he raised his feet one at a time and scratched them. Dear God, he thought. He hadn't arrived home soon enough to read the signs that had now become the portents of family trouble—Marie suddenly giggling to herself, or plucking invisible marvels from the air as she talked.

George knew that Marie was in peril; he had heard the thin keen of her torment when she sighed against his back in the night. Later, when he asked her what she had dreamed, she could not even remember dreaming.

For more than a year, whenever Marie got drunk, they talked far into the night behind their door, driving themselves past remonstrance into a familial pain that groaned through the house. Afterward, when Marie was sober, they cried together and pledged their exultation against the dark whisper of

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Fiction

For twelve years James T. Maher roamed the world as a publicist for a large oil company. Then, four years ago, when he was forty-three, he resigned his job in order to write. Since then he has supported himself, his wife and their one-year-old son with free-lance articles on subjects ranging from the music of Gene Krupa to prospecting for oil in the Middle East. He has also written, he says, "about thirty short stories," but this is the first fiction he has had published. Born and reared in Cleveland, he now has his home base in New York.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT SHORE

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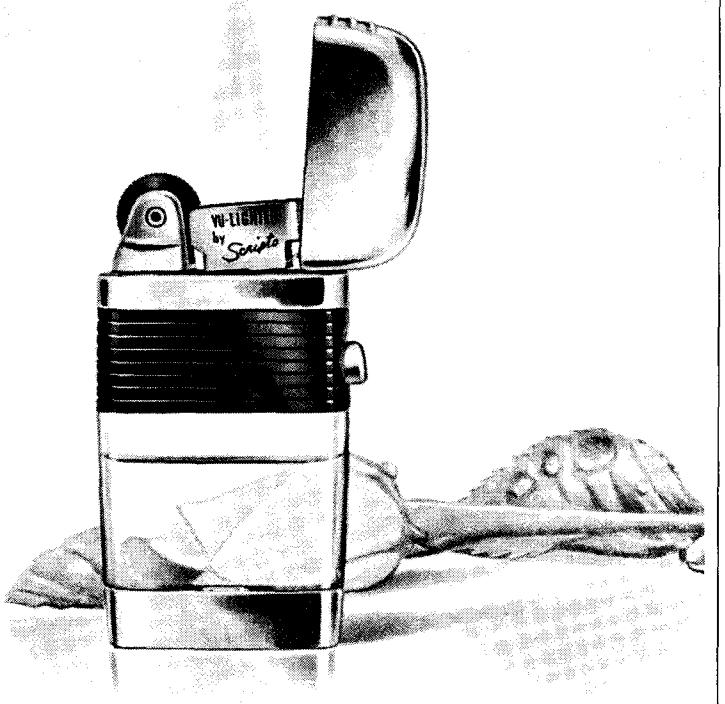

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ENGINEERING WITH IMAGINATION

noon and midnight. They laughed then and felt certain for the future. In such moments they shared the exquisite joy of a lovers' quarrel resolved in the exhaustion of lovemaking. They kept their secret from Jenny.

George opened his eyes and looked at the bed. He went over and whispered:

"Marie. In the sweet name of heaven... *why?*"

He knelt beside the bed, leaned forward and buried his face in her hair, his lips pressed against the wetness.

"Papa," Jenny called from downstairs, "I'll turn on the news for you."

George could feel the ruthless cheerfulness in Jenny's voice. He ran his fingers through Marie's hair. "Marie," he said firmly.

She turned her head and opened her eyes. They were milky and fearful. He turned away.

"What?" she asked.

"Your father will be here in a little while," George said.

"*Papa? Here?* How do you know?"

Marie had rolled over. She pushed her clenched fists into the candlewick spread and sat up breathing hard.

"He's coming for supper," George said.

"Well, for God's sake, George, you might at least have told me," Marie said.

"Don't get excited," George said. "We have plenty of time. We're eating late. He won't be here till eight o'clock."

Marie fell back on the bed. George began to rub her temples lightly.

"You just forgot," he said.

Marie laid her cheek against George's hand. "Strange, isn't it?" she said. "I *did* forget."

Statement by statement they reached the sense and sound of actuality. With almost witless patience, George created the semblance of a normal conversation.

"I don't know what got into me," Marie said.

George went to the bathroom to start a tub for her.

"Papa?" Jenny called.

"Yes, Jenny?"

"Can you and I cook supper tonight?"

"Not tonight, sweetheart," George said. "Mama's feeling a lot better now."

At dinner Jenny sat beside her grandfather. She could see into the living room and look at the doll—almost as big as she—that Mr. Adams had brought.

Marie had to go to the kitchen a number of times during dinner—for more butter, for a serving spoon she forgot, for water. By the end of the meal she was lost in bemusement.

"Mama was sick today, Grandpa," Jenny said.

"Really?" Mr. Adams said. "What was the matter?"

"Oh, it's a secret," Jenny said.

"Now, Jenny," George said softly.

"Well, you always act like it is," she said.

"It wasn't anything," George said to Mr. Adams. "You know how hot it was, and Marie was tired and had a sick headache."

"People pamper themselves too much," Mr. Adams said. "I've never been sick a day in my life."

Marie snickered.

"The coffee," George said to her.

"Oh, Papa," Marie said. "Never, never, never sick a day in his whole life." She laughed to herself.

"What's funny?" Jenny asked.

"The coffee," George said again, and he reached out and pressed Marie's hand.

"My heavens," she said, "I've been daydreaming. Excuse me."

She went to get the coffee. She brought it back in a high silver samovar on a silver tray with a silver sugar and creamer, all gifts from Mr. Adams.

"Look out, Mama," Jenny said.

Marie lost her balance. Her father reached toward the tray to right the teetering samovar. The scalding coffee poured over his wrist.

Mr. Adams doubled over in his chair shaken by deep groans.

"Oh, my God," he sobbed.

George went to the telephone and called their doctor. The burn was plainly severe, and he rushed the old man to the doctor's home.

When they got back to the house, Mr. Adams wanted to drive back to Manhattan immediately. George urged him to rest first. The old man let himself into a chair without protest. He seemed to shrink against the pillows.

"I'm going up to say goodnight to Jenny," George said. "Do you want to come?"

"No, no," Mr. Adams said.

Neither of them had spoken to Marie. She sat with her hands folded in her lap at the end of the davenport.

As George left the room he said to her, "The doctor said not to worry. I'll be back down in a few minutes."

Jenny was already asleep and George started back downstairs immediately. About half way down he stopped. He could hear Marie crying softly. George waited on the stairs, listening.

"Oh, God, stop it," he heard her father say. "It was an accident. Now stop it."

When Mr. Adams spoke, a bare filament of a cry broke through Marie's lips. "I love you, Papa," she said.

He did not answer.

"Oh, Papa, I'm so sorry. But, Papa, you never come to see me. Did you like the dinner?"

"Of course I did," Mr. Adams said. "You're talking like an infant."

"Did Mama make nice dinners?" Marie asked.

"What are you talking about?" Mr. Adams asked.

"Why couldn't I come to the funeral?" Marie asked.

"What funeral?" Mr. Adams asked. "What are you talking about, child?"

"Mama's funeral," Marie said.

"You're not making any sense at all, Marie," Mr. Adams said. "Your mother died almost twenty-three years ago. *Twenty-three years ago!*"

"I wanted to come," Marie said.

"There was no reason to take you out of school and bring you all the way East for one day," Mr. Adams said. "And certainly I knew what was best for you. I don't know what brought this up, Marie, but I don't want to hear any more about it. If you want to be any help right now, just keep quiet and let me be."

"Your poor hand, Papa," Marie said. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean it. Honestly I didn't."

"Stop that damned sniffling," Mr. Adams said. "You sound like your nose is running."

"I love you, Papa," Marie said.

George moved down the stairs into the room as she stood up and held out her arms toward her father, who looked at her and then dropped his forehead to his hand. Marie started toward him. She took an uncertain step and stopped. Then she took another step toward her

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father and fell forward. George caught her. He lifted her in his arms.

Mr. Adams barely raised his head. He pushed himself deeper into his chair in distaste.

"Oh, Papa . . . poor Papa . . ." Marie's voice moaned softly through the house as George carried her up to the bedroom. When George came back downstairs, Mr. Adams was standing, his hands cupped together behind his back, and he was facing the entrance to the living room.

"I'd like an explanation," Mr. Adams said.

"How about some coffee first," George said.

"Let's get to the point, George," the old man said.

George dropped heavily into a deep leather chair and propped his feet on the matching stool. He lit a cigarette, carefully balanced it on the edge of an ashtray, and loosened his shoelaces. "We'd like you to stay until you really feel up to driving home," George said.

"Rubbish," Mr. Adams said. "I'm not the one we need to worry about. What's the matter with her—with Marie?"

"I don't know," George said.

"Have you had the doctor?" Mr. Adams asked.

"No," George said. "Marie doesn't want to get into that."

"But, this could be serious," Mr. Adams said.

"Why don't you sit down?" George asked. "You should take it easy until the shock wears off."

"It's not *that* shock I'm worried about," Mr. Adams said.

"Marie didn't act like a little lady—like a little boarding-school doll tonight. Is that it?" George asked.

The old man raised his hands and went back to his chair. He stared into the cold, empty summer fireplace. George watched him through the smoke from his cigarette. A stranger. A bone taken from an upstate reliquary to show the faithful.

"George," the old man said in an oddly sonorous voice, "I have a right to know what is the matter here. It seems to me I've heard nothing but nonsense tonight. Marie talking about funerals, and what-not."

"Funerals?" George said.

"When you were up with Jenny," Mr. Adams said. "She asked me why I didn't take her out of school for her mother's funeral." Mr. Adams paused, then added, "Almost a quarter of a century ago. Imagine."

George looked at the ceiling.

Marie had often told George about the muted distances of her father's house—the long halls, the empty rooms. She had spent her youth at boarding schools, traveling with an older woman as a companion, or biding time between semesters with an aunt in St. Louis who was now dead. The few times she had visited her father's house she had searched the unused rooms for a token of her mother. And she had sat alone at dinner, absorbed by reveries that gathered about the image of a slender young woman with gray eyes and pale laughter who had hovered tenuously over her infancy and early school years—a face in the soft light of a night lamp, a voice saying good-bye in the aisle of a train. One day a small parcel-post package had come to the boarding school for her. It was filled with grosgrain ribbons. In the bottom of the box Marie's mother had hidden a small ivory comb wrapped in tissue. Later that same day the headmistress called Marie to her private parlor and told her that her mother had died. Marie went back to her room and pressed all the ribbons out flat on her bed and pretended that she had not gone down to the headmistress's parlor.

"She told me about it the day we met at college," George finally said. "She showed me an old, blurred picture of her mother."

The old man wasn't listening. He opened a small gold case and took out a cigar. He turned it in his fingers and looked at it carefully.

"She looked pretty," George said. "What you could see of her."

Mr. Adams took a little gold trimmer from his vest pocket. He trimmed the end of the cigar with a tiny, sharp blade.

"How come she died so young?" George asked. He squinted at the old man to bring him into sharper focus.

Mr. Adams lit his cigar and exhaled the smoke deliberately. He returned the cigar case and the trimmer to his pockets and patted them lightly. The ceremony ended, he drew himself up and addressed the white ash now forming at the end of his cigar. "Now let's analyze this matter closely," he said.

"Marie's a drunk," George said. "An alcoholic." He laid his head back and looked at the ceiling again.

"You're very upset, George," the old man said. "I'll grant you that you have a right to be. But you must control your feelings. Remember, Jenny is depending on you."

"Marie can't help it, I guess," George said. "Some days she can't stop."

"We should be careful," Mr. Adams said. "Jenny may be listening."

"One night I got sore and threw out all the whiskey in the house," George said. "Then in the middle of the night I had to go begging from the neighbors because she was screaming for a drink and Jenny was crying." He looked beyond the ceiling into the darkness above, and began to shake. The secrecy had ended—for them. For many months the neighborhood had discussed Marie—"I'd throw her out." . . . "Every child on the street adores her. They treat her like she's one of them." The contention flowed like countermelodies through the nearby houses.

"You're wrong, George," Mr. Adams said. "All wrong. I'm quite sure you've made a terrible mistake. Marie isn't well. But your diagnosis—a common drunk—that's strong language, George; a dreadful thing to say. Besides, it doesn't make any sense. Ask yourself *why?* Why should Marie be a *drunk*, as you put it? She had every advantage growing up. Good schools. And I sent her everywhere on magnificent trips. Unless there's something happened I don't know about—something between you. But you'd have to answer for that." The old man's cheeks had become flushed. He slumped forward tiredly.

"Do *you* still carry a picture of Marie's mother?" George asked.

"It simply couldn't be," Mr. Adams said. "I've never made a mistake, George. You know that about me. And I think you're wrong, absolutely wrong. It's something else entirely. Fatigue perhaps. Or nerves. The way women get."

George turned his eyes to the coffee table. He saw a newspaper headline: SEARCH FOR MISSING CHILD CONTINUES. He closed his eyes, and his mind roamed with a search party through moonlit ravines and dark woods. He saw the lost child. Her face was Marie's face. He opened his eyes quickly.

"So, George, you must face the question and ask yourself if Marie is really what you say she is. This merits your clearest thinking. You must weigh the facts. If you want, I'll send Jenny away to a good boarding school, and you and Marie can get this thing straightened out with a good doctor. Get the finest specialists if you need them."

George listened to the opaque drone of the old man, proper and remote, the speech of distances and symmetry, and the bloodless artifice of life spelled out upon the margins of a ledger. George got up from his chair. There had been no conversation, only voices sleepwalking in separate dreams upon the air of silence. "What do you want her to do?" George asked. "Throw up on your grave?"

Mr. Adams concentrated upon his summation to the world, to his conscience, to history, citing one by one the advantages Marie had had. He did not hear George.

George picked up Jenny's new doll from the davenport and stared at the price tag which had been accidentally left intact—$65. He became aware that the old man had stopped talking.

"You're probably right," George said. He hadn't been listening to Mr. Adams. His remark was irrelevant, almost jovial.

"Certainly I'm right," Mr. Adams said. "I ought to know my own daughter."

George laughed dryly. "I'll tell you something funny," he said. "By tomorrow she won't even know you were here."

"Come, come, son," Mr. Adams said. "You're teasing. You're a good boy, George. I hope I haven't seemed too severe."

The old man had arisen. He insisted that he was perfectly all right and could drive himself back to his hotel. He left almost immediately.

After dinner the next evening George heard a car enter the driveway and stop. He heard Marie go to the front door.

"George," Marie called, "it's Papa."

Jenny ran through the house from the backyard. "Surprise, surprise," she called out.

George put down the paper he was reading. When he got to the front door, Marie and Jenny were making a happy fuss over Mr. Adams.

"Oh, Jenny," he said, "would you be a sweet little girl and get the package on the seat of the car. I forgot to bring it in. . . . A little house gift," he added to Marie and George.

George and Mr. Adams shook hands.

"I decided to stay in New York until the market opens Monday morning," Mr. Adams said. "I heard something today. Buy when they get nervous, George."

George turned to watch Jenny run up the walk.

Marie noticed the bandage on Mr. Adams's wrist.

"Papa, for heaven's sake, what did you *do?*" she asked. She touched the bandage gently. Mr. Adams drew his arm away.

"I just happened to be having lunch with an old friend, George," he said, "and he let me in on it. Good company. Good cash flow."

Jenny handed the package to her grandfather.

"I hate to come empty-handed," Mr. Adams said. He handed the package to George. It was wrapped in tissue and tied with a slim gold ribbon.

"You should have come an hour ago and had dinner with us," Marie said.

She and Jenny took Mr. Adams into the living room. George went through the dining room to the kitchen. He moved slowly, dumb with wonder. He put the package on the drainboard and looked out the small window above the sink. The long shadows on the lawn had begun to merge. His hands worked at the ribbon and the tissue. He drew a bottle of whiskey from the package and, without looking, set it on the drainboard. The fingers of his right hand were clenched around the neck and shoulder of the bottle. His knuckles turned white. He could see lights coming on in the houses across the street, and he saw Jenny's bicycle abandoned near the curb. I'd better bring it in, he thought; it's getting dark. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I know, but the company has an awful time getting them out!"

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THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

"Original sin," father proclaimed,
"gave man a tilt toward secrecy. When you
have secrets, sooner or later you'll
have sin . . . like that club of Schmidt's."

By GRAHAM GREENE

THIS story was told me by my father who heard it directly from his father, the brother of one of the participants; otherwise I doubt whether I would have credited it. But my father was a man of absolute rectitude, and I have no reason to believe that this virtue did not then run in the family.

The events happened in 189—, as they say in old Russian novels, in the small market town of B____. My father was German-speaking and when he settled in England he was the first of the family to go farther than a few kilometers from the home commune, province, canton, or whatever it was called in those parts. He was a Protestant who believed in his faith, and no one has a greater ability to believe, without doubt or scruple, than a Protestant of that type. He would not even allow my mother to read us fairy stories, and he walked three miles to church rather than go to one with pews. "We've nothing to hide," he said. "If I sleep I sleep, and let the world know the weakness of my flesh. Why," he added, and the thought touched my imagination strongly and perhaps had some influence on my future, "they could play cards in those pews and no one the wiser."

That phrase is linked in my mind with the fashion in which he would begin this story. "Original sin gave man a tilt toward secrecy," he would say. "An open sin is only half a sin, and a secret innocence is only half innocent. When you have secrets there, sooner or later, you'll have sin. I wouldn't let a Freemason cross my threshold. Where I came from secret societies were illegal, and the government had reason. Innocent though they might be at the start like that club of Schmidt's."

It appears that among the old people of the town where my father lived was a couple whom I shall continue to call Schmidt, being a little uncertain of the nature of the laws of libel and how limitations and the like affect the dead. Herr Schmidt was a big man and a heavy drinker, but most of his drinking he preferred to do at his own board to the discomfort of his wife, who never touched a drop of alcohol herself. Not that she wished to interfere with her husband's potations; she had a proper idea of a wife's duty, but she had reached an age (she was over sixty and he well past seventy) when she had a great yearning to sit quietly with another woman knitting something or other for her grandchildren and talking about their latest maladies. You can't do that at ease with a man continually on the go to the cellar for another liter. There's a man's atmosphere and a woman's atmosphere, and they don't mix except in the proper place, under the sheets. Many a time Frau Schmidt in her gentle way had tried to persuade him to go out of an evening to the inn. "What—and pay more for every glass?" he would say. Then she tried to persuade him that he had need of men's company and men's conversation. "Not when I'm tasting a good wine," he said.

So last of all she took her trouble to Frau Müller, who suffered in just the same manner as herself. Frau Müller was a stronger type of woman and she set out to build an organization. She found four other women starved of female company and female interests, and they arranged to forgather once a week with their sewing and take their evening coffee together. Between them they could summon up more than two dozen grandchildren, so you can imagine they were never short of subjects to talk about. When one child had finished with the chicken pox, at least two would have started the measles. There were all the varying treatments to

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Post Fiction Graham Greene is one of those archetypal men of letters who have adventured over much of the world and written most kinds of books and plays. Fame was quick to come to his "entertainments"—"This Gun for Hire," "Orient Express," "The Third Man" and "Our Man in Havana." In more serious fiction his high rank is witnessed by, among other novels, "The Heart of the Matter," "The End of the Affair" and "The Quiet American." Whatever his mood, Greene seldom strays far from a timeless problem—evil.

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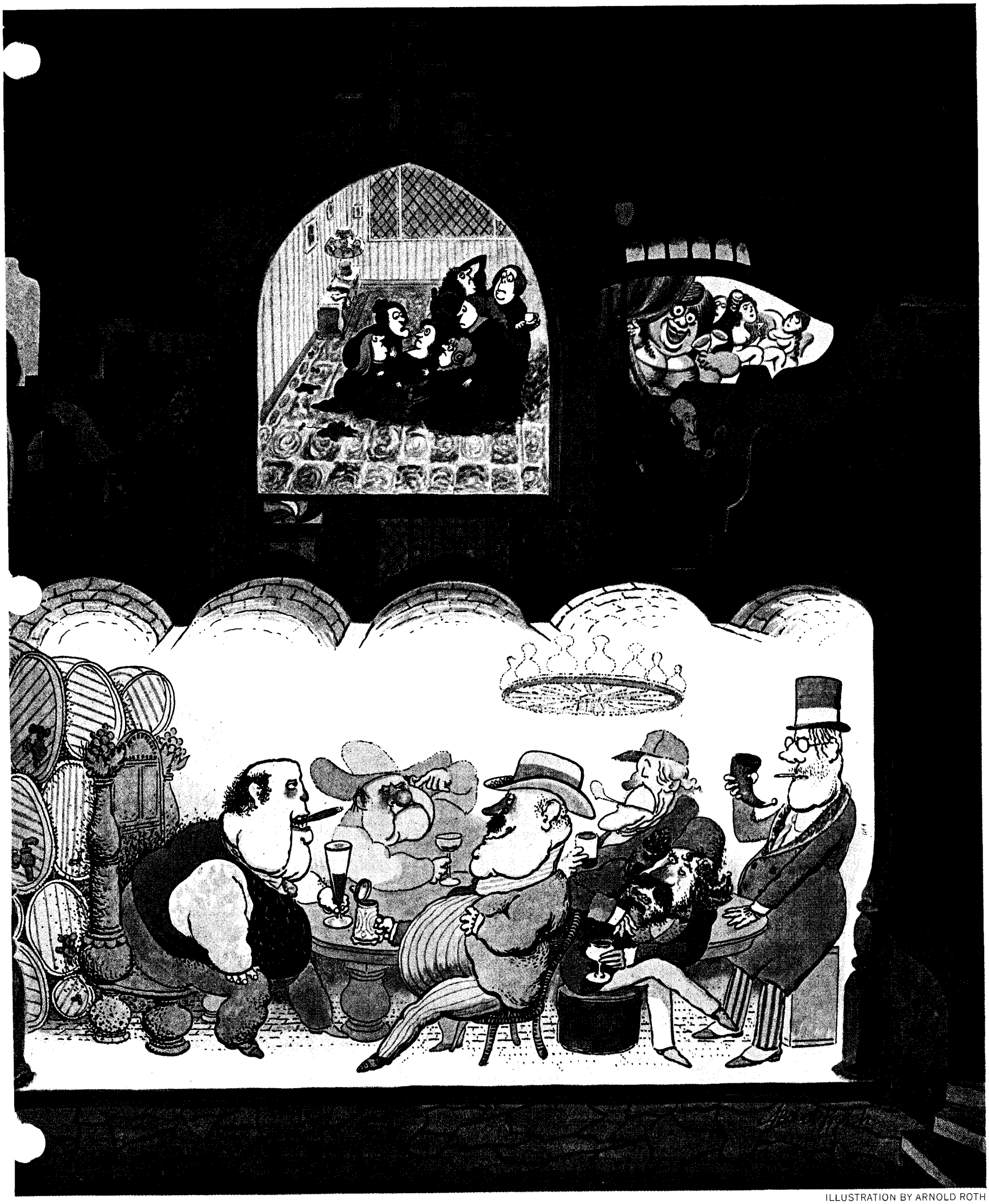

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ROOT OF ALL EVIL

compare, too, and there was one school of thought which took the motto "starve a cold" to mean "if you starve a cold, you will feed a fever" and another school which took the more traditional view. But their debates were never heated like those they had with their husbands, and they took it in turn to act hostess and make the cakes.

But what was happening all this time to the husbands? You might think they would be content to go on drinking alone, but not a bit of it. Drinking's like reading a "romance" (my father used the term with contempt; he had never turned the pages of a novel in his life): You don't need talk, but you need company; otherwise it begins to feel like work. Frau Müller had thought of that and she suggested to her husband—very gently, so that he hardly noticed—that when the women were meeting elsewhere he should ask the other husbands in with their own drinks (no need to spend extra money at the bar) and they could sit silent as they wished with their glasses till bedtime. Not, of course, that they would be silent all the time. Now and then no doubt one of them would remark on the wet or the fine day, and another would mention the prospects for the harvest, and a third would say that they'd never had so warm a summer as the summer of 188—. Men's talk, which in the absence of women would never become heated.

But there was one snag in this arrangement and it was the one which caused the disaster. Frau Müller roped in a seventh woman who had been widowed by something other than drink: by her husband's curiosity. Frau Pückler had a husband whom none of them could abide, and before they could settle down to their friendly evenings, they had to decide what to do about him. He was a little vinegary man with a squint and a completely bald head who would empty any bar when he came into it. His eyes coming together like that had the effect of a gimlet, and he would stay in conversation with one man for ten minutes on end with his eyes fixed on the other's forehead until you expected sawdust to come out. Unfortunately Frau Pückler was highly respected. It was essential to keep from her any idea that her husband was unwelcome, so for some weeks they had to reject Frau Müller's proposal. They were quite happy, they said, sitting alone at home with a glass, when what they really meant was that even loneliness was preferable to the company of Herr Pückler. But they got so miserable all this time that often when their wives returned home, they would find their husbands tucked up in bed and asleep.

It was then Herr Schmidt broke his customary silence. He called round at Herr Müller's door, one evening when the wives were away, with a four-liter jug of wine, and he hadn't got through more than two liters when he broke silence. This lonely drinking, he said, must come to an end—he had had more sleep the last few weeks than he had had in six months and it was sapping his strength. "The grave yawns for us," he said, yawning himself from habit.

"But Pückler?" Herr Müller objected. "He's worse than the grave."

"We shall have to meet in secret," Herr Schmidt said. "Braun has a fine big cellar." And that was how the secret began, and from secrecy, my father would moralize, you can grow every sin in the calendar. I pictured secrecy like the dark mold in the cellar where we cultivated our mushrooms, but the mushrooms were good to eat, so that their secret growth. . . . I always found an ambivalence in my father's moral teaching.

It appears that for a time all went well. The men were happy drinking together—in the absence of course of Herr Pückler, and so were the women, even Frau Pückler, for she always found her husband in bed at night ready for domesticities. He was far too proud to tell her of his ramblings in search of company between the strokes of the town clock. Every night he would try a different house and every night he found only the closed door and the darkened window. Once in Herr Braun's cellar the husbands heard the knocker hammering overhead. At the *Gasthaus*, too, he would look regularly in—and sometimes irregularly, as though he hoped that he might catch them off their guard. The street-lamp shone on his bald head, and often some late drinker going home would be confronted by those gimlet eyes which believed nothing you said. "Have you seen Herr Müller tonight?" or "Herr Schmidt, is he at home?" he would demand of another reveler. He sought them here, he sought them there—he had been content enough aforetime drinking in his own home and sending his wife down to the cellar for a refill, but he knew only too well, now he was alone, that there was no pleasure possible for a solitary drinker. If Herr Schmidt and Herr Müller were not at home, where were they? And the other

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"Make it fifteen. There was a guy already in there."

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HOT TUNA PIE

2 eggs separated
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
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1-1/4 cups BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
2 (7 ounce) cans tuna, drained and flaked
1 (10 ounce) package frozen peas and carrots, cooked
1 cup chopped green pepper
1/4 cup chopped pimiento
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
2 cups mashed potatoes
Melted NUCOA® Margarine

In large bowl beat egg yolks, salt, pepper. Blend in crumbs and 1 cup Real Mayonnaise. Stir in tuna and vegetables. Turn into greased 1-1/2 quart shallow casserole, smooth top. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven until thoroughly heated, about 25 minutes. Meanwhile, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form; fold in 1/4 cup Real Mayonnaise. Spread on top of casserole to 1 inch from edge. Using pastry tube, pipe potatoes for border; brush with melted margarine. Broil until golden-brown, about 2 minutes. Serves 6.

HOT TUNA BUNS

4 hamburger buns
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1/2 cup chopped FANNING'S Bread and Butter® pickles
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup grated cheese

Split buns; spread with part of Real Mayonnaise. Sprinkle each half with tuna, chopped pickle and onion. Spoon remaining Real Mayonnaise on top and sprinkle with grated cheese. Broil until lightly browned. Serves 4.

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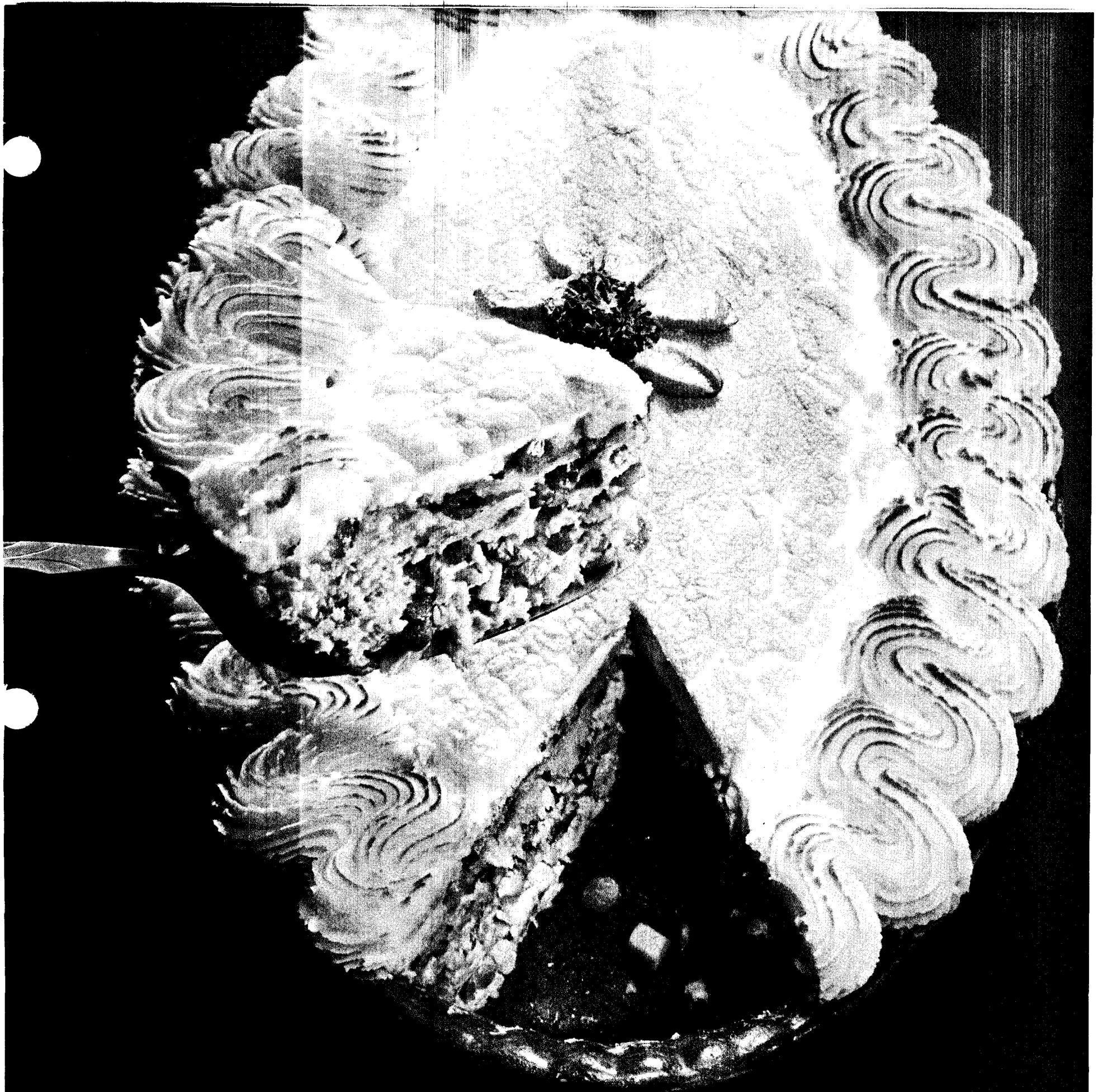

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ROOT OF ALL EVIL

four, with whom he had never been well acquainted, where were they? Frau Pückler was the very reverse of her husband: She had no curiosity, and Frau Müller and Frau Schmidt had mouths which clinked shut like the clasp of a well-made handbag.

Inevitably after a certain time Herr Pückler went to the police. He refused to speak to anyone lower than the superintendent. His gimlet eyes bored like a migraine into the superintendent's forehead. While the eyes rested on the one spot, his words wandered ambiguously. There had been an anarchist outrage at Schloss—I can't remember the name; there were rumors of an attempt on a grand duke. The superintendent shifted a little this way and a little that way on his seat, for these were big affairs which did not concern him, while the squinting eyes bored continuously at the sensitive spot above his nose where his migraine always began. Then the superintendent blew loudly and said, "The times are evil," a phrase which he had remembered from the service on Sunday.

"You know the law about secret societies," Herr Pückler said.

"Naturally."

"And yet here—under the nose of the police," and the squint eyes bored deeper, "there exists just such a society."

"If you would be a little more explicit. . . ." So Herr Pückler gave him the whole row of names beginning with Herr Schmidt. "They meet in secret," he said. "None of them stays at home."

"They are not the kind of men I would suspect of plotting."

"All the more dangerous for that."

"Perhaps they are just friends."

"Then why don't they meet in public?"

"I'll put a policeman on the case," the superintendent said halfheartedly, so now at night there were two men looking around to find where the six had their meeting place. The policeman was a simple man who began by asking direct questions, but he had been seen several times in the company of Pückler, so the six assumed quickly enough that he was trying to track them down on Pückler's behalf and they became more careful than ever to avoid discovery. They stocked up Herr Braun's cellar with wine, and they took elaborate precautions not to be seen entering—each one sacrificed a night's drinking in order to lead Herr Pückler and the policeman astray. Nor could they confide in their wives for fear that it might come to the ears of Frau Pückler, so they pretended the scheme had not worked and it was every man for himself again now in drinking. That meant they had to tell a lot of lies if they failed to be the first at home—and so, my father said, that was when sin began to enter in. One night too, Herr Schmidt, who happened to be the decoy, led Herr Pückler on a long walk into the suburbs, and then seeing an open door and a light burning in the window with a comforting red glow and being by that time very dry in the mouth, he mistook the house in his distress for a quiet inn and walked inside. He was warmly welcomed by a stout lady and shown into a parlor, where he expected to be served with wine. Three young ladies sat on a sofa in various stages of undress and greeted Herr Schmidt with giggles and warm words. Herr Schmidt was afraid to leave the house at once, in case Pückler was lurking outside, and while he hesitated the stout lady entered with a bottle of champagne on ice and a number of glasses. So for the sake of the drink (though champagne was not his preference—he would have liked the local wine) he stayed, and thus out of secrecy, my father said, came the second sin. But it didn't end there with lies and fornication.

When the time came to go, if he were not to overstay his welcome, Herr Schmidt took a look out of the window, and there, in place of Pückler, was the policeman walking up and down the pavement. He must have followed Pückler at a distance, and then taken on his watch while Pückler went rabbiting after the others. What to do? It was growing late; soon the wives would be drinking their last cup and closing the file on the last grandchild. Herr Schmidt appealed to the kind stout lady; he asked her whether she hadn't a back door so that he might avoid the man he knew in the street outside. She had no back door, but she was a woman of great resource, and in no time she had decked Herr Schmidt out in a great cartwheel of a skirt, like peasant women in those days wore at market, a pair of white stockings, a blouse ample enough, and a floppy hat. The girls hadn't enjoyed themselves so much for a long time and they amused themselves decking his face with rouge, eyeshadow and lipstick. When he came out of the door the policeman was so astonished by the sight that he stood rooted to the spot long enough for Herr Schmidt to billow round the corner, take to his heels down a side street and arrive safe home in time to scour his face before his wife came in.

If it had stopped there, all might have been well, but the policeman had not been deceived and now he reported to the superintendent that members of the secret society dressed themselves as women, and in that guise frequented the houses of the town. "But why dress as women to do that?" the superintendent asked, and Pückler hinted at orgies which went beyond the natural order of things. "Anarchy," he said, "is out to upset everything, even the proper relationship of man and woman."

"Can't you be more explicit?" the superintendent asked him for the second time; it was a phrase of which he was pathetically fond, but Pückler left the details shrouded in mystery.

It was then that Pückler's fanaticism took a morbid turn; he suspected every large woman he saw in the street at night of being a man in disguise. Once he actually pulled off the wig of a certain Frau Hackenfurth (no one till that day, not even her husband, knew that she wore a wig), and presently he sallied out into the streets himself dressed as a woman, with the belief that one transvestite would recognize another and that sooner or later he would find himself enlisted in the secret orgies. He was small and he played his part better than Herr Schmidt had—only his gimlet eyes would have betrayed him to an acquaintance in daylight.

The men had been meeting happily enough now for two weeks in Herr Braun's cellar. The policeman had tired of his search, the superintendent was in hopes that all had blown over, when a disastrous decision was taken. Frau Schmidt and Frau Müller in the old days had the habit of cooking pasties for their husbands to go with the wine, and the two men began to miss this treat which they described to their fellow drinkers, their mouths wet with the relish of the memory. Herr Braun suggested that they should bring in a woman to cook for them—it would mean only a small contribution from each, for no one would charge very much for a few hours' work at the end of the evening. Her duty would be to bring in fresh, warm pasties every half an hour or so as long as their wine session lasted. He advertised the position openly enough in the local paper, and Pückler, taking a long chance—the advertisement had referred to "a men's club"—applied, dressed up in his wife's best Sunday blacks. He was accepted by Herr Braun, who was the only one who did not know Herr Pückler except by repute, and so Pückler found himself installed at the very heart of the mystery, with a grand opportunity to hear all their talk. The only trouble was that he had little skill at cooking, and often with his ears to the cellar door he allowed the pasties to burn. On the second evening Herr Braun told him that unless the pasties improved he would find another woman.

However, Pückler was not worried by that because he had all the information he required for the superintendent, and it was a real pleasure to make his report in the presence of the policeman, who contributed nothing at all to the inquiry. Pückler had written down the dialogue as he had heard it, leaving out only the long pauses, the gurgle of the wine jugs, and the occasional rude tributes that wind makes to the virtue of young wine. His report read as follows:

Inquiry into the Secret Meetings held in the Cellar of Herr Braun's House at 27 ——strasse. The following dialogue was overheard by the investigator.

MÜLLER: If the rain keeps off another month, the wine harvest will be better than last year.
UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: Ugh.
SCHMIDT: They say the postman nearly broke his ankle last week. Slipped on a step.
BRAUN: I remember 'Sixty-one vintages.
DÖBEL: Time for a pasty.
UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: Ugh.
MÜLLER: Call in that cow.
(The investigator was summoned and left a tray of pasties.)
BRAUN: Careful. They are hot.
SCHMIDT: This one's burnt to a cinder.
DÖBEL: Unbeatable.
KÄSTNER: Better sack her before worse happens.
BRAUN: She's paid till the end of the week. We'll give her till then.
MÜLLER: It was fourteen degrees at midday.
DÖBEL: The town-hall clock's fast.
SCHMIDT: Do you remember that dog the mayor had with black spots?
UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: Ugh.
KÄSTNER: No, why?
SCHMIDT: I can't remember.
MÜLLER: When I was a boy we had a plum duff they never make now.
DÖBEL: It was the summer of 'Eighty-seven.
UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: What was?
MÜLLER: The year Mayor Kalnitz died.
SCHMIDT: 'Eighty-eight.
MÜLLER: There was a hard frost.
DÖBEL: Not so hard as 'Eighty-six.
BRAUN: That was a shocking year for wine.

So it went on for twelve pages. "What's it all about?" the superintendent asked.

"If we knew that, we'd know all."

"It sounds harmless."

"Then why do they meet in secret?"

The policeman said "ugh" like the unidentified voice.

"My feeling is," Pückler said, "a pattern will emerge. Look at all those dates. They need to be checked."

"There was a bomb thrown in 'Eighty-six," the superintendent said doubtfully. "It killed the grand duke's best gray."

"A shocking year for wine," Pückler said. "They missed. No wine. No royal blood."

"The attempt was mistimed," the superintendent remembered.

"The town-hall clock's fast," Pückler quoted.

"I can't believe it all the same."

"A code. To break a code we have need of more material."

The superintendent agreed with some reluctance that the report should continue, but then there was the difficulty of the pasties. "We need a good assistant cook for the pasties," Pückler said, "and then I can listen without interruption. They won't object if I tell them that it will cost no more."

The superintendent said to the policeman, "Those were good pasties I had in your house."

"I cooked them myself," the policeman said gloomily.

"Then that's no help."

"Why no help?" Pückler demanded. "If I can dress up as a woman, so can he."

"His moustache?"

"A good blade and a good lather will see to that."

"It's an unusual thing to demand of a man."

"In the service of the law."

So it was decided, though the policeman was not at all happy about the affair. Pückler, being a small man, was able to dress in his wife's clothes, but the policeman had no wife. In the end Pückler was forced to agree to buy the clothes himself; he did it late in the evening when the assistants were in a hurry to leave and were unlikely to recognize his gimlet

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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eyes, as they judged the size of the skirt, blouse, knickers. There had been lies, fornication; I don't know in what further category my father placed the strange shopping expedition, which didn't, as it happened, go entirely unnoticed. Scandal—perhaps that was the third offense which secrecy produced. for a late customer coming into the shop did in fact recognize Pückler, just as he was holding up the bloomers to see if the seat seemed large enough. You can imagine how quickly that story got around—to every woman except Frau Pückler, and she felt at the next sewing party an odd—well, it might have been deference or it might have been compassion. Everyone stopped to listen when she spoke, no one contradicted or argued with her, and she was not allowed to carry a tray or pour a cup. She began to feel so like an invalid that she developed a headache and decided to go home early. She could see them all nodding at each other as though they knew what was the matter better than she did, and Frau Müller volunteered to see her home.

Of course she hurried straight back to tell them about it. "When we arrived," she said, "Herr Pückler was not at home. Of course the poor woman pretended not to know where he could be. She got in quite a state about it. She said he was always there to welcome her when she came in. She had half a mind to go round to the police station and report him missing, but I dissuaded her. I almost began to believe that she didn't know what he was up to. She muttered about the strange goings-on in town—anarchists and the like, and would you believe it, she said that Herr Pückler told her a policeman had seen Herr Schmidt dressed up in women's clothes."

"The little swine," Frau Schmidt said, naturally referring to Pückler, for Herr Schmidt had the figure of one of his own wine barrels. "Can you imagine such a thing?"

"Distracting attention," Frau Müller said, "from his own vices. For look what happened next. We come to the bedroom, and Frau Pückler finds her wardrobe door wide open, and she looks inside, and what does she find—her black Sunday dress missing. 'There's truth in the story after all,' she said, 'and I'm going to look for Herr Schmidt,' but I pointed out to her that it would have to be a very small man indeed to wear her dress."

"Did she blush?"

"I really believe she knows nothing about it."

"Poor, poor woman," Frau Döbel said. "And what do you think he does when he's all dressed up?" And they began to speculate. So thus it was, my father would say, that foul talk was added to the other sins of lies, fornication, scandal. Yet there still remained the most serious sin of all.

That night Pückler and the policeman turned up at Herr Braun's door, but little did they know that the story of Pückler had already reached the ears of the drinkers, for Frau Müller had reported the strange events to Herr Müller, and at once he remembered the gimlet eyes of the cook Anna peering at him out of the shadows. When the men met, Herr Braun reported that the cook was to bring an assistant to help her with the pasties, and as she had asked for no extra money, he had consented. You can imagine the babble of voices that broke out from these silent men when Herr Müller told his story. What was Pückler's motive? It was a bad one or it would not have been Pückler. One theory was that he was planning with the help of an assistant to poison them with the pasties in revenge for being excluded. "It's not beyond Pückler," Herr Döbel said. They had good reason to be suspicious, so my father, who was a just man, did not include unworthy suspicion among the sins of which the secret society was the cause. They began to prepare a reception for Pückler.

Pückler knocked on the door and the policeman stood just behind him, enormous in his great black skirt with his white stockings crinkling over his boots because Pückler had forgotten to buy him suspenders. After the second knock the bombardment began from the upper windows. Pückler and the policeman were drenched with unmentionable liquids, they were struck with logs of wood. Their eyes were endangered from falling forks. The policeman was the first to take to his heels, and it was a strange sight to see so huge a woman go beating down the street. The blouse had come out of the waistband and flapped like a sail as its owner tacked to avoid the flying objects—which now included a toilet roll, a broken teapot and a portrait of the grand duke.

Pückler, who had been hit on the shoulder with a rolling pin, did not at first run away. He had his moment of courage or bewilderment. But when the frying pan he had used for pasties struck him, he turned too late to follow the policeman. It was then that he was struck on the head with a chamber pot and lay in the street with the pot fitting over his head like a visor. They had to break it with a hammer to get it off, and by that time he was dead, whether from the blow on the head or the fall or from fear or from being stifled by the chamber pot, nobody knew, though suffocation was the general opinion.

Of course there was an inquiry which went on for many months into the existence of an anarchist plot, and before the end of it the superintendent had become secretly affianced to Frau Pückler, for which nobody blamed her, for she was a popular woman—except my father, who resented the secrecy of it all. (He suspected that the superintendent's love for Frau Pückler had extended the inquiry, for he pretended to believe her husband's accusations.)

Technically, of course, it was murder—death arising from an illegal assault, but the courts after about six months absolved the six men. "But there's a greater court," my father would always end his story, "and in that court the sin of murder never goes unrequited. You begin with a secret," and he would look at me as though he knew my pockets were stuffed with them, as indeed they were, including the note I intended to pass the next day at school to the yellow-haired girl in the second row, "and you end with every sin in the calendar." He began to recount them over again for my benefit. "Lies, drunkenness, fornication, scandal-bearing, murder, the subornation of authority."

"Subornation of authority?"

"Yes," he said and fixed me with his glittering eye. I think he had Frau Pückler and the superintendent in mind. He rose toward his climax. "Men in women's clothes—the terrible sin of Sodom."

"And what's that?" I asked with excited expectation.

"At your age," my father said, "some things must remain secret." THE END

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THE ODDBALL CRUSADE OF CONGRESSMAN PATMAN

By Paul Duk

A TEXAS GADFLY WHO'S CONVINCED PLUTOCRATS ARE SQUEEZING THE POOR HAS THE BIG BANKS ON HIS GRILL

A plump, palefaced congressman peered down over dark-rimmed glasses at a House Banking and Currency Committee hearing one morning in January and pounced on President W. Braddock Hickman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland. According to the congressman, Rep. Wright Patman of Texas, Hickman's bank had egregiously wasted taxpayers' money by spending $1,816 for a smorgasbord party, $32 for 100 Corona cigars, $21 for Ping-Pong balls and $4,700 for a dinner dance.

Waving a paper itemizing miscellaneous expenses of the bank, Patman declared some outlays were for things that "could put a postmaster in jail for a long, long time if he paid for them with Government funds." The wincing Hickman claimed they were all authorized by the Federal Reserve Board as legitimate expenses for employee relations.

But the explanation made little impression on Patman, who has been waging guerrilla war with the money-regulating Federal Reserve Board and its 12 regional banks for 35 years. He is convinced that the "Fed," in collusion with private bankers and Wall Street titans, is keeping U.S. interest rates unnecessarily high to favor the rich and the mighty over the poor and the weak. As the self-appointed champion of the "little man"—the borrowers and taxpayers—Patman regularly tilts his lance at bankers' dignity, bankers' perquisites, and bankers' monetary policies which he thinks are pushing the U.S. toward a cataclysmic depression.

Practically no economic expert would agree with him. Indeed, most of his confreres dismiss him as a "funny money" windbag whose patent-medicine cure-alls, if taken seriously, would wreck the nation's economy. Until recently, financial leaders easily laughed off Patman's diatribes, but their amusement has suddenly turned to concern. For through the workings of the congressional seniority system, Patman last year was hoisted into the chairmanship of the House Banking and Currency Committee, a 33-member panel with wide authority over banking-and-currency laws. It is roughly as though a conscientious objector were put in charge of the Armed Services Committee or an isolationist were named to head the Foreign Affairs Committee. Patman can now investigate, irritate and inflame almost at will, and this is what he is starting to do.

He is now embarked on a project which fulfills his lifelong dream—a massive investigation of the Federal Reserve. As the nation's central bank, the Fed regulates the flow of money and credit through the economy by specifying the reserves which banks must set aside to balance loans, by buying and selling U.S. bonds in the open market, and by fixing the interest rate at which Federal Reserve banks make money available to the banking system.

It is Patman's contention that the Fed scandalously restricts the amount of money in circulation, provoking periodic recessions and impeding the growth of the national economy. When money is limited, credit naturally is harder to obtain and interest rates are generally high. So, says Patman, persons with low and moderate incomes buy fewer homes, television sets and automobiles, which means a rise in unemployment, because fewer workers are needed to supply the demands of consumption. As a result, he argues, the only real beneficiaries are big bankers who make millions in interest charges—and who, Patman claims, exercise an undue influence over the Fed's policy-making Open Market Committee.

Behind Patman's shy, courteous exterior is the tough zeal of a reformer.

Patman wants a top-to-bottom reorganization of the Fed to make it more subservient to the President and Congress. To do this, he has introduced bills that would make the Treasury Secretary the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, abolish the Open Market Committee and turn its functions over to the Board, shorten the terms of the Fed's board members from 14 to four years, and require the agency to obtain its operating funds from Congress rather than through interest received on its portfolio of Government bonds.

Central banks have long been knee-deep in controversy. The first Bank of the United States, championed by Alexander Hamilton, lost its charter in 1811 after critics charged it was threatening states' rights. The second Bank of the United States was abolished in 1836 by President Andrew Jackson, who felt that it benefited the wealthy at the expense of the "plain people." It was not until 1913, after a series of financial panics, that Congress revised central banking by establishing the Federal Reserve. And not since Jackson have central bankers faced such a nettlesome foe as Patman—who once sent Fed officials a list of 245 questions which took nine months and $100,000 worth of research to answer.

Hoping to build public support for his case, Patman is using his "lavish spending" charges to win headlines. Among the atrocities his staff investigators have turned up and Patman has publicized, in addition to the smorgasbord: $470 spent by the New York Federal Reserve Bank to entertain a dozen foreign bank representatives at dinner and a performance of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying;* $1,563 dispensed by the Chicago bank to stock an employees' library with volumes that included *Shattered Sexes*, and *The JFK Coloring Book*. Patman counts on such disclosures to help his proposal for an independent audit of the Fed by the General Accounting Office, Congress's fiscal watchdog over federal agencies. The Fed, which values its independence of Congress, is bitterly resisting the idea, and many independent authorities agree that the Fed's freedom from political control is essential.

Meanwhile, Patman is battling the big money interests on other fronts. He is pushing new laws to make it harder for big private bankers to absorb smaller banks, to require banks to pay the Treasury interest on federal funds held in commercial accounts, and to abolish the tax-exempt status of certain charitable foundations which Patman claims are serving as mere havens for wealth.

Patman has never shied from controversy since arriving on the national scene in 1929. As a brash young Congressman he stirred headlines by urging impeachment of Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon for maintaining outside business interests. In 1932 he was one of the eight lawmakers who voted for a resolution to impeach Herbert Hoover of "high crimes." Besides his banking tiffs, there have been ferocious quarrels with lobbyists, super-patriots, antivivisectionists, veterans' groups, unions and newspapers.

For all his combative tendencies, Patman presents a portrait in paradox. A 70-year-old six-footer he is a somewhat shy man with owlish brown eyes that more often exude friendliness than anger. While his speeches crackle with fire and brimstone, Patman converses in a gentle, whiny voice that rarely rises and is never embroidered by profanity (because of a boyhood vow to his mother).

Patman's generalship of committee hearings is a model of decorum. His frontal fences with William McChesney Martin Jr., the Federal Reserve chairman, are in the style of good-humored jousts between college debating pals. He even grants opponents the rare courtesy of answering tough questions in writing to avoid off-the-cuff muffs. To one admirer, Wisconsin's Rep. Henry Reuss, Patman is "a man with the reform zeal of a Savonarola and the big heart of Santa Claus."

In many ways Patman mirrors his constituency—a Bible Belt, small-farm, small-town, rolling-sod region wedged snugly into Texas's northeast corner between Arkansas and Oklahoma. Patman's father tilled this soil as a tenant cotton farmer, and Patman himself tended cotton to earn his way through Tennessee's Cumberland University. His words still tumble out in a torrent of frontier imagery—an opponent had fingers "like ten-cent bananas," a well-known public figure was "about as popular as a bastard son at a family reunion." The Patman newsletter is a *Poor Richard's Almanack* of aphorisms ("There is no record of a man being shot by his wife while washing dishes") and cracker-barrel chitchat.

Patman puts great stock in the homely virtues of thrift and industry ("No Patman was ever sued for debt," he boasts), and takes no interest in the sophisticated, big-city life of Washington. He and his wife Merle never go to the movies or to cocktail parties and skip all official functions unless the congressman is speaking. He reads nothing but newspapers and material pertaining to his work ("The last

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tion I ever read was Horatio Alger"). e regularly comes to the office on Sundays to clean up odds and ends.

Because his political lineage traces back to the southern and western agrarian uprising of the 1890's, Patman may truly be the last of the great Populists. There is the same dark suspicion of a conspiratorial business domination of the government. Like William Jennings Bryan and other reformers of the Populist era, he believes that the Government should keep credit cheap, provide liberal aid for the farmer, and, above all, suppress the dreaded Wall Street banking kings.

In view of these origins, it is easy to accept this analysis of Patman by one longtime acquaintance: "Wright thinks just like a man born on the wrong side of the tracks. He's not opposed to wealth—just big wealth. He's not opposed to bankers—just big bankers. He's not opposed to business—just big business."

His speeches abound with denunciations of "organized greed" and "robber barons." He has introduced hundreds of bills to tighten antitrust laws, crack down on big banks and restrict big corporations. The congressional Small Business committees were fathered by Patman, and his most enduring monument, the Robinson-Patman Act of 1936, is the Main Street merchant's Magna Carta, because it prohibits manufacturers from giving special rates to national chains.

But Patman has never been able to peddle his monetary prescriptions. A Patman speech against the Federal Reserve additionally empties the chamber in five minutes. There is a widespread conviction in Congress that Patman's proposals would destroy confidence in the dollar and set off skyrocketing inflation far more harmful than high interest rates.

"How wrong can you be?" asks Rep. Thomas B. Curtis, Missouri Republican and a major G.O.P. spokesman on economic matters. "Any decent economist knows that perpetual low interest rates generate inflation, and high interest rates are a sign your economy is healthy."

In the world of high finance, Patman is scorned as an advocate of heretical nonsense and a victim of bad advice. His ideas about banking, most experts feel, ignore the fact that large banks are necessary in a dynamic society. "What's Wrong With Wright" articles regularly bob up in banking publications, and one journal recently advised bankers to start making friends among newspaper editors the better to counteract "sensational news" coming out of the House Banking Committee.

It may be that not much more will come out; despite his new and greater powers, Patman faces an uphill fight for new legislation. But he is pushing ahead. He has some support for his plan to make the Fed subject to Congressional audit. And he thinks the hearings will provide a sounding board for fears that high interest will offset the stimulus of the forthcoming tax-cut bill—and hopes this will dissuade the Fed from tightening up the money supply in the months ahead.

Nor does the Last of the Populists ever doubt that logic and the angels are arrayed on his side. As Patman once put it in a campaign speech, "I am ready to meet my enemies upon any battlefield. But I warn them now that they cannot break my spirit." THE END

In the enemy camp, Patman and committee members heft gold bricks on an inspection tour of the New York Federal Reserve Bank.

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By CHARLES N. BARNARD

DRIVE WITH DEVILS BEHIND YOU

On a wild ride from Minsk, the Russians this year made their first bid to win the Monte Carlo Rally—and to beat Detroit.

They had come 2,750 nonstop miles from Minsk, driving day and night in five rugged-looking sedans, and now they were in Monte Carlo, tired, red of eye, needing baths and shaves. But they had arrived and that was what was important—that was what a lot of people had said they could never do.

When they had parked the cars in a line, head to tail, with two Volgas first and three small Moskvitches astern, the men got out like tired hack drivers and gathered to light up their cigarettes and take snapshots of one another by the cars.

Monte Carlo doesn't see Russians in their working clothes very often, yet here were 10 of them, in leather jackets and blue knit sports uniforms, standing in the warm Mediterranean sunshine, looking like a group of comrades who somehow had made the wrong ideological turn and found themselves down one of capitalism's plushest rabbit holes.

But it was no accident that cars with Soviet Union plates were parked in the shadow of Aristotle Onassis' yacht. They represented Russia's first tentative step into the highly competitive hurly-burly of international motor sports. Where the Reds will go after this first try at the Monte Carlo Rally isn't known. They say the U.S.S.R. won't be challenging Parnelli Jones at Indianapolis for a while—nor world champion Jimmy Clark on Europe's Grand Prix circuits—but for the first time, automobiles built in Detroit and in Gorki have met in competition.

Final score in this first round at Monte: out of 11 U.S. entries, 10 finishers, including a second place; two class victories based on engine size and other assorted silverware. For the Russians, five entries, no prizes—but the story of a wild, 2,750-mile ride from Minsk and, they insist, some lessons learned for the future.

The Monte, one of the world's toughest tests of men and machines, is like a giant Parker Brothers game played on the map of Europe, with thousands of participants moving some 300 full-size automobiles and 600 drivers along routes marked with cunning man-made time traps and forever threatened by the lethal forces of nature. Although called a rally, the Monte is more race than game and more dangerous than the cover of the box would suggest.

The object of this game-on-wheels appears simple. Come January and whatever the weather may be, you take your car to any one of nine official starting points—such as Athens, Lisbon, Minsk, Paris, Oslo, Glasgow—the choice is yours; the predesignated route from any starting point to Monte Carlo is arranged so as to add up to about equal mileage. Only the hazards of road and weather may differ. Once under way you must maintain an average speed of about 38 mph, until you reach the French champagne city of Reims. From Reims to Monte Carlo, the rules tighten and the required average goes up to 41 mph. This will require a good many miles of 80-to-90-mph driving in order to make up for time lost in villages or snowbanks.

You and your codriver will sleep, if at all, only in shifts; the car must never stop. Your diet will likely consist of some concoction of candy bars, Coke, dextrose pills, Metrecal, fruit juice, malted-milk tablets—or any other food fad that rally buffs currently believe will support mind and body through a four-day, three-night ordeal by automobile. You will be watched and checked by Rally officials along the route, and if you are caught late at any checkpoint, it will cost you 30 penalty points per minute. (If you are ever more than an hour late, you are out of the game and may try again next year.)

You will, if you are serious about the business, need at least two sets of tires—one for normal, high-speed, dry-road driving and a special set fitted with tungsten-carbide steel studs which claw precious traction on ice and snow but feel like a scattering of marbles underfoot when used at high speeds on dry pavement. For nearly 100 hours you will drive with devils behind you and the unknown around the next curve, along roads which were laid down by Roman engineers and which remain open to normal, two-way traffic, including farmers, Fiats and fishwives bicycling home with three-foot loaves of bread across the handlebars.

The American and Russian efforts this year were opposite extremes. The American forces, notably the highly organized Ford team, represented a saturation effort to win. By contrast, the U.S.S.R. contingent made almost comic errors of commission and omission.

The Russians had started at Minsk. The five rally cars were accompanied by two auxiliaries—a Volga driven by Alexandre Ipatenko, director of the Central Auto Club of the U.S.S.R., and a Moskvitch station wagon driven by engineer/journalist Yuri Brinski. They had passports to get out of Russia, they had some elementary computers and stopwatches for route calculations, they had some foreign money to buy gas.

The only thing they didn't have was a map to Monte Carlo.

"We were naïve about the maps," Brinski said. "We asked the organizers for five sets of maps, but they sent only one. When we started out, we had maps only to Holland.

"When we reached Liége in Belgium, it was the first time we could find any maps of France. We bought five Michelin maps

Riding copilot in Valiant V-8 with U.S. rally champion Scott Harvey, author, right, gets a demonstration of high-speed driving along mountain roads of southern France.

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at a fuel stop and quickly studied the remainder of the route to Monte Carlo.

"When we had reached Reims, it was without penalty because our automobiles performed perfectly."

But Reims was not the end of the race. This year, in fact, it was but the beginning. Because most roads were clear and fast, almost all serious competitors reached the famous cathedral city with "clean sheets"—i.e., no penalties.

At Reims, all routes converge. From Reims to Monte, over 800 miles, all contestants are on the same road together, although many hours separate the early cars from the late ones. Now the required speed is higher—and the route deteriorates into a hellish sequence of mountain passes, fog-shrouded valleys, snow-choked mountain switchbacks—called *lacets;* they resemble the lacings of a boot—and black, invisible road ice, slick enough to play hockey on. The price of lateness now goes up to 60 points a minute at checkpoints, and five special speed tests—races within the rally—are added in the most difficult terrain. To arrive at Monte Carlo without penalty is theoretically possible, but realistically inconceivable. Yet, it is minimum penalty points, not maximum speed, that win the Monte. Such was the test that now faced Russians and Americans and nearly 300 other contestants. Ultimately 163 of them made it, with various amounts of smashed glass, crumpled fenders and penalty points. Only a final, six-mile speed race through the streets of Monte Carlo would remain to decide the winners.

While Ipatenko and Company were groping forward on roads they had never seen before, a mighty American effort was just beginning to exert its power. Eight Ford Falcons and three Chrysler Valiants, by far the biggest and most powerful cars ever to compete for the great publicity plum which is the Monte's most important prize, now sought to show the world what Yankee dollars and Detroit could do when capitalism set its mind to winning a classic European event. (As corporate policy, the third member of Detroit's Big Three, General Motors, does not enter any competitive events.)

Ford, with an impressive year of competition success behind it, approached the Monte like a military campaign. Its advance guard had been in Europe since September. Every inch of the route had been mapped and practiced.

At its headquarters suite in Monte Carlo's plush harbor-view Hermitage Hotel, Ford brass operated like generals with a war on their hands. On one wall a giant map of Europe was marked with the rally routes and pin-stuck to mark the progress of the Ford panzers. Four of their cars had started in Oslo; four more from Paris. A bulletin on another wall reminded all concerned that daily transatlantic calls to Detroit were scheduled for 10:30 A.M. and 4:30 P.M., U.S. time.

And the cost? Well, Mercedes-Benz once spent $350,000 to win the Monte. Around the posh lobbies of Monte Carlo's Victorian hotels, Rally buffs tried to calculate what Ford had spent. Some guessed a million dollars.

Chrysler's effort was modest compared to Ford. Its three Valiants were less highly modified than the great bellowing Falcons, its crews were less practiced, its dollar outlay smaller.

Whatever the cost, the Americans moved down the road from Reims like armored cavalry. The thunder of their engines at 7,000 rpm shattered the peace of many a small town, and the hot white light of eight "flame thrower" headlamps per car illuminated whole valleys. Where speed counted, the big engines had it. Where skill was the answer, drivers like Chrysler's Esko Keinanen, a Finnish champion, and Ford's legendary Swede, Bo Ljungfeldt, charged their big sedans at impossibly narrow roads with the courage of gladiators. Had there been more snow and ice—the traditional conditions under which the Monte is run—American power might have prevailed. But this year there was a maddening combination of clear roads made merely treacherous with patches of unexpected ice in the shadows of the mountains. No combination of power or studded tires was just right; smaller European cars, already favored by a handicap advantage—because some of their engines are only 20 to 25 percent the size of the American V-8's—swept into Rainier'sville 1, 2, 3, 4. Ljungfeldt's Falcon, its hobnailed shoes growling ominously on the pavement, arrived fifth.

Meanwhile, the Russians were having problems of their own. Somewhere in the dark of night, between Reims and the finish line, the leading Volga groped to a halt at a route intersection, then took a wrong turn. Paris newspapers quoted the Russians as saying they had been misdirected by a French policeman.

"No, no," said Brinski. "We could not read the route signs because our drivers do not understand the Western alphabet. It was a French policeman who told us we were off the route—but by the time we corrected our mistake, we were more than an hour late at the next checkpoint.

"Our drivers are disappointed that we have lost the Monte Carlo for a nonsporting reason. Because our cars have performed perfectly. We arrived at Reims without penalty."

Two days later the Rally's final test was a flat-out speed race through the serpentine streets and along the harbor front of Monte Carlo. When the smell of burned rubber had drifted away, the overall winner was no representative of a great world power, but a smiling Irishman, Paddy Hopkirk, who had driven swiftly and carefully from Minsk. His car was a small, British-made Mini-Cooper and the prize he took home to Belfast was the most cherished cup of all.

But to win, Hopkirk had to withstand a determined challenge from the powerful Fords. In a memorable display of car performance and driving skill, Ljungfeldt, in a Falcon, gained 40 seconds on the field in only six miles of driving, improved his position from fifth to second, and came within only 30 seconds of outright victory.

In these closing days, with 163 finishers' cars impounded in a guarded parking lot, Monte Carlo began comparing notes on the results—and to gossip. Talk centered on the Americans and the Russians, who seemed to have disappeared.

The Russians had chosen Hotel de la Poste, a modest establishment by Monte Carlo standards, tucked away at the foot of a dead-end street. One of the first to go find them there was a man from Ford.

"Come on, have cocktails with us tomorrow night . . . meet our drivers . . . they want to meet you. Just a small get-together . . . just Ford and Russia."

And so, at last, they all met in a rather formal, high-ceiling salon—men who had fought hard for an inch of road 24 hours before and who now compared notes and talked shop. They exchanged lapel pins and they autographed photos. Color pictures of "our cosmonauts" Gagarin and Nikolayev passed from hand to hand.

Ipatenko remembered that Henry Ford had helped the Russians set up some assembly-line techniques in the '30's. Brinski insisted that Volga and Moskvitch would never go to an annual model change. Skouratov announced that Soviet cars were selling well in Belgium—and would soon be available in Britain.

And while the barmen passed the vodka and bourbon and the interpreters did their best to explain that a Ford Falcon is really only a small car in the United States, it was possible now and then to hear an old Russian story being told again: "Our cars performed perfectly. We arrived at Reims without penalty." THE END

Acting like any tourists, Russian rally drivers took snapshots of each other against backdrop of rich, decadent Monaco.

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New kind of Health Insurance Plan

PAYS YOU FOR STAYING WELL

Cash to help with hospital and medical bills when you're sick or hurt.

Generous cash benefits when you're sick or hurt . . . yet money back if you stay healthy

Steadily rising medical costs have put millions of Americans in a dangerous spot. Their present health insurance is no longer enough. (Recent figures released by the American Hospital Association show that the average cost of one day's stay in a hospital has more than doubled in the last 10 years—from $18.35 to $36.83.)

Today, when sickness or accident strikes, most folks will find that instead of their health insurance paying the big share of the bills, they have to come up with the lion's share out of their own pocket. Until now there have been only two ways to solve this serious problem: You could gamble on never being sick, or take out more health insurance that you might never use.

Now, all this is changed. The insurance company that already protects millions of individuals and families from coast to coast has come up with a new answer. A new kind of policy that pays off sick or well . . . that says *you must collect*.

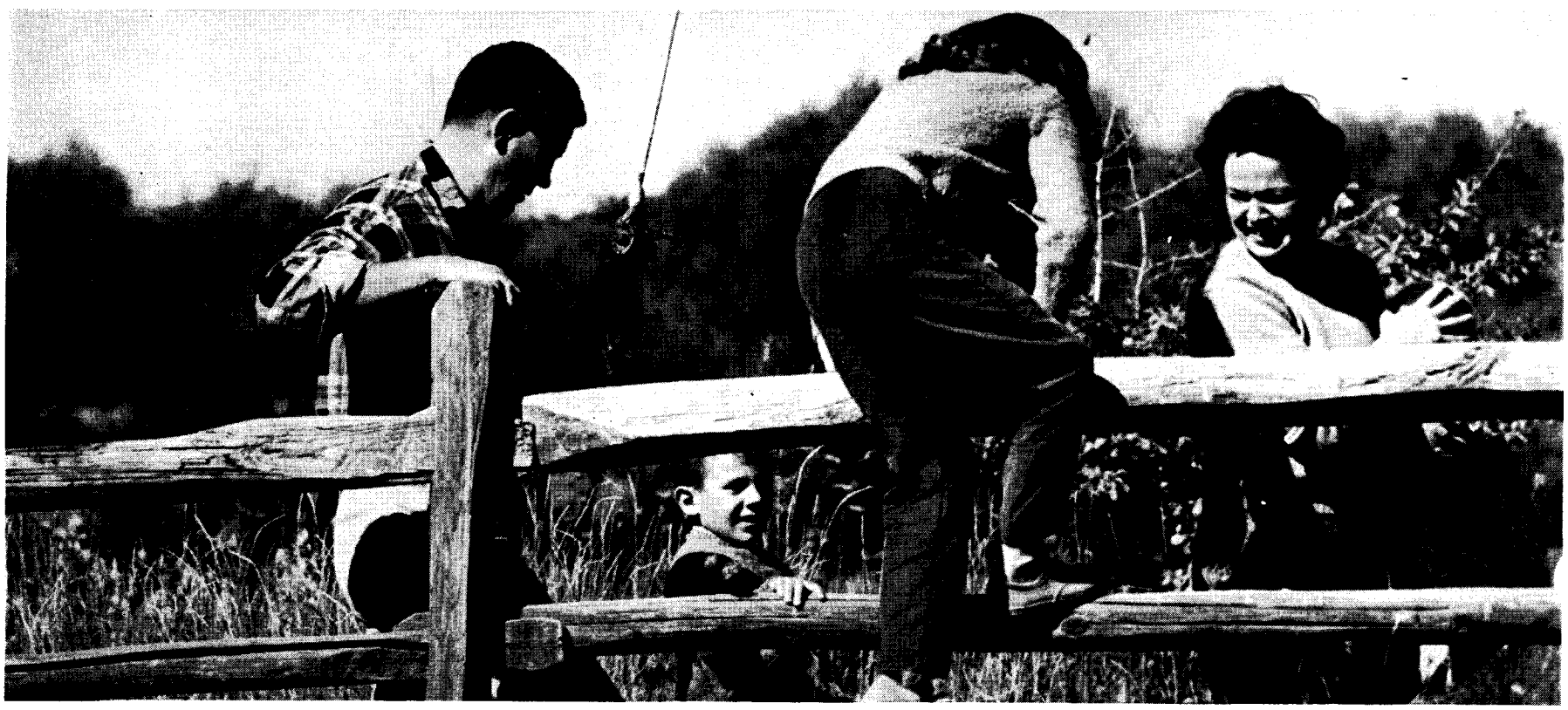
Like ordinary health insurance, this plan pays generous cash benefits for covered sickness or accidents off the job. These benefits are paid directly to you in cash . . . over and above what you get from any other insurance. But, unlike ordinary policies, with this plan you don't have to be sick or hurt to get paid! If you stay well . . . if you don't need the protection, you get money back. Instead of simply paying premiums which return nothing if you have no claims, you get a cash refund at maturity. In effect, you have built an extra savings account.

Even if you use up part of the benefits provided for hospital room, doctor bills and surgeon's fees, you still get a refund when your policy matures. All the unused benefits come back to you in a lump sum cash payment. In other words, the policy *must* pay off. You *must* collect.

This revolutionary policy, NC-701, is offered by Certified Life Insurance Company as part of the famous White Cross Plan of low-cost, high-quality protection. Thousands of Californians and their families now look to the White Cross emblem fc security and peace of mind.

The complete story of this remarkable "money back" plan is told in the Blue Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to *Post* readers absolutely free by Certified Life of California.

††To get your copy of the Blue Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free airmail reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation for this service.



Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well you must collect.

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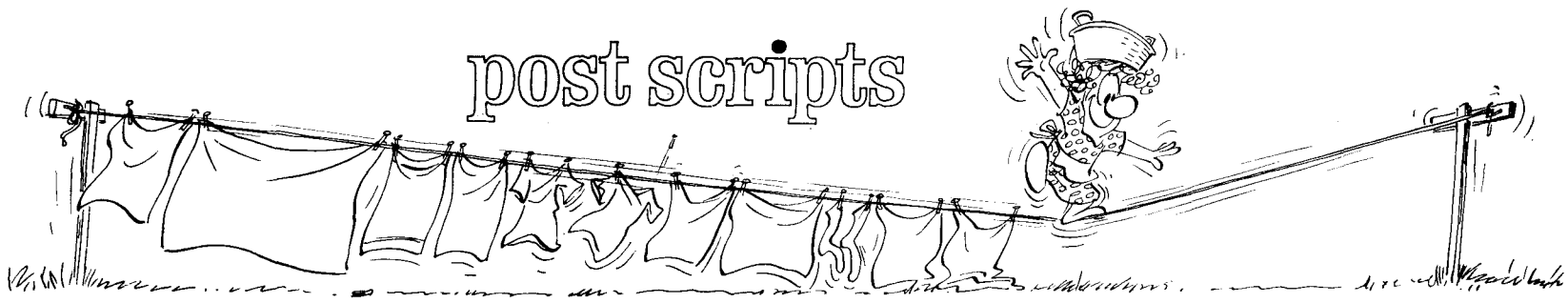
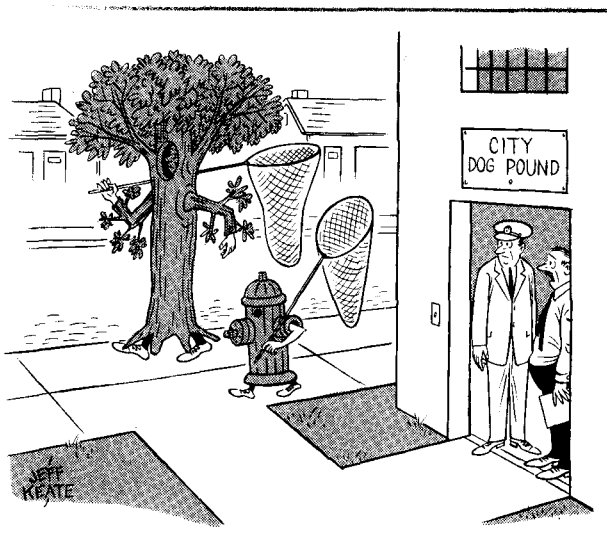
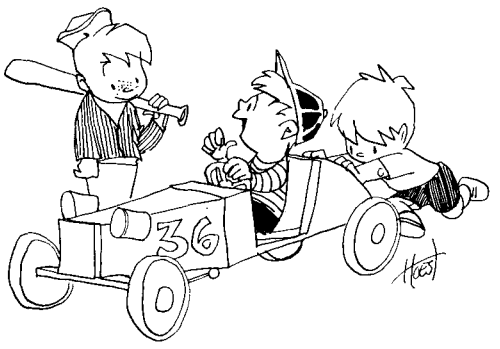
post scripts

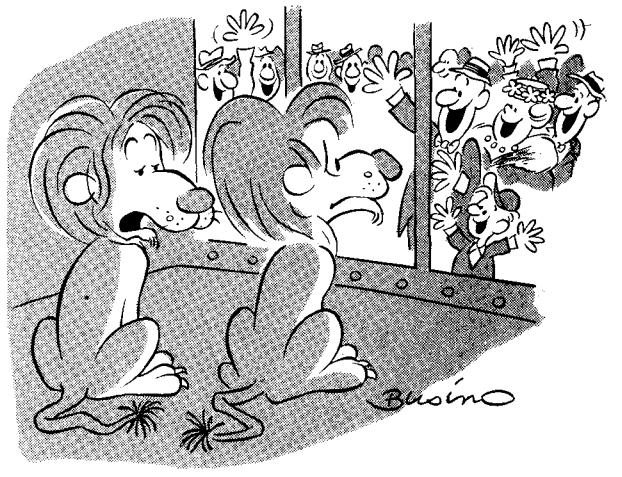




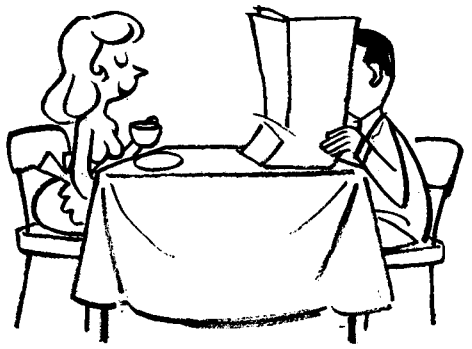
"Never saw two more dedicated workers than Martin and Yates."

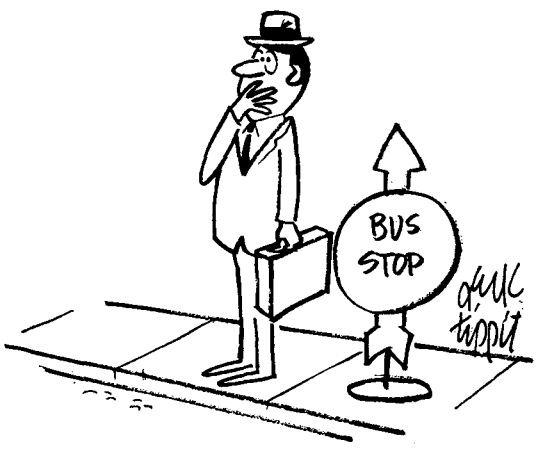


"He's only six. I get better pickup with an eight."



"After twenty years I've completely lost my appetite for them."





"He's got a very original style—electric toothbrush."

". . . and then my brother and I decided to manufacture beer-can openers."

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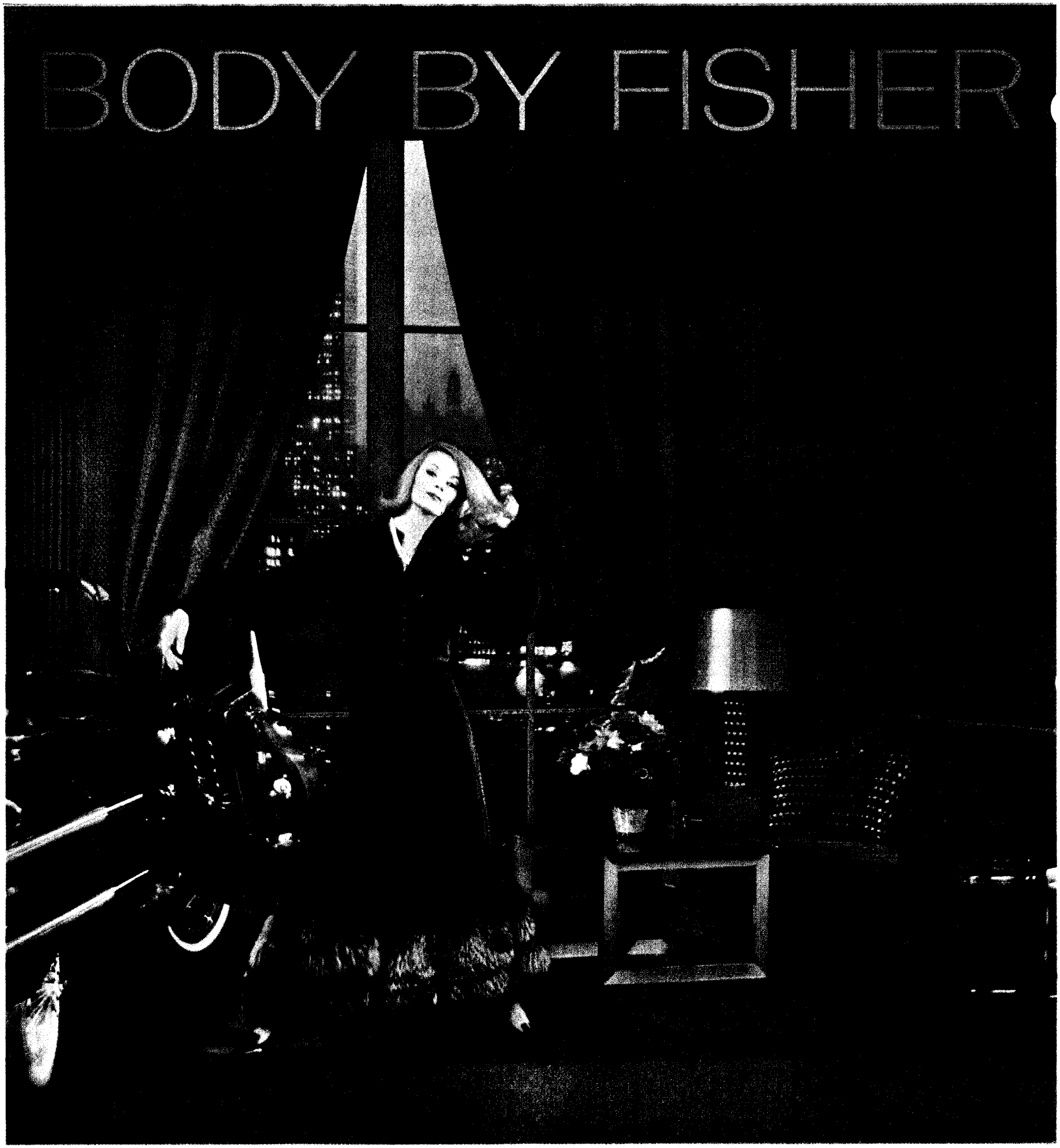

This "living room" just stepped out of a Fisher Body

From floor to ceiling, this elegant setting is made entirely from the fabrics inside a Fisher Body. This is color! This is style! This is comfort! You get this extra dimension of beauty only in a car with Body by Fisher—the most carefully crafted, solidly built, longest lasting car body ever. So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a *better* buy: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.

Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

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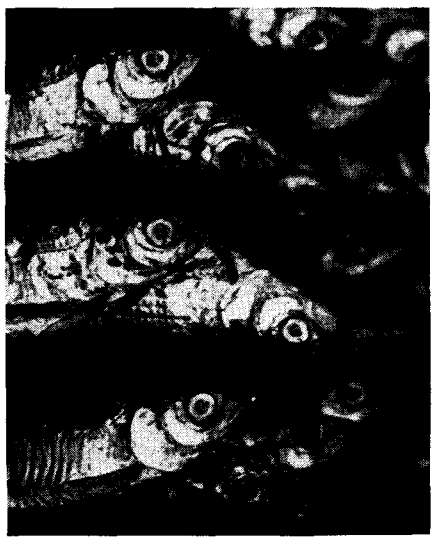
By Theodore Berland

BOTULISM: THE KILLER WHO CAME TO DINNER



Whitefish chubs ready for smoking.

One of the deadliest poisons could invade your kitchen. A solution to the mystery is high on the Food and Drug Administration's most-wanted list.

For David S. Cohen, a 32-year-old furniture-company executive in Knoxville, Tenn., last October 5 began, like many another Saturday, with a quiet family breakfast. There was for Mr. Cohen no warning that it would be his last—that he would be the victim of an accident of chemistry that would spread fear through the entire nation.

Like millions of other Americans, the Cohens liked smoked herring, or chubs as they are sometimes called. They had them often for breakfast. On this day Cohen's daughter, Amy Beth, 10, joined her father in eating the juicy, golden fish. Her sister, Lisa Merle, seven, put a serving on her plate, but—she would recall later—didn't eat any. Mrs. Cohen took none.

That afternoon, at a football game, David Cohen thought at times he was seeing double. When he got home, he felt ill, but simply blamed it on eyestrain. Then Amy complained that she was sick too. At 4:30 the following morning both were awakened by severe nausea. When it continued, David Cohen was taken to Fort Sanders Presbyterian Hospital. Amy followed in a few hours.

The condition of father and daughter grew rapidly worse. Paralysis crept over their limbs. Their vision dimmed. Their tongues refused to move. Swallowing became difficult. Soon all muscle coordination was lost, and they could neither sit nor stand. By eight o'clock Monday morning both were dead.

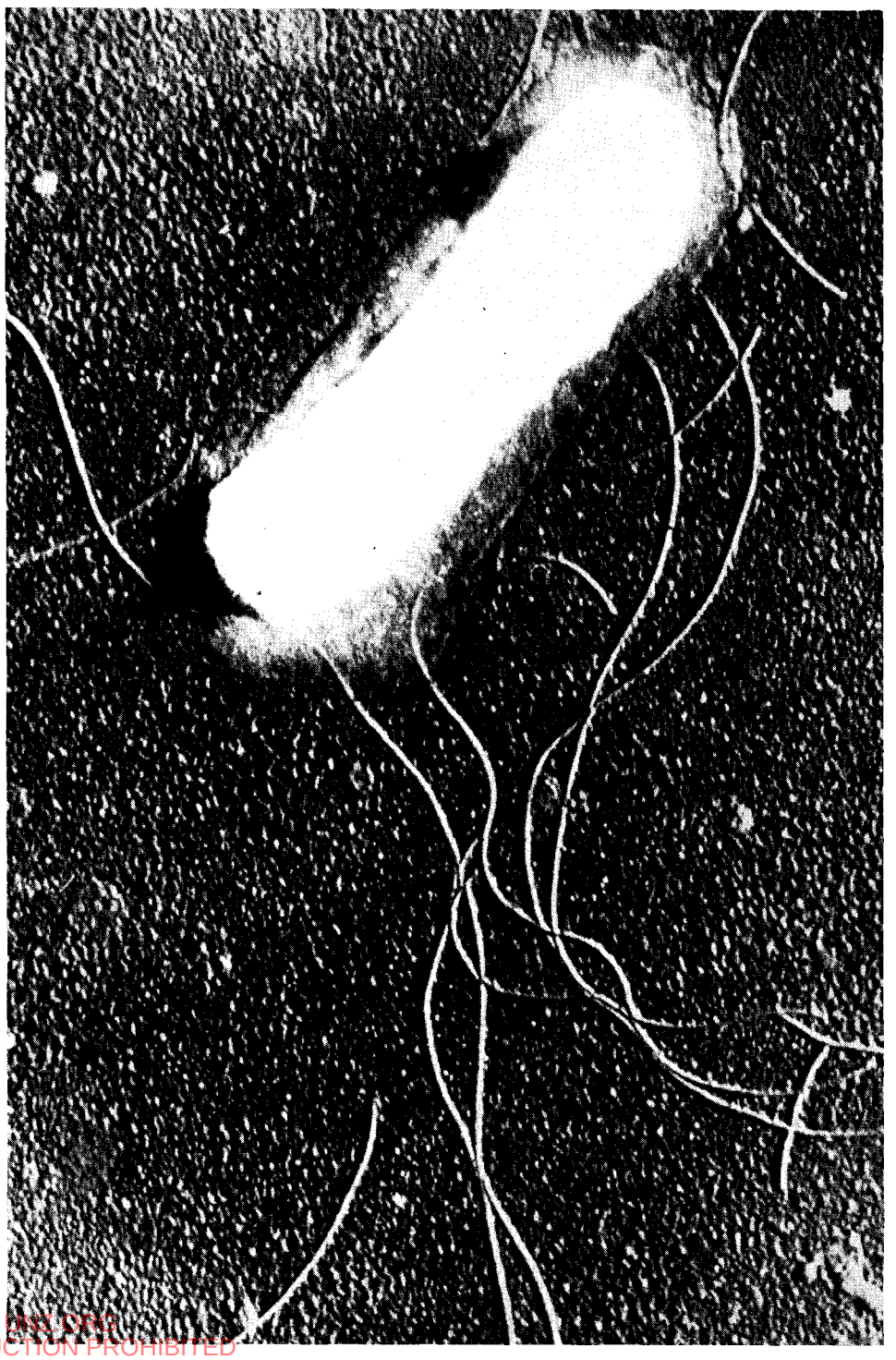
What killed the Cohens? What mysterious poison had defeated the best efforts of a whole team of doctors to save their lives? The answer was a chilling, seldom-heard word: botulism—the deadliest form of food poisoning known, a toxin so lethal that a millionth of a gram will kill a man, and a glassful, evenly distributed, could destroy the entire human race. Botulism is an infrequent killer but so powerful that any outbreak causes great public concern. The Cohen deaths prompted an investigation that uncovered five more fatalities from smoked fish. This led to a Government crackdown and a public reaction that temporarily stunned the smoked-fish industry.

Today, months later, fish packers are still struggling to recover from the blow. Even those whose products are not suspect have suffered. Some charge the Government with acting irresponsibly in the crisis.

On October 25, 1963, the Food and Drug Administration "recommended" that all smoked fish then on the market which had been caught or processed in the Great Lakes area be destroyed. Then on October 30 the FDA stated, in a joint release with the National Fisheries Institute, that henceforth Great Lakes smoked fish should be frozen and kept frozen in shipment. Meanwhile, research into the mysteries of the superpoison would go on.

This much is known: Botulism germs or spores are themselves harmless. We probably swallow many of them in raw fruits and vegetables. But in a warm, airless environment they go to work to produce their deadly toxin. For example, botulism from home-canned foods was especially common during World War I, when housewives followed the cold-pack method then advocated by the Government. Jars were filled with raw or blanched food, placed in a boiler for cooking, and then sealed. But this method often failed to get the food contents of the jar hot enough to kill the tough spores of *Clostridium botulinum*. In the spore state, with their hard protective coating, the commoner varieties of botulism germs can survive boiling for hours.

As the American housewife turned to commercially canned food, botulism became almost nonexistent. Then, mysteriously, it began increasing. Forty-six botulism cases were reported in 1963, of which 14 were fatal. This was the highest number of cases since 1939, when there were 47. Of most concern to the FDA was the fact that over half of last



Botulism bacillus Type E (magnified 800 times) may breed in contaminated waters.

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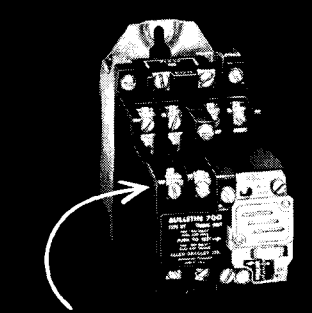

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■ This new A-B Type N 300-volt relay is compact . . . rugged . . . and loaded with new features. The basic 4-pole relay is only 3½″ high, 2⅛″ wide and 3¼″ deep. This compact size is achieved with no sacrifice in simple, trouble free construction—and it's built to assure many millions of reliable operations.

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And let's not forget flexibility. When you need extra contacts, there's a 2 or 4-pole front deck assembly that mounts right on the front of the basic 4-pole relay, making a 6 or 8-pole relay in moments. The Type N relay has a 2-pole timer that also mounts on the front of the basic 4-pole relay. It's adjustable from 0.2 second to 1 minute, and can be quickly converted to either "on-delay" or "off-delay" operation.

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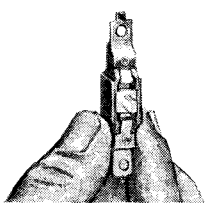

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BOTULISM

year's cases were attributed to commercially packed food.

The numbers—24 cases and nine deaths—were small but disturbing. The American food industry has for many years had a good record for keeping botulism out of its products.

Since 1899, 51 outbreaks of botulism related to commercial products have been reported in the United States. They involved 219 victims, of whom 109 died. Among the contaminated foods were ripe olives, sardines, spinach, ham, potted meat and beets.

Nevertheless, until 1963 far more people had been made fatally ill by improper home cooking than by commercial foods.

The first botulism scare of 1963 arose from tuna-fish sandwiches eaten last March by three women in Detroit—a mother, daughter and a neighbor. The daughter was dead within 21 hours, the neighbor in five days. The mother, who had eaten less than the others, recovered in a few weeks. Meanwhile, as a result of public warnings, thousands of cans of tuna were removed from kitchen and grocery shelves all over the country. FDA investigators determined that the most likely cause was leaky seams in the cans. The botulism germs had apparently got in after cooking. Although the three women in Detroit were the only ones poisoned by tuna, sales fell off sharply and remained low for many months.

Then in October came the Cohen case and the five others related to smoked fish. Doctors attending the Cohens notified the U.S. Public Health Service, whose Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta sent Drs. Lawrence K. Altman and Danny B. Jones to Knoxville to investigate. They turned up more cases in Nashville, Tenr in Huntsville, Ala., and in Kentucky.

In all, the FDA inspectors traced 17 botulism cases, involving five deaths, to a single 175-pound lot of smoked chubs which had been processed and shipped by H. J. Dornbos and Bro. Co. of Grand Haven, Mich.

According to Doctor Altman's report the fish eaten by the Cohens had been caught in Lake Michigan on September 16, had been smoked and vacuum-packed in plastic film the same day, then shipped three days later by truck to a warehouse in Nashville, where it arrived on September 26. The fish were originally in dry ice, but arrived unrefrigerated.

Samples of the fish served in the Cohen home were analyzed and found to contain botulism toxin, as did other fish in the same shipment. There was another troublesome discovery. All of the cases attributed last year to fish—canned or smoked—were caused by a variety of botulism seldom encountered in this country.

This first became apparent when the Detroit women failed to respond to an antitoxin flown from the Lederle Laboratories at Pearl River, N.Y., the nation's only source. The doctors then suspected the women had been hit not by the usual Type A or B botulism, for which the Lederle antitoxin was intended, but by Type E. In North America, the antitoxin for Type E is made only by the Connaught Medical Laboratories in

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Here's where we went wrong."

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Toronto. A shipment was immediately ordered from Connaught, but it arrived too late. The same thing happened when the Cohens were stricken.

Type E botulism has been associated with fish ever since it was first identified in smoked Labrador salmon that killed a girl in Cooperstown, N.Y., in 1932. But most of the verified Type E cases in the world have occurred in Japan, where raw or fermented fish is popular, or in Canada. Canadian Indians and Alaskan Eskimos often contract Type E from "ripe" seal meat or whale flippers or from a concoction of putrefied salmon eggs called "stink eggs." In the United States, the threat of Type E had been practically forgotten.

Then in 1960 a Minneapolis couple died of Type E botulism after eating smoked ciscoes (herrings similar to chubs) from Lake Superior. The fish had been packaged in a plastic film from which all air had been pumped before sealing. This vacuum-packing was supposed to prolong shelf life under refrigeration. But when the two deaths occurred, smoked fish packaged in this manner were immediately banned in Minneapolis.

Fish vacuum-packed in film continued on sale elsewhere, however, and Dr. Gail M. Dack, director of the Food Research Institute of the University of Chicago, and others of the FDA advisory committee on botulism now believe the packaging may have been partly responsible for the development of the lethal toxin. The sealed wrapping kept air and germs out, but any botulinum-E spores that were already in the fish could thrive.

The sealed wrapper also shut out one of the housewife's best clues to food spoilage—mold. Still another warning sign was missing from the fresh-looking but lethal fish. Type E toxin does not make the food smell bad.

But there is much more to the smoked-fish trouble than vacuum-packing, which seems only to have aggravated existing shortcomings of the smoking process, which some authorities have criticized as slipshod and old-fashioned.

Doctor Altman, the Public Health Service doctor who investigated many of the botulism deaths, remarked, "Fish are smoked by the brewmaster technique. There is no consistency in how long the fish are smoked. They are considered done when they look and feel right. Smokers can't even give you reliable temperature recordings. Smoking is not for preservation but for flavor. Essentially, smoked fish is raw fish."

Dr. Claude E. Dolman, professor of bacteriology at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, has found that Type E spores are resistant not only to smoking, drying, vinegar and spice pickling but also to cold water whether fresh or salt. "More disturbing," he adds, "is the fact that exposure to many so-called preservative processes will not significantly damage preformed toxin." The spores are also highly resistant to nuclear radiation and are, in fact, the main stumbling block to adoption of this method of food preservation.

The FDA committee headed by Doctor Dack has offered suggestions for safer processing. One is to cook the smoked fish by keeping it at a temperature of 180° F. for 30 minutes, and then keep it frozen until sold at retail. (Fortunately Type E spores and toxin are less heat-resistant than types A and B.) The alternative is to quick-freeze the fish immediately after smoking, and to keep it frozen during distribution.

These recommendations have been adopted in Chicago, a large smoked-fish market. But the fish men are not processing chubs for market these days, because they claim heating causes them to fall apart and freezing alters their flavor.

Says Harold Dornbos, the Michigan fish packer whose product was involved in the Cohen case, "Freezing has knocked us out. We're dead, D-E-A-D, buddy. We used to do two million pounds a year. Now there is nothing we can do but wait until the Government comes up with something else."

The Los Angeles Smoking and Curing Co., the nation's second-largest processor of smoked, salted and pickled fish, has stopped handling smoked chubs too. Aaron Gilman, president of Vita Foods Products, Inc., the largest processing company, calls the Government's actions "irresponsible and irrational." He adds, "It seems almost criminal to cast suspicion on the whole Great Lakes area because of a lousy 175 pounds of fish; it was an accident."

F. P. Longeway Jr., general manager of the National Fisheries Institute in Washington, D.C., stressed that "properly handled fish is as safe as any other food." The trade organization is tackling the industry's problem by supporting research into new packaging and processing and by trying to renew the public's interest in buying fish. There are also bills pending in Congress which will provide relief for the fish industry.

How the botulism germ got into the fish is still a mystery. The suspicion is growing that the spores are in the waters of the Great Lakes, but there is as yet no proof. Scientists in the Scandinavian countries and Russia have found Type E spores in the soil, the shore sand and the sludge of the sea bottom. Ocean currents can carry them for thousands of miles.

Although the fish processors have strong faith in the purity of our Great Lakes, the FDA's top microbiologist, Dr. Glenn G. Slocum, thinks the smoked-fish botulism "ultimately will be shown to be a problem of contamination of the lakes." Dr. Robert D. Courter, assistant chief of epidemiology at the Communicable Disease Center, suggests that dumping of industrial wastes into the lakes in recent years may have changed the bottom in a way that favored growth of botulinum E.

"Some of the lakes are already open sewers," remarked Dr. Robert A. Angelotti, of the Public Health Service laboratory in Cincinnati. "Perhaps the lack of rainfall last summer also had something to do with it."

In the opinion of most experts, botulinum E will eventually be controlled by chemical additives or by closer regulation of salt or moisture content or of cooking temperatures, or by all of these measures.

While new processes are being developed, however, the smoked-fish industry suffers seriously. Most smokers have small shops, and many have had to shut down. Berwyn Fisheries, a neighborhood smokehouse in Chicago, is typical. "It was like a nightmare," owner Joe Aloia said. "I woke up one morning and my business was gone. I've had to lay off all six people. I'm already $8,000 in debt. I can tell you, my family didn't start this year very happily."

Neither, of course, did the family of David and Amy Beth Cohen. THE END

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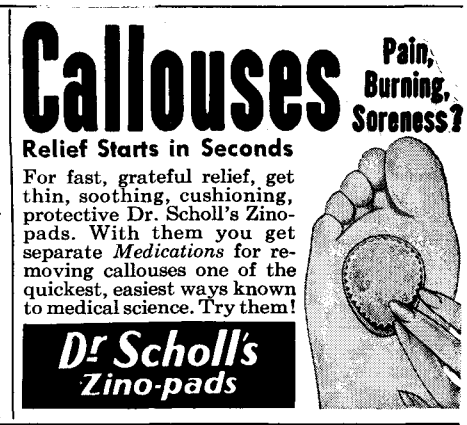
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In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

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I Found a New, Easy Way to Quit Smoking

Now I Feel Better Flying Jets!

—says Captain Roger Don Rae

Twenty-five years ago I was a stunt and racing pilot. These activities brought me quite a few awards including the Freddie Lund Trophy for precision acrobatic flying and numerous speed race trophies. Today I am a lot more conservative—I just fly jets for a well-known U. S. airline.

However, looking back over my flying career there is one thing I am sure of. Flying has constantly grown more rugged, calling for more and more alertness and stamina on the part of the pilot in command—a trend that has reached its culmination in this present age of jets. Keeping fit is an individual matter and everybody has to decide for himself. For my part, I decided a few years ago to give up smoking.

A lot of research has gone into showing what happens to pilots who smoke. A great deal of this has been done by the U. S. Navy and Air Force, and by the air forces of other nations. This research shows that smoking can have two effects on an individual: one from the nicotine he absorbs, and the other from the carbon monoxide that enters the system.

The toxic effect of carbon monoxide produces an oxygen deficiency in the blood, like being at a high altitude. According to a leading medical authority a pack-a-day smoker at sea level may suffer from the same amount of oxygen deficiency as he would if he were at an altitude of about 8,000 feet. A flier who is a pack-a-day smoker therefore in effect adds about 8,000 feet to his actual altitude.

Then there is the direct effect of the nicotine on the system. Nicotine raises the body oxygen requirement as much as 10 to 15%. Tests have been made by the United States Air Force, and by other researchers, that indicate the influence of this on heart action.

There is a mass of evidence to show that smoking makes it more difficult to see at night. The United States Air Force Medical Service Digest says: "The ability to see at low levels of illumination is markedly decreased by smoking." This is something to think about if you drive an automobile at night.

As a result of this I decided that I had better give up smoking. I decided; but if you have ever tried to quit smoking, you know what happened next. At that time I was smoking 3 packs a day. No matter what I did, I just couldn't quit for good. I'd stop for a day or two, then something would happen and I would backslide.

It was during one of these crises that a friend of mine told me about Bantron, a little white pill that had worked wonders for him when his doctor ordered him to quit smoking.

I decided to try these little pills. At first, I must confess, without much hope. All I had to do was to take them 3 times a day after meals.

The result was amazing. I stopped smoking for good in just one week, and it was so easy I hardly noticed I was doing it. No withdrawal pangs, no tension or nervousness, no backsliding. I haven't smoked since.

When I realized what had happened, my first thought was that here was something a lot of other people could use. I started to make some inquiries about Bantron and how it worked, so that I could recommend these pills more intelligently to fellow pilots and others who for some reason wanted to stop smoking. Here's what I found out.

The formula for these little pills was discovered by doctors in the Research Department of Loyola University in Chicago. The way it works is wonderfully simple. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco." This extract from the Lobelia plant is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action but is not habit forming. It acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and curbs the desire for tobacco. It does not affect the taste or make smoking unpleasant.

So startling were the first results obtained with these little pills that further investigation was carried on. They were tested on hundreds and hundreds of patients. It was found that they helped 83%—more than 4 out of 5—of all people who wanted to stop smoking, to do so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days. Just as important, it was found that those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

These first experiments were carried out with people who actually wanted to stop smoking. They proved definitely that anyone who wanted to stop or cut down smoking could do so easily and quickly with the help of the Bantron formula. But one other question remained to be answered. Suppose you *didn't* want to stop smoking and made no effort to do so? What would happen if you took the pills? Well, I read the answer in a report published in a leading medical journal. It was found that most people who took Bantron automatically smoked less whether they wanted to or not. They did not smoke fewer cigarettes, but they smoked less of each cigarette they lit.

Naturally the discovery of such an easy, effective antidote for smoking caused a tremendous stir in scientific circles. It was reported in medical journals and demand for it began coming from every corner of the globe. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market these amazing pills. Now you can buy Bantron at any drug store in the United States for only $1.25 a box. It is also available in Canada. Bantron has been proved so safe when taken as directed that it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription. Today, many doctors not only recommend it to their patients but take it themselves. I am confident that anyone who wants to stop or cut down can do so easily and quickly with the help of Bantron.

Bantron® Smoking Deterrent Tablets

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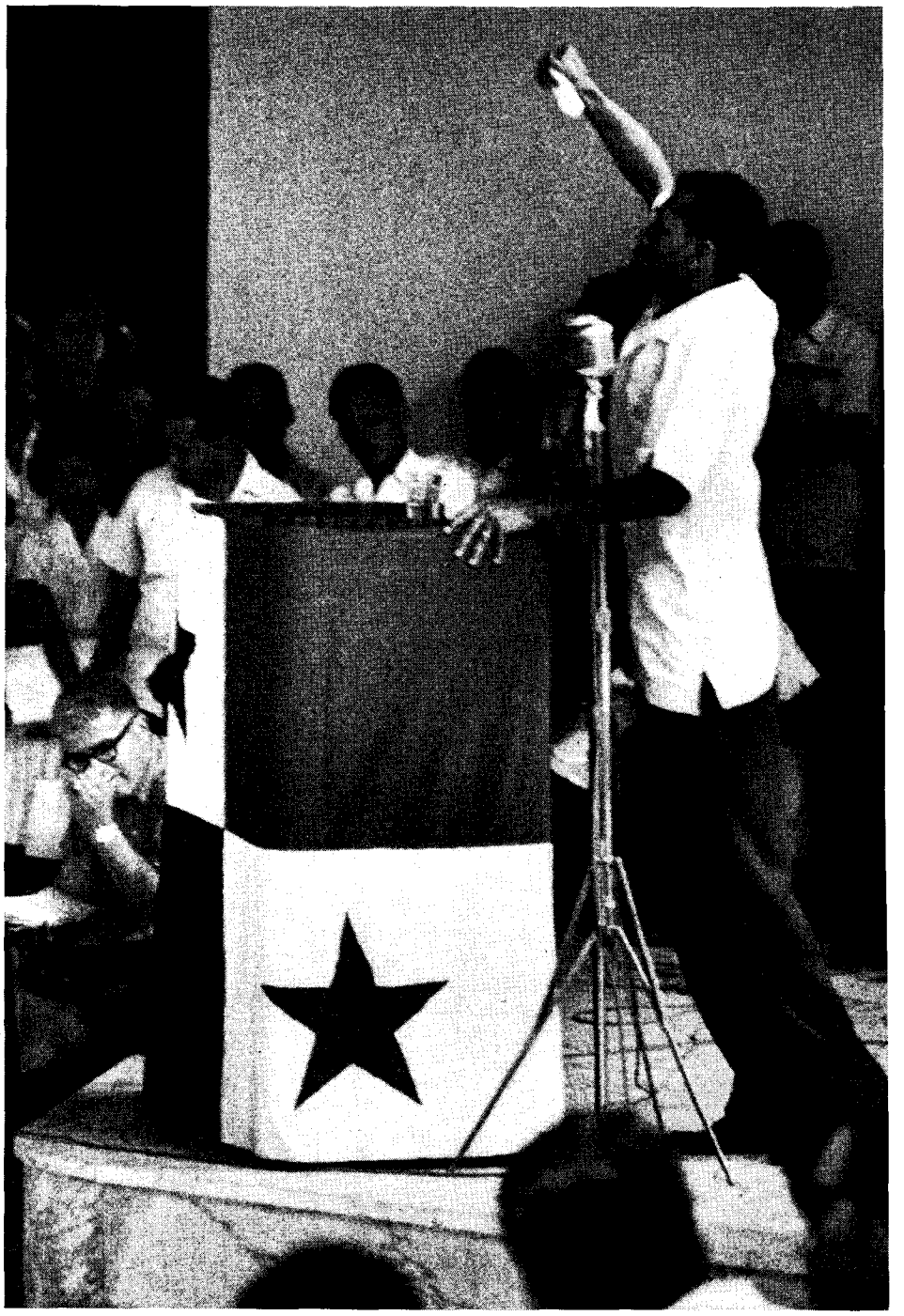
Ready for tear gas, Panamanian troopers stand guard against more violence.

PANAMA: WHY THEY HATE US

One torn flag cannot send rioters into the streets to kill. The nation exploded in bitter resentment that has festered for half a century.

By TREVOR ARMBRISTER



Blasting "Yankee imperialism," a Panamanian university student exhorts his audience to fill the streets in a march on the nearby presidential palace

Lt. Robert McGurk, of Manlius, N.Y., was having trouble finding the sniper. The shots were coming from somewhere across Fourth of July Avenue, perhaps from a window in the Legislative Palace or from the gutted Pan American Airways building. McGurk and his men in the Tivoli Hotel could not return the fire. Latticework on the balcony outside blocked their view. McGurk grabbed an ax, crawled out on the balcony and chopped at the obstruction. The sniper's bullet smashed into the right side of his chest. "I remember looking for my arm," he says, "trying to figure why it wouldn't move."

Outside the Tivoli, Pfc. William D. Campbell Jr., of Artesia, N. Mex., heard a shot. Because he thought his truck had been hit, he opened the door and got out. He remembers being hit. "It felt like someone slammed me up against the door." Several hundred yards away, SP/4 Robert Barnett, of Boonville, Ind., was guarding a warehouse. "They were throwing everything at us," he says. "Rocks, bottles, even Molotov cocktails." The bullet entered Barnett's neck below the Adam's apple. "It knocked me down," he says. "I tried to get up but I couldn't."

The riots in Panama left four U.S. soldiers and 21 Panamanians dead, another 500 people wounded, offices sacked, cars burned. Yet these were merely the immediate casualties. On a deeper level the shots in Panama awakened bitter memories of U.S. gunboat diplomacy. They made Latin Americans everywhere question recent U.S. commitments to social progress and reform, made them wonder specifically whether the Alliance for Progress represents a policy of friendship or merely colonialism in disguise.

Tough decisions now face both the United States and Panama. They involve national pride—which country should exercise how much control over the vital canal, and for how many years? They involve money—the amount the United States should pay each year to use the waterway. They involve employment opportunities—the number of jobs on the canal that Panamanians should hold. In a larger sense, they also involve the security of the whole hemisphere. A serious erosion of the U.S. presence in Panama would create a vacuum which Castro and his followers would attempt to fill.

Even in the best of times, prospects for a quick settlement of differences would be slim. These are not the best of times. Two significant obstacles stand in the way of mediation efforts. The first is technological—the present canal is rapidly becoming obsolete. By 1975 it will no longer be able to handle a steadily increasing flow of world shipping. A new site for a sea-level canal must be chosen soon; a new treaty signed; new construction begun. Until a decision is reached on the new canal, no meaningful agreements can be made on the old. The second obstacle is political—elections are scheduled in both countries this year. Neither the Johnson Administration nor the government of President Roberto Chiari can afford to make politically dangerous concessions. Almost against their will, both sides have been forced to take a tough stand. The diplomatic stalemate persists. The resentment which caused the riots remains. New violence could break out at any time.

President Chiari is caught in a dangerous cross fire. He is at once the leader, and the captive, of his people. The rabidly nationalistic student and labor groups supporting Chiari today will turn upon him the moment he wavers from his militant stand. Yet Panama's rich businessmen,

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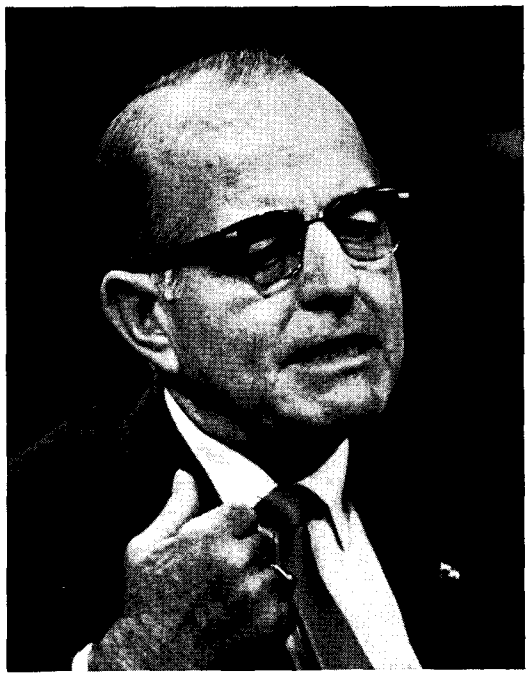
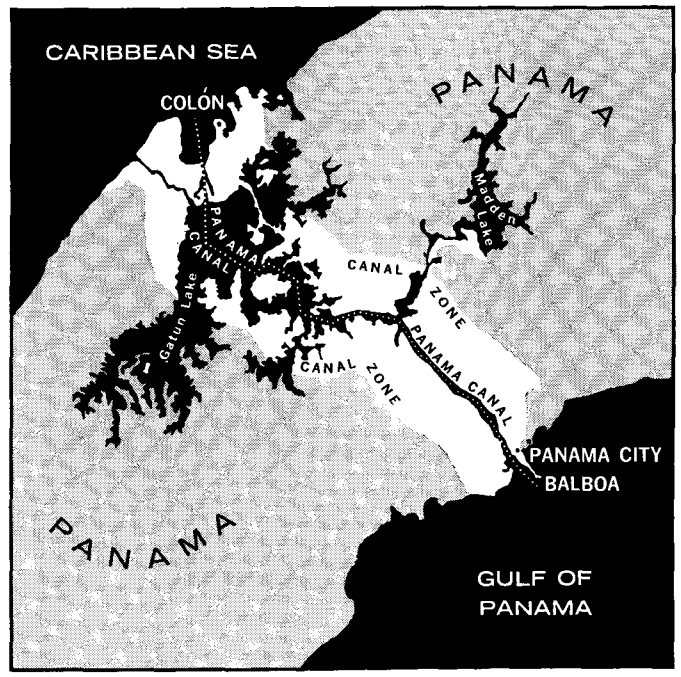
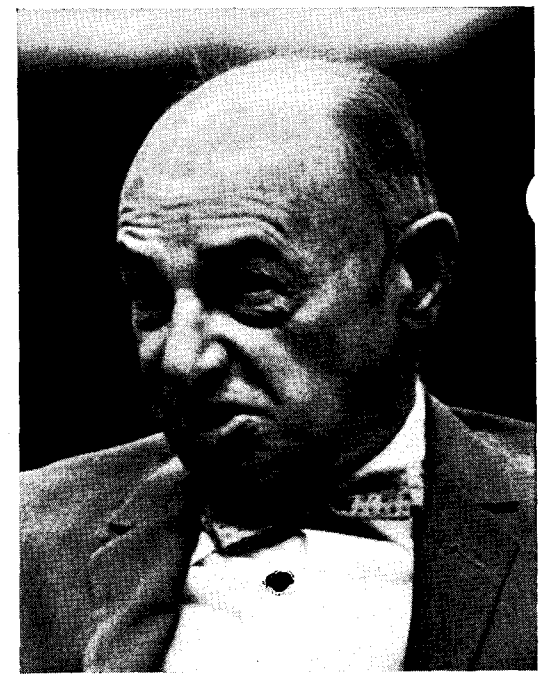


Panamanian President Roberto Chiari claims that only a new Canal Zone treaty can end the crisis.



By terms of 1903 treaty, the United States has control over zone on both sides of Panama Canal, effectively dividing the nation.



Canal Zone Gov. Robert Fleming warns that we must compromise or be ready to fight the Panamanians.

HEMMED IN BY LEFTISTS AND RIGHTISTS, CHIARI IS TRAPPED.

alarmed at the downhill slide of their nation's economy, will not let him keep that stand forever. "Chiari has committed a politician's most grievous sin," says a senior U.S. official. "He's left himself no room to maneuver."

Panamanian anger against the United States grows out of a situation which most Americans take for granted but which most Panamanians consider outdated, unjust and immoral. In Panama every schoolboy must take a course in the Canal Zone treaty's "inequities," and he soon learns of other rankling facts. He learns that American Marines landed in Mexico, Nicaragua, Haiti and the Dominican Republic—and that U.S. troops helped settle a 1925 rent strike in Panama City in favor of the landlords. The natural dislike of the "have-nots" for the "haves" is not unique to Panama. But it is aggravated here by the presence in the Canal Zone of more than 36,000 U.S. citizens whose tidy homes, shiny cars and frequently arrogant attitudes remind Panamanians of their own inferior lot.

As a nation, Panama was "invented" by the United States. The isthmus broke away from the rest of Colombia on November 3, 1903. The United States offered recognition 75 minutes after the news reached Washington, even sent the cruiser *Nashville* steaming toward Colón to stop Colombian troops from quelling the mutiny. President Theodore Roosevelt had been irked by Colombian refusal to let the United States build a canal. Now he could boast, "I took the Isthmus and let Congress decide." It was the epitome of the "simple solution."

The treaty by which the United States acquired the canal was signed 15 days after the new nation declared its independence. The Panamanians agreed to grant the United States "in perpetuity all the rights, powers and authority" within a zone 10 miles wide and 40 miles long. The United States, in turn, promised to guarantee Panama's independence, pay an initial sum of $10 million plus an annual rent of $250,000.

But even with a new nation created to serve its interests, the U.S. faced a tremendous job in building the canal. The French had tried in 1881. They had spent 20 years and $250 million on the attempt, and finally quit in disgust. The obstacles that stopped the French now confronted Americans. Millions of tons of earth and rock had to be moved. Yellow fever, dysentery and malaria raged almost uncontrolled. In 10 years, and at a cost of $366 million, the challenges were conquered. On August 15, 1914, the canal was opened to traffic.

From the start, huge advantages separated U.S. workers from their Panamanian colleagues. Hospitals, schools, trains and drinking fountains were strictly segregated. U.S. employees were paid in gold, Panamanians in silver. The difference between gold and silver wage scales was enormous. In 1930 a young Panamanian, whose prominent family was in a temporary financial squeeze, obtained a job as an oiler in the dredging division. For two years he wiped down machinery in steaming engine rooms and suffered all the indignities of a silver employee. Roberto Chiari would never forget the experience.

Smarting under these conditions, the Panamanians began to push for a treaty revision. In 1936 President Franklin D. Roosevelt agreed to some concessions. Out went a clause that in effect made Panama a protectorate. Up went the annuity—from $250,000 to $430,000. In 1955 the Panamanians persuaded President Dwight Eisenhower to abolish the discriminatory wage scales and raise the annuity again—to $1.93 million.

Now events in the Caribbean aggravated anti-U.S. sentiment. In January, 1959, Fidel Castro came to power in Cuba. His outright challenge to traditional American dominance fed the unrest of masses of impoverished Latins. Ten months later violence broke out in Panama. Demanding sovereignty over the canal, mobs rioted along the border of the zone. Tear gas finally drove them away. "I told a U.S. official here that it would be worse the next time," recalls a distinguished Panamanian surgeon. "I don't think he believed there would be a next time."

By 1960 the United States was actively trying to improve relations with Latin America. There should be "visual evidence" of Panama's "titular sovereignty" over the canal, President Eisenhower said, and in September of that year a Panamanian flag was hoisted next to the Stars and Stripes at Shaler Triangle in the zone. For the first time, Panamanian workers in the zone were allowed to shop at U.S. stores. Increased financial assistance followed. In the 10 years prior to 1961, U.S. aid averaged only $7.1 million annually. Between 1961 and mid-1963 loans and grants totaled $41 million. The Peace Corps sent in 57 volunteers. Able U.S. Army Maj. Gen. Theodore F. Bogart launched "Operation Friendship," encouraged officers and enlisted men to contribute time and money to build schools and churches.

Neck out but moving

In late December, 1963, director of defense research Harold Brown flew to Panama to meet with Canal Zone Gov. Robert J. Fleming Jr., a major general in the Army corps of engineers. "I told him things had never looked better for successful relations between the two countries," recalls Fleming, a wiry, blunt-spoken man who likes to pace around his office with a swagger stick in his hand. "We were about to reach the point where you blow the froth off the beer and get down to essentials." On Fleming's desk is a plaque: "Observe the turtle; he moves only when his neck is out."

The United States, like the turtle, was beginning to move. Perhaps it was already too late. Panama's problems are not the kind that can be solved overnight. The economy is based primarily on cattle, shrimp, bananas—and the canal. Yearly exports average $42 million; yearly imports $145 million. The canal helps make up the difference in the balance of payments—pouring an estimated $84 million into Panama each year. Although sixty-four percent of Panama's 1.2 million people live in rural areas, Panama derives only one third of its income from agriculture, and even has to import 12 percent of its food. Fifty percent of the country's privately owned land belongs to one percent of its people.

Behind the eight-foot mesh fence that shuts Panamanians out of the zone live more than 36,000 American citizens. Military personnel—stationed at seven Army bases, two airfields and a Navy installation—and their dependents constitute about half of this total. They serve their hitches, then are transferred elsewhere. The remainder are U.S. civilians who work for the Panama Canal Co., or a host of other Government agencies, and their families. They stay in the zone for years and years.

By U.S. standards, their way of life is moderately attractive. By Panamanian standards, it is princely. At a marvelous institution called the commissary, they can buy life's every necessity at prices generally—although not always—below those charged in Panama. Cigarettes cost 19 cents a pack; sugar costs 7 cents a pound. The same brand of sugar sells for 11 cents a pound across the street.

The Zonians take their groceries home to tidy dwellings with neat green lawns that rent for $33 to $135 per month. Utilities are inexpensive. Municipal services equal those back home. There are diversions too: an Elks Club, a V.F.W. club and American Legion Post No. 1, where a steak dinner costs only two dollars, and the ladies' auxiliary meets on the second Tuesday of each month. There are bowling alleys, movie theaters and private beaches. "In some ways this place is just like our old home in Ohio," says a pretty housewife in checkered slacks. "That's *important*."

Financial inducements are high. A few Zonians—ships' pilots, for example—

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earn more than $15,000 per year. Most earn less—yet their average $8,000 is still far above the comparable figure in the United States. Until 1951 the Zonians did not have to pay any income tax. Today they do, but the shock has been ushioned by a tax-free allowance of 25 ercent that is added to their annual wage. This is in compensation for the hardships they presumably suffer.

The Panamanian in the slums is angry enough to see such relative affluence near his doorstep. What angers him even more is the attitude of some Zonians.

Standing near the steps of Balboa High School, an amiable Virginian named John Knick unwittingly provides an example. "We have many Panamanian friends," he protests. "Our maid, for example." Knick is the high school's assistant principal.

Inside her comfortable home at 937 San José Place, Mrs. Ivan L. Jenkins, a trim, bespectacled budget analyst, sits upright on a hassock. "We don't go into Panama very much," she says, "because you get robbed and beaten." Two small American flags hang from her living room wall.

"Many of the typical Zonians," boasts the *Spillway*, official house organ of the Panama Canal Co., "are married to Panamanians. The typical Zonian dances the traditional folk dance of Panama, eats Panamanian food and can make a pretty good *seviche* himself."

This, of course, is mostly nonsense. The Canal Company's own figures show that only five percent of U.S. civilians in the zone have Panamanian wives and only 20 percent speak Spanish. Until 1956, zone schools didn't even offer courses in the language. "There are some people here," complains one Zonian, "who haven't been to Panama for ten or twenty ears. And they're proud of it."

"The overwhelming majority of these people are moderates," says Governor Fleming. Leaning back in a soft leather armchair, swagger stick across his knee, he is in a reflective mood. "But like all moderates, they're passive. Now you've also got down here 200, maybe 300, members of the radical right. They've been isolated so long, they've developed a reactionary mentality. Their whole attitude is that nothing shall be changed in this best of possible worlds. It's the perfect situation for the guy who's 150 percent American—and 50 percent whiskey."

For the Americans who try to exert a liberalizing influence, the obstacles are great. Last August Ambassador Joseph S. Farland, perhaps the most able and certainly the most popular American diplomat ever to serve in Panama, resigned abruptly. One reason behind his departure was a dispute with Washington over the handling of U.S. aid funds. A second reason was more disturbing. "I kept warning Washington about the depth of feeling on the treaty," he recalls. "I was trying to get the State Department to look at the problem squarely and without preconceptions." Farland claims his warnings seldom were acknowledged.

The White House meant to name a successor. Somehow nothing was done. The death last November of President Kennedy brought further delay in filling the empty office. In December, when still no envoy had been named, President John- on made Thomas C. Mann his chief dviser on Latin-American affairs. Panmanians wondered if the elevation of his tough-minded diplomat to such a key post meant a new policy of firmness.

During this same period, President Roberto Chiari seemed headed for political trouble. Unemployment was rising. Rumors told of a shortage of funds in the treasury. A general uneasiness filled the air. And President Chiari, who cannot legally succeed himself, was having difficulty finding a replacement. Throughout his term the 58-year-old president, whose family has a monopoly on Panama's milk and sugar production, had been accused of indecision. Now he was vacillating again. Anti-Chiari sentiment mounted. On December 23 the bus drivers called a strike against the Canal Zone Bus Service Co. Other unions threatened to join them. On January 4 Dr. Arnulfo Arias, a Harvard-trained surgeon who had twice before been president, announced he would run in the May elections. Thirty thousand people thronged Santa Ana Plaza to cheer his candidacy. The turnout frightened Chiari. He doubled his efforts to find a solution to the bus strike—one that would win him favor with labor. Time was running short. On January 8 the tabloid *La Hora* carried a banner headline. ULTIMATUM, it read. The unions would give Chiari another 72 hours. Then they would call a general strike.

As Chiari battled to avert a crisis, other developments were racing toward a climax inside the zone. On December 30 Governor Fleming had put out a press release. The U.S. and Panamanian flags would fly together at five additional sites within the zone. No flags would fly in front of any Canal Zone schools. "This action," he said, "implements the understanding made public by the two governments earlier this year."

At Balboa High School the reaction was defiance. James Jenkins, a tall senior described by his schoolmates as "about right on everything," says, "I got this flag from a friend of mine and we raised it about 7:15 on Tuesday morning [Jan. 7]. School officials took it down an hour later. At recess a group of us formed on the steps. We clapped and said we wanted our flag. At three P.M. we put up a larger flag. If they [school officials] had told us not to, we would have walked out on strike. They didn't want that."

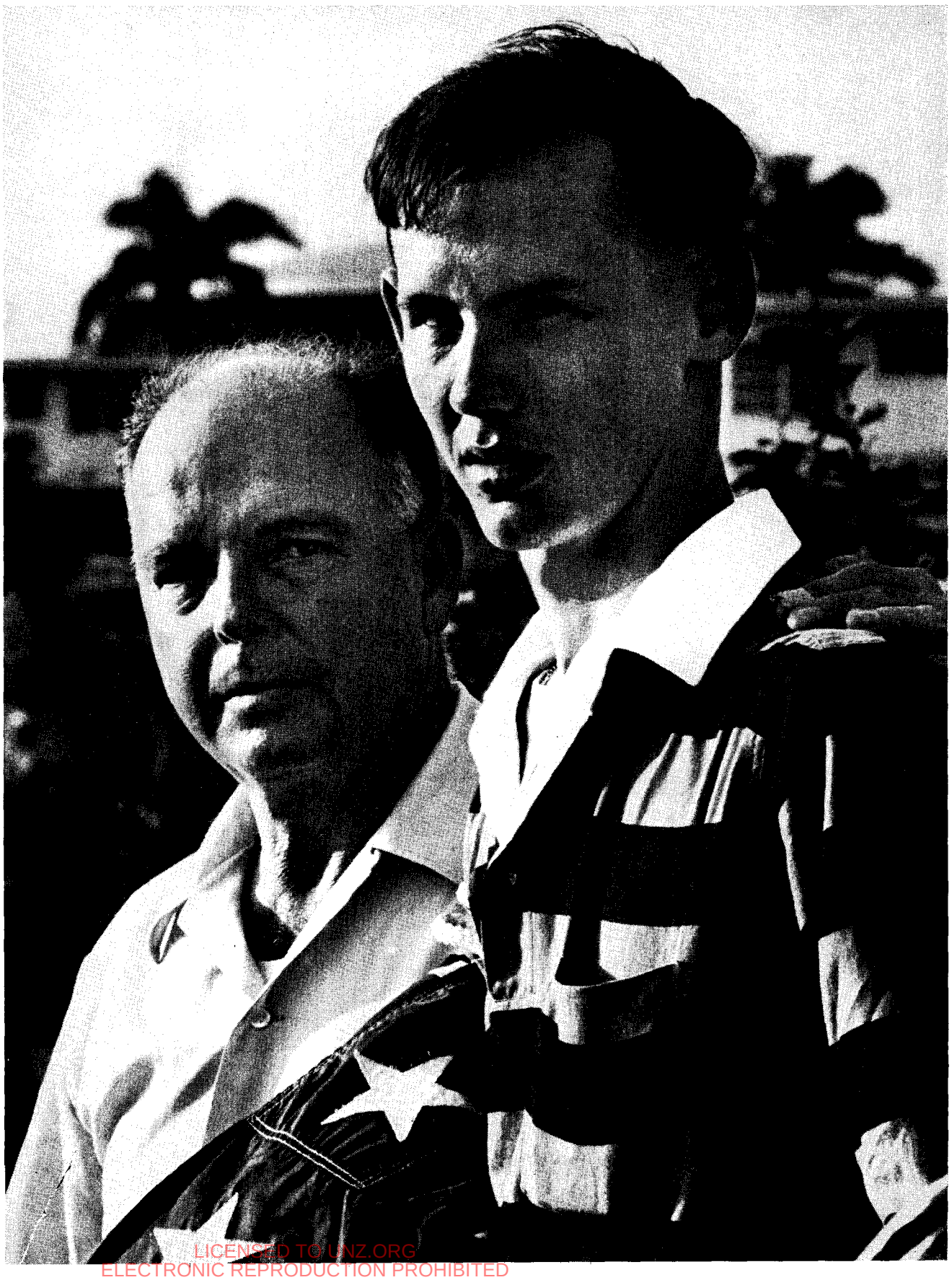
On Wednesday morning the students raised the colors again. News of their defiance raced through the zone. At eight P.M. that night Governor Fleming publicly asked everyone to "abide by the official commitments of their government." His plea came too late. Parents were offering the students moral support in their demonstration.

Shortly after 4:30 on Thursday afternoon 200 Panamanian students marched into the zone. They carried their flag and a banner proclaiming their nation's sovereignty over the canal. The Americans, egged on by parents, circled the flagpole and refused to let them pass. In the scuffle that followed, the Panamanian flag was ripped.

At seven P.M. the country exploded.

Howling mobs shouting "death to the

High-school senior Jim Jenkins, one of group that raised U.S. flag despite ban, gets support from father, Ivan, a canal employee.



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Near a painted anti-American slogan, stolid Panamanians glower toward the zone after rioting that killed 25, wounded 500.

A FENCE SEPARATES TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS.

gringos" stormed through the streets. They set fire to the Braniff and Pan American Airways buildings, wrecked a Goodyear plant and a Sears, Roebuck outlet.

Driving his fiancée home from a movie, 22-year-old insurance salesman Bob Sander turned up Juan B. Sosa Street. It was 9:15. He saw the smoke pouring from the Pan American building and, for one brief moment, he thought it was nothing more than just another blaze.

Then the *maleantes* jumped him. They climbed on the fenders and hood of his '60 Oldsmobile and smashed at its windows with stones and lead pipes. A rock hit Sander square in the face. Dazed and bleeding profusely, he pushed his fiancée to the floorboards and gunned the engine. He turned into the zone on two wheels. Later, he lost all vision in his left eye.

The mobs ripped down the mesh fence, pushed into the zone itself. Canal Zone police, outnumbered at some points by 60 to 1, fired above their heads. Finally they lowered their aim. At 7:59 P.M., Lt. Gov. David Parker issued a call for help. (Governor Fleming had boarded a jet bound for the United States three hours before on his way to Washington for "routine" talks.) Gen. Andrew P. O'Meara, chief of the U.S. Army Southern Command, assumed immediate control, and established a command post at the Tivoli Hotel. Units of the 193rd Infantry Brigade rushed to positions at the border.

At 11 P.M. on Thursday Chiari addressed his people. His voice straining with emotion, he denounced the "unprovoked armed attack," demanded "just indemnification" for damages and said he was ready to sever diplomatic relations. Panama's U.N. Ambassador Aquilino Boyd flew to New York to call for an emergency session of the Security Council.

The U.S. reaction was one of shocked incredulity. On Friday morning President Johnson called in deputy defense secretary Cyrus Vance and Latin-American trouble-shooter Thomas Mann, asked them to go to the scene and do what they could. Moments later he telephoned Chiari. That afternoon, the Organization of American States sent a peace committee of its own winging to Panama. That night the sniper fire increased. On Saturday morning Vance announced that henceforth the two flags would fly together in front of Canal Zone schools.

On Sunday morning American soldiers sang hymns on the grass behind the Tivoli. Four hours later the Panamanians buried their dead with military honors at a cemetery called Garden of Peace. The sun bore down unmercifully. A bugler played *Taps*. Women fainted. "It is a sad day for all of us," said Bishop Marcos McGrath. As an American reporter walked back from the cemetery, two young Panamanians approached and asked for a dollar bill. They took the money, stamped it with slogans that read GET OUT U.S. ASSASSINS and PANAMA IS THE HUNGARY OF THE AMERICAS, then handed it back.

In the aftermath of the riots came a troubled reappraisal. Many Zonians insisted Castro was responsible. "I think it's all a bunch of Communists," said Mrs. Eunice L. Thomas of Cambridge, Ohio, an elderly, bespectacled woman who wore a white blouse and a pair of gray slacks that seemed a little too tight. U.S. officials seemed to agree. "Castro or agents of Castro have taken a direct hand in this," said Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Panamanian students hotly denied Communist involvement. So did their government spokesmen.

Inside an air-conditioned office at a fire station in Colón, a short, stocky man named José Bazán, who is Panama's second vice president—and also a volunteer fireman—put the matter in perspective. "The Communists here are like firemen," he said. "They don't run out until they hear the bell. But instead of pouring water on the flames, they pour gasoline."

Agreement, no agreement

Efforts to solve the dispute continued. On Tuesday afternoon, O.A.S. Peace Committee chairman Enrique Tejera Paris told reporters he was optimistic. Early next morning a communiqué was issued. An agreement, it seemed, had been reached. The two countries would resume diplomatic relations. Within a month's time they would "negotiate" a new treaty. The Panamanian press erupted joyously. Hours later, the "agreement" collapsed.

The stumbling block was the verb *negociar*. In Spanish it means to negotiate, in the sense of reaching a new settlement through compromise, as well as meaning simply "to discuss." Before approving the communiqué, U.S. envoy Edwin Martin had made sure everyone understood the American position: *negociar* meant "discuss." Nothing more. Yet Chiari chose to grasp the verb's first meaning. The U.S., he crowed, had given in. The U.S. maintained that it had made no commitment on a new treaty. Now the leftists sprinkled their gasoline.

Six nights after the riots began, 2,00[illegible] students massed at the University [illegible] Panama. From the auditorium walls hung signs that read DOWN WITH YANKEE IMPERIALISM. Thundering anti-*gringo* tirades, student orators called for a march on the presidential palace. The audience rose and sang the national anthem. Then the students moved out.

At the palace, guards were ready. The students were in no mood to compromise. Chiari knew it. Wisely, he agreed to hear their complaints. "There will be no resumption of relations," he shouted, "until the U.S. agrees to negotiate [a new treaty]." The students cheered.

Asked to explain what they wanted in a new treaty, many Panamanians replied in vague and general terms. It remained for a chubby, white-haired, highly respected jurist named Dr. Octavio Fábrega to list his nation's demands in sequence. The perpetuity clause, he said, must go. Secondly, the United States should admit "in a real and tangible way" Panamanian sovereignty over the Canal Zone. Thirdly, Panama should be the "chief beneficiary" of the canal's profits. Finally, the United States should increase the number of jobs for Panamanians in the zone.

Washington seemed incensed. "There is no foundation for Panama to demand renegotiation of the treaty," said Missouri Rep. Clarence Cannon. Added Senate Republican leader Everett Dirksen, "If we crumble, the reverberations . . . will be felt around the world."

Quite obviously the United States cannot afford to negotiate under duress, o[illegible] to barter away its primary obligation to operate and protect the canal. There are, however, several steps the United States can and probably should be willing to take. The perpetuity clause can go. "This is a psychological thing," says a Panamanian student. "In a new treaty you could operate the canal for ninety-nine years. It wouldn't matter. The important thing is that it wouldn't be forever."

A second positive step would be to increase the $1.93 million annual payment for use of the waterway. One way to do this would be to increase shipping tolls, which have remained the same since 1914. However, because seventy-five percent of the total exports of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile pass through the canal, a toll increase would cause a rise in prices of such commodities as copper and tin. A better solution might be a new congressional subsidy.

The United States can take a third important step by increasing job opportunities for Panamanians inside the zone. Ninety percent of U.S. employees are on the upper end of the wage scale; ninety percent of the Panamanians are on the lower end. Wages for Panamanians have risen 80 percent since 1952, yet the total annual payroll for 10,000 Panamanians is less than the total payroll for the 4,000 U.S. civilian employees. Because roughly half of these 4,000 positions fall under a security classification, they must, by law, be held by American citizens. "The regulations," says Governor Fleming, "can probably be liberalized."

The United States, if it wishes, can learn some valuable lessons from what happened in Panama. The first is that a paternalistic policy outrages the Latin sense of dignity.

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"Our relations with Panama," Governor Fleming says, "are completely different from our relations with any ther country in the world. We're sort of arried, and the canal is the offspring." This, perhaps, is precisely what is wrong. Like the man who has been married for 60 years to the same woman, the United States really does not listen to the Panamanian grumblings. When it is finally forced to pay attention, it does so in a patronizing way. "The U.S. has long told Latins of its desire to create a better environment *for* them," explains Will Arey, a former public-affairs officer for the Canal Company. "All too seldom have we stressed our hope to accomplish these goals *with* them. Panamanians want to be treated as equals, not as the underprivileged wards of a powerful guardian."

A second lesson is that our hydra-headed system of representation in Panama serves to breed confusion. The U.S. ambassador is responsible to the State Department. The Canal Zone governor reports to the Secretary of the Army and, through him, to Congress. The commanding general of the U.S. Army's Southern Command receives his orders from the Pentagon. "What we need," says former ambassador Farland, "is one loud clear voice to explain American policy. Until we get it, the Panamanians will continue trying to play off one U.S. official against another."

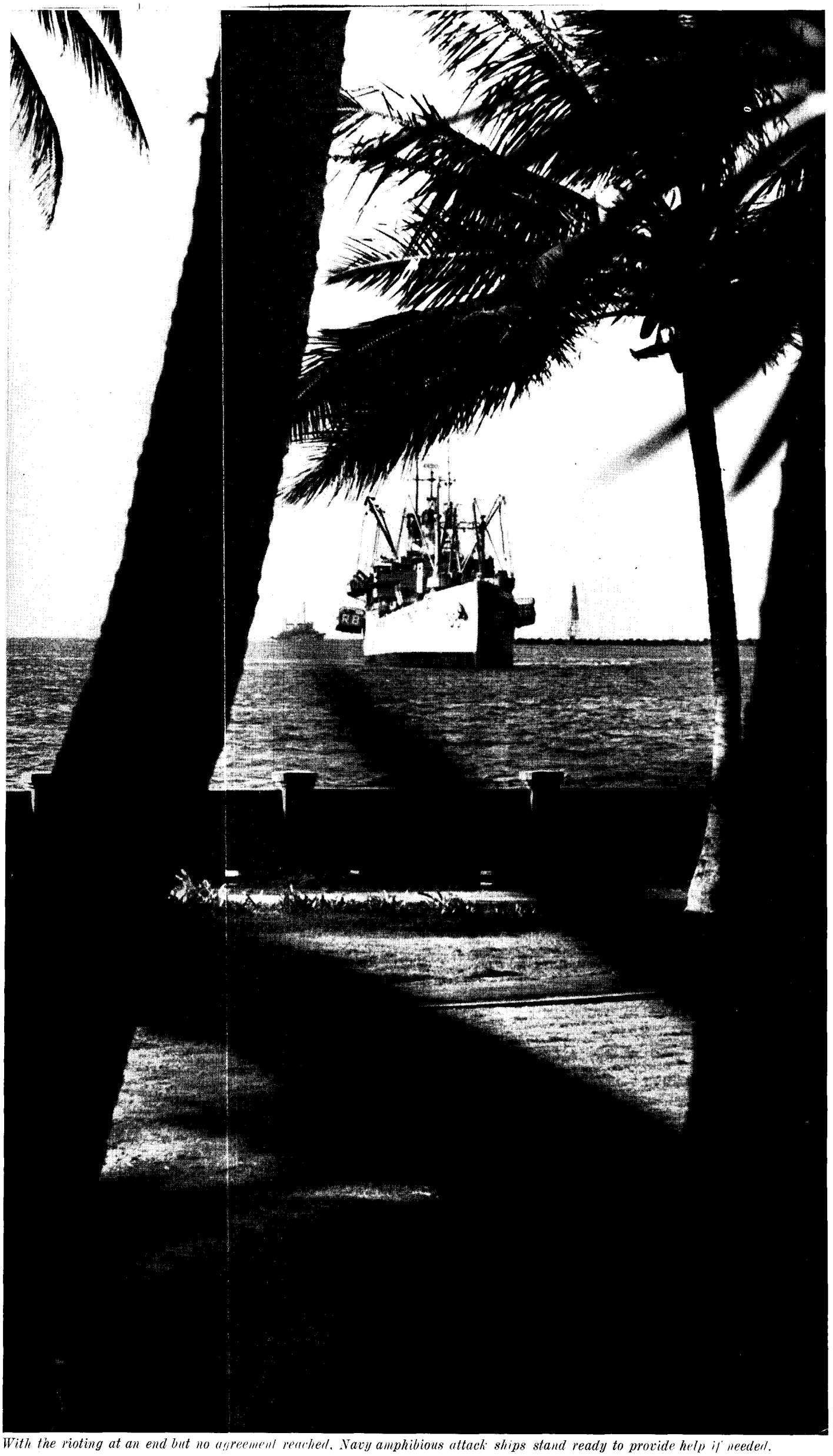
A third important lesson applies to the Zonians. Living behind their mesh fence in an enclave of economic advantage and special privilege, the Zonians inspire re- entment on the other side of the barrier. ut equally important, their isolation from Panamanians and their status as virtual expatriates produce in some a kind of ultra-Americanism that fosters local friction and hinders U.S. policy.

The atmosphere in Panama now is tense. The pressure on Chiari from the left has not abated. "We would rather die than give up [our claims]," he has said. "We are not worried a bit. We know how to tighten our belts." Few Panamanians think Chiari will waver. Yet pressure from the right is mounting. The crisis has dealt a serious blow to Panama's economy. Tourism has evaporated. Construction projects have stalled. Businessmen wait to see what will happen before they proceed with investment plans.

Attitudes remain unchanged. Two flags now fly in front of Balboa High School. American students accept them glumly. "I'm thinking of making a casket in the shop," says a crew-cut 17-year-old junior named Mike Plucker. "I'll put a sign on it saying here lies the freedom of the Canal Zone people." James Jenkins has left the zone to continue his schooling in Ohio. "I think we've won our point," he said. "I sure hope this proves that teen-agers aren't juvenile delinquents and that we're patriotic."

The diplomatic stalemate continues. Time is not on our side. Delay in finding a solution increases the danger of new chaos. "The answer now is not to close ranks and rally around the flag," warns Governor Fleming. "There has either got o be some giving in to the Panamanian ressures or we've got to resist by force." 'resident Johnson is more optimistic. "I think agreement can be reached," he said, "and I think men on both sides, men of goodwill, will try hard."

They will have to. THE END



With the rioting at an end but no agreement reached, Navy amphibious attack ships stand ready to provide help if needed.

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MISMANAGING THE NEWS

A year ago the Kennedy Administration was embroiled in a bitter controversy over charges that it was attempting to "manage the news." The furor stemmed from the admission by the Pentagon that it had used news as a "weapon" during the Cuban missile crisis, and from drastic news controls imposed by the Department of Defense after that crisis was over. [See THE NEWS MANAGERS, by Ben H. Bagdikian, *The Post*, April 20, 1963.]

In recent weeks the Johnson Administration quite obviously has been engaged in a series of news-managing efforts that are more blatant than anything attempted by the Kennedy Administration and which lack even the justification of national security. Yet with one or two notable exceptions, there has been scarcely a murmur from the press. The Administration's news-managing attempts have revolved around the Bobby Baker case. For readers of Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus*, the attempts are reminiscent of Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby. The Administration, like Brer Rabbit, gets stuck a little bit worse every time it takes a swing at the subject.

The story begins back in January with the testimony of Silver Spring, Md., insurance man Don B. Reynolds before the Senate Rules Committee. Reynolds told the committee in closed session that he wrote $100,000 worth of insurance on Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's life in 1957, after Mr. Johnson had suffered a heart attack in 1955. According to Reynolds, Walter Jenkins, a top Johnson aide, called Reynolds into his office and arranged for him to purchase $1,208 worth of advertising time at the LBJ Company-owned television station KTBC-TV in Austin, Tex. Reynolds said that at the suggestion of Mr. Johnson's top congressional lieutenant, Bobby Baker, he purchased a stereo set and had it installed in Mr. Johnson's home at a total cost of $584.75. The White House flatly contradicted Reynolds's testimony. Walter Jenkins swore in an affidavit to the committee that he "had no knowledge of the TV advertising arrangement." President Johnson volunteered to reporters that he had accepted the stereo innocently as a gift from Bobby Baker, but the President declined to discuss the alleged kickback from the insurance transaction.

A few weeks after Don Reynolds's appearance before the Senate Rules Committee, columnist Drew Pearson published two columns discrediting Reynolds's character and reliability. Pearson's columns set forth in detail a purported FBI investigation of Reynolds's activities and listed findings from Air Force and State Department records. The columnist concluded, "The more you examine the records of Don Buck Reynolds, the more you wonder how responsible senators could have let such a witness testify." Reynolds has denied the Pearson charges.

There was no proof that Mr. Johnson had anything to do with the Pearson columns. Both the White House and Pearson emphatically denied that he did. News leaks are common in the Government, and an aggressive reporter makes the most of them. But anyone with a modicum of Washington experience knows that it takes a considerable amount of cooperation from the executive branch of the Government to acquire the kind of information that Pearson reported. As Arthur Krock, the respected columnist of *The New York Times*, said, "Reportorial enterprise and diligence are not sufficient explanations of how the seal of secrecy was broken on confidential documents in the files of the Executive Department. . . ." The suspicion of White House involvement in the Pearson columns was reinforced by a *New York Times* story under the byline of the able correspondent Cabell Phillips, who reported, "Persons within and close to the Johnson Administration have attempted to use secret Government documents to impugn the testimony of a witness in the Robert G. Baker case." According to Phillips, some Washington reporters and editors were "advised by persons in the White House that Mr. Reynolds is an unreliable witness. In several instances, individual newsmen and news executives have been read excerpts from what purported to be reports by either Air Force intelligence or the Federal Bureau of Investigation."

In one of these instances, Phillips related, a reporter took a story on Reynolds's testimony to assistant presidential press secretary Andrew Hatcher for White House comment. (The story was written on a Friday, and the testimony was to be released the following Monday.) Mr. Hatcher, *The Times* said, disappeared with the article for 20 minutes and then came back and told the reporter that there was no comment. That afternoon "the reporter's editor received a telephone call from a well-known aide to President Johnson." The aide told the editor the story was inaccurate. He suggested that the editor might want to kill the story or postpone it. The editor, said *The Times*, made a number of "suggested changes" in the article and later discovered, when the transcript was released, that the reporter was right all along. The White House reaction to *The Time's* story was an eloquent silence.

Mr. Johnson has shown remarkable qualities of leadership in extremely difficult situations. As Stewart Alsop reported [JOHNSON TAKES OVER: THE UNTOLD STORY, *The Post*, Feb. 15], he managed the transition from the Kennedy Administration superbly. But the handling of the Bobby Baker matter suggests that his judgment tends to leave him in situations affecting him personally or touching upon his reputation.

There may be those who claim that the White House has not attempted to "manage the news" in this series of events. They have a point. "Mismanage" is a better word.

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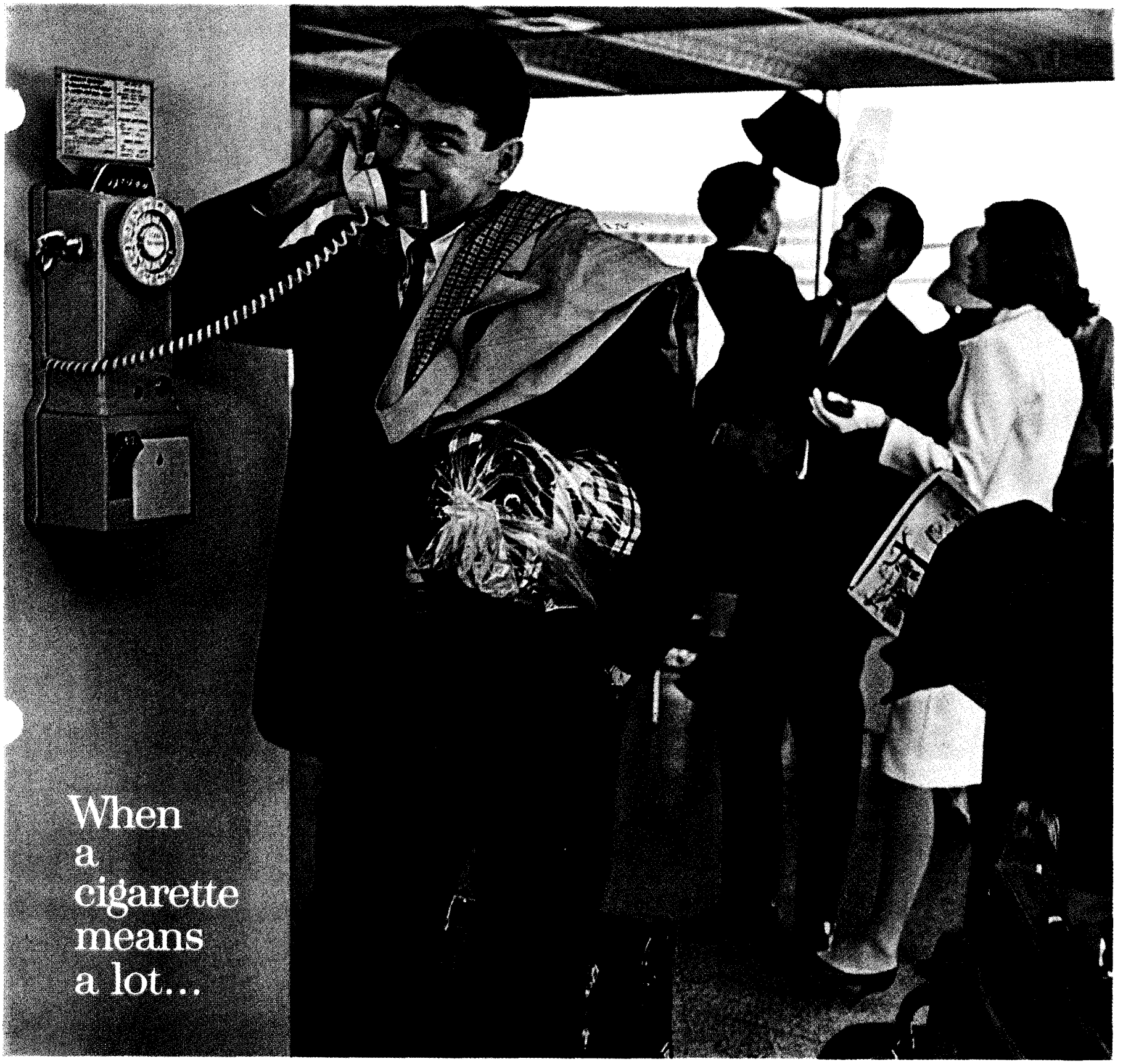

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